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E. P. Mead
Oct 24th 1857

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THE BARKER LIBRARY OF THREE HUNDRED VOLUMES,

THE CHEAPEST COLLECTION OF WORKS EVER PUBLISHED.

My desire is to spread knowledge and righteousness throughout the earth, and thus promote the present and eternal welfare of my fellow-men. I would have all men to understand, not only the great truths and duties of religion, but every thing else calculated to promote their comfort and their welfare. I am especially desirous that the *Young* should have a large stock of useful knowledge, that they may be guided right, and be brought into the way of usefulness and happiness from their earlier years. I wish to see mankind at large, both male and female, raised to their proper level, and forming one vast society of wise, and good, and happy souls.

But if men are to have knowledge, they must *read*: and if they are to read, they must have *books*. And they must have books of their own too. It is not enough for them to have access to *public* libraries; they must have libraries in their own houses. Public libraries have their use, but nothing will supply the place of private libraries. If the great and glorious end at which we aim is to be accomplished, there must be a library in every house, and every man must be his own librarian. People must have access to books at all seasons; they must have a choice of books at hand; they must have the opportunity of looking into this, or of reading a few pages of that, or of going through with the other, just as their wants or inclinations may lead them. Public libraries are good things for those who have got the *habit* of reading, but not for those who have the habit yet to form. They are good for those who wish to consult scarce books, and they will come in well as supplements to private libraries; but they will never do alone. People must have libraries of their own, if they are to feel that interest in books and reading, and to make that proficiency in knowledge, which is so much to be desired. Many have wondered that public libraries have been so little used by the masses of the people: to me there seems no mystery about the matter. People, especially English people, must read and learn at home, if they are to read and learn at all. Let people be supplied with libraries of their own in their own dwellings, and let them have the privilege of choosing at all times what books they will read, and of changing their book at what hours they please, without the troubles and difficulties connected with public libraries, and we shall have a reading and enlightened people without fail.

But if people generally are to have libraries of their own, they must have books cheap. At present, books are so dear, that none but the rich can procure any tolerable supply. Three hundred volumes, at six shillings a volume, would cost ninety pounds. But how is a poor man to raise a sum like this? It is impossible. But suppose a good-sized volume could be sold for ninepence, instead of six shillings, and that a library of three hundred such volumes could be sold for ELEVEN or TWELVE POUNDS, the case would be widely different. And this can be done. I have made my calculations, and I find, that with the help of a Steam Press, and of apparatus for binding the books myself, I can, if I can get persons to subscribe for five thousand copies, publish volumes nearly equal to my Edition of Channing, Bound in Cloth, embossed and lettered, for NINEPENCE each. Yes; volumes of NEARLY THREE HUNDRED pages, printed on good paper, with good new type, in good style, can be sold for ninepence each.

This is what I propose to do. I propose to publish a Library of three hundred of such volumes. And if I can get subscribers for five thousand Libraries, I shall be able to publish one volume a week. Already I have obtained many hundred subscribers, but not sufficient to justify a weekly issue; and I have therefore determined to commence with printing one volume a month, and to continue doing so as long as I can without running into debt, until I obtain five thousand subscribers, when the publication will go on as at first intended, at the rate of one volume per week. Those who intend to subscribe, are requested to send us their names at once, or to give them to any of

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our regular agents. Let those who wish to see the work accomplished, get as many subscribers as they can. The more they get, the sooner will the work be completed.

We may observe, that the Library will consist of the best books that we can procure, on a great variety of subjects.—Several of the works will be on religious subjects, while others will be historical, scientific, poetical, and biographical. Our object will be, 1, To supply a complete Library; as complete a library as possible, considering the number of volumes it will include; and 2, to make the Library as good, as instructive, and as profitable as we can.

Among the books that will be published first, will be the following :

An improved version of the Bible with notes.

A Dictionary of the Bible.

A Common Place Book of the Bible; or the passages of Scripture arranged under different heads, so as to enable people to see at once all that the Scriptures say on any particular subject.

An Englishmen's Greek Concordance of the New Testament, enabling every one, with comparatively little trouble, to judge for himself, as to the meaning of the Greek Testament, and to test the criticisms of preachers and theological writers.

An English Concordance of the Bible.

The Life of William Penn, and a selection of his writings.

The Life of John Wesley, and a selection of his works.

The Works of the Bahah Rammohun Roy, including his 'Precepts of Jesus the Guide to peace and happiness, and his three Appeals to the British Public.'

Several volumes of Poetry, selected from Spencer, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Milton, Young, Wordsworth, Bowring, Nichols, Prince, and other truly excellent Poetical writers.

A system of Grammar and Logic.

Selections from the most practical works of the Greek and Latin Fathers.

A Volume of William Law's, from his works on Christian Perfection, the Spirit of Love, and the Spirit of Prayer.

Select Works of Robert Hall.

A Life of W. E. Channing.

The Cause and Cure of Infidelity.

History of the Corruptions of Christianity, by Priestley.

Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever on the Truth of Religion, and some other theological works, by Priestley.

Life of Luther, and the History of the Reformation.

The History and Portraiture of ancient Quakerism.

Select Works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Wilkins, Bishop Hoadley, Richard Baxter, and Theophilus Lindsey.

Selections from the Works of Malebranche, Bacon, Locke, Reid, and others on the human mind, on the pursuit of truth, &c.

Paley's natural Theology, or the existence and perfections of God as revealed in the works of creation.

Two other volumes on the same subject.

True and False Religion, by A. Norton.

Four Volumes of Discourses on practical subjects, by J. Barker.

Several Vols. on practical sciences.

A Volume on Political Economy.

A Volume on Domestic Economy.

A Volume on Health and Disease, and the Sanatory Improvement of the people.

Some Volumes on Political and Social Reform.

A Commentary on the New Testament, in six volumes.

A Commentary on several parts of the Old Testament.

Two or three volumes of Anecdotes, illustrating various branches of Christian truth and duty.

A Work on Temperance and Teetotalism.

A Work on Peace and War.

A Work on American Slavery.

The Lives of several noted Heretics and Reformers.

The Lives of several distinguished Philanthropists.

The Lives of several distinguished Philosophers, with selections and extracts from their Writings.

Two Volumes of Maxims and Proverbs.

Several Volumes of excellent Extracts from several old writers, including John Hales of Eaton, Owen

PROSPECTUS.

Feltham, John Howe, William Doh, and others.

Le Clerc on the causes of Incredulity.

A History of the Church.

Three or four Volumes on Natural Philosophy.

Life of Fenslen, and a selection of his Works.

Life of Massillon, and a selection of his Works.

Life of Saumur, and a selection of his Works.

Natural History of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.

Advice on the Pursuit of Knowledge, on the Formation of Character, on Marriage, on Parental Duties, and on Trade.

A Treatise on Moral Philosophy.

A volume of Facts and Certainties.

A volume of Doubts and Questions.

Paul and Amicus, or a remarkable Discussion between an American Quaker of the old school, and an American Calvinist, on the Scriptures, the Light within, Water Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Justification by Faith alone, the Trinity, the Hired Ministry, &c.

Selections from the Works of Acton, Belsham, Carpenter, &c.

Life of Jeremy Taylor, with his Liberty of Prophecy, and some of his other Works.

Life of Robert Robinson, and some of his Works.

Other works will be named as we proceed. The Works will be selected and composed so as to give the best information on every subject of importance that the extent of the Library will allow. And as to the order in which they will be published, that will depend in a great measure on the wants and wishes of the subscribers whose suggestions are invited.

The Books which I am proposing to publish, will be cheaper than the cheapest that have ever yet been published.

The price to those who do not subscribe for the works, but get them through the booksellers, will be one shilling, bound and lettered. The booksellers themselves cannot have them under ninepence. The best plan for those who wish to forward this great work, will be, for a number in every town or neighbourhood to join together, and as the names are obtained, forward them to me direct, without delay. Expense will thus be saved in carriage and remittances. The books can come all in one parcel, and the money can be all sent in one Post-office order.

I recommend young persons to abstain from intoxicating drink, tobacco, and snuff. The cost of two pints of ale a week, and an ounce of tobacco, will enable them in the course of four years, to furnish themselves and their children with means of instruction and profit without end.

I should be glad if rich people would subscribe for four, eight, or ten Libraries each. Indeed, some have already done so to the extent of some hundreds of Libraries.

What would four, eight, or ten shillings a week be for some rich people? And what a vast amount of good they might do by lending or giving books, to such young persons as are too poor to purchase Libraries for themselves, but who would yet be likely to make a good use of books, if they had them at command. It might not be necessary for them to give to each person a whole Library; but a Library might be divided among several. Or they might sell them the books at reduced prices. Some that could not pay ninepence a volume for them, might be able to pay threepence or sixpence.

In cases where youths could not afford more than twopence or threepence a week, two, three, or four might join together to purchase a Library, if they could agree about using or dividing it.

If I should die, I hope that the Layman, or some other kind person would be found able to carry forward the work to its completion.

If any of the subscribers should die, or become too poor to continue their subscriptions; they will not be subject to any loss or penalty. At the same time, it is very desirable that those who give in their names, should do the best in their power either to continue their subscriptions themselves, or induce others to continue them in their places.

If they should become so poor as to need the money they spend in the books, it is very likely, if they take care of their books, that they will at any time be able to sell them for the price they gave for them, or even more.

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It is a miserable book indeed that cannot be sold, in cloth boards, for ninepence, to any old bookseller.

If I should be able to carry out my plan, I shall not only have supplied a lot of cheap books to the poor myself, but have stimulated or obliged others to supply books cheaper as well. Let it once be seen that good and useful books can be got for ninepence a volume, and the book trade will be revolutionised inevitably. The booksellers will not be able to sell good books of nine sheets, bound, for ninepence, but they will come down one-half, or three-quarters perhaps, and let you have their eight shilling books for two-and-sixpence, and their three shilling books for one. And this will be something gained. And this reduction in the price of books will not reduce the wages of printers, &c.; it will rather increase them. For it will increase the demand for books beyond calculation. And when labour is in demand, it will always be well paid in countries like ours. I can supply books at ninepence a piece, and yet give better wages than any printer out of London is giving. I should be ashamed to offer cheap books at the expense of my men: I would not do such a thing.

I hope those who are friendly to the cause of Reform, will assist me in this work to the utmost of their power. I feel persuaded that we can never have an enlightened, a reformed, and a happy race of men, without a plentiful supply of useful books and tracts to the masses of the people. Men may preach, and build schools, and form Mechanics' Institutes, and give courses of lectures, but nothing will do without a plentiful supply of tracts and books.—Preaching, and lectures, and schools, and Mechanics' Institutions will all do good: but still they must be accompanied with a cheap literature, if the people are to be instructed. It is the Press that must have the chief part in enlightening and governing the world, for the times to come. It is at home, by their own firesides, that men are to be educated. Nine out of ten of those who gain much knowledge, gain it, not from the pulpit, not in the lecture room, not at the school, but at home. It is there that they learn to think. It is there that they form or modify their opinions. It is there that their souls get gradually fired with the love of truth, the love of righteousness, the love of God, and the love of man. It is there that reforms and revolutions are bred. It is there that the world must be saved.

Let the country be supplied with abundance of good cheap tracts and books, and great and glorious changes in society will take place inevitably. Give me the Press, and the power to keep it going, and I will shake every corrupt institution in the land. I will shake the whole world. I will undermine every false creed, and every false system of philosophy in the universe. I will paralyse the advocates of error at once. I will silence both the false priest and the blaspheming infidel; or if I do not silence them, I will make their talking like the idle wind, which men regard not. In short, let the followers of Christ,—let the lovers of truth and righteousness, the friends of knowledge and the friends of man use the Press as they ought, and they shall rule the world; they shall rule both the kings and the people; they shall rule both men's bodies and souls!

It is known that I am myself what most of the Sects call heterodox, and I do not wish to conceal the fact, that several of the Theological Works which I purpose to publish, are what would be called heterodox. Still, my object in proposing to publish this Library, is something far better and higher than the mere spread of heterodox opinions. What I want is, to make people truly wise, and great, and good,—To lead forth to useful action their thinking and their moral powers, and make them Christ-like and God-like men and women. Only let them be brought to read, and taught to think, and led to live for God and for their kind, and I will trust them to form their opinions for themselves.

Hence most of the books on religion, that I propose to publish, are of a general and practical character. I have chosen them, simply because they are calculated to rouse, invigorate, and free the soul, and fit it for the service of its Maker, and for the service of mankind.

JOSEPH BARKER.

INTERESTING

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RELATING TO

AMERICAN SLAVERY,

AND THE

GLORIOUS STRUGGLE NOW MAKING

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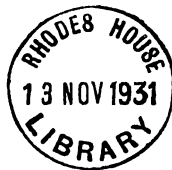
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PREFACE.

THIS volume is the first of a Library which the publisher intends to send out. For the present, he expects to send out a volume a month, but so soon as the number of subscribers or purchasers reaches five thousand, he will send forth one a fortnight, or one a week. The second volume containing a life of Wm. Penn, with selections from his writings, may be looked for in about four weeks. The third, containing the most useful works of the late Robert Hall, may be looked for in March.

As to the *worth* of the volumes, the readers must judge for themselves. All I can do, is, to publish such works as appear to me to be most needed, and most likely to prove useful. What I wish is, to *improve* people's minds and characters, to make them wiser, and better, and happier men,—to bring them to live and labour like sons of God,—like that great instructor and example of our race set before us in the Gospels. I wish to see men interesting themselves in every branch of useful knowledge, and in every work of charity. I wish to see them labouring for the injured and unhappy everywhere; and toiling for the universal spread of truth and righteousness, of purity, and liberty, and joy. My first volume points to the American slave, and calls for help in *his* behalf. In the United States of America, there are upwards of three millions of persons held in the most abject and miserable slavery. The people of England can deliver those millions from their wretchedness, if they will. The object of this volume is, to *awaken* their will, and to direct its movements. It will give you first a view of the system of slavery, unfolding something of its crimes and horrors. It will show you next, the connexion of this system with the American and English churches, making it manifest, that slavery derives its strength from the silence or sanction of those churches, and that if once those churches can be brought to do their duty in this matter, the system will be overthrown. It will point out what

PREFACE.

that duty is, and show how all may contribute towards *inducing* the churches to do their duty.

I grant that the subject of slavery is not an enticing one for a specimen volume, but that cannot be helped. It is a subject of great importance, and it is time it was studied and understood. And our object should be, not to find pleasure, but to do good : not to divert ourselves, but to aid the cause of truth, of righteousness, and of human happiness. If there be any who prefer a moment's personal pleasure, to the freedom and the welfare of their race, we are sorry for them. Men calling themselves Christians, ought to be pleased with nothing so much as plans and labours for the improvement and happiness of their race. Nay, reason itself might show us, that the proper end of life is to do good, to honour God by blessing men. And the day will come when all who have reason left them, will think all things little, and low, and trifling but this ; and when their only comfort will be the consciousness that they have done something for the improvement and the welfare of their brethren. He alone acts like a Christian, or a rational being, and he alone can secure the full and proper blessedness of a human being, who makes the welfare of his fellow-men the great end and endeavour of his life.

‡ But we are far from thinking that the volume before us is *not* interesting ; on the contrary, we consider it one of the most interesting volumes that has issued from the press. The narrative of Lewis and Milton Clarke is as interesting as it well can be. It would please even a novel reader if it were only a *TALE*. And the account of Jonathan Walker and his *BRANDED HAND* is much the same. And the other matters, though not fiction, are *stranger* than fiction. Still, if you cannot bring your minds to read the book, go and do something else that is good, and we shall be satisfied. *Others* will read, and profit by their reading, and even *you* may come back in time. Farewell.

NARRATIVE OF LEWIS CLARKE.

I was born in March, as near as I can ascertain, in the year 1815, in Madison county, Kentucky, about seven miles from Richmond, upon the plantation of my grandfather, Samuel Campbell. He was considered a very respectable man, among his fellow-robbers, the slaveholders. It did not render him less honorable in their eyes, that he took to his bed Mary, his slave, perhaps half white, by whom he had one daughter, LETITIA CAMPBELL. This was before his marriage.

My father was from "beyond the flood"—from Scotland, and by trade a weaver. He had been married in his own country, and lost his wife, who left to him, as I have been told, two sons. He came to this country in time to be in the earliest scenes of the American revolution. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and continued in the army to the close of the war. About the year 1800, or before, he came to Kentucky, and married Miss Letitia Campbell, then held as a slave by her own father. My father died, as near as I can recollect, when I was about ten or twelve years of age. He had received a wound in the war, which made him lame as long as he lived. I have often heard him tell of Scotland, sing the merry songs of his native land, and long to see its hills once more.

Mr. Campbell promised my father that his daughter Letitia should be made free in his will. It was with this promise that he married her. And I have no doubt that Mr. Campbell was as good as his word, and that, by his *will*, my mother and her nine children were made free. But ten persons in one family, each worth three hundred dollars, are not easily set free among those accustomed to live by continued robbery. We did not, there-

fore, by an instrument from the hand of the dead, escape the avaricious grab of the slave-holder. It is the common belief that the will was destroyed by the heirs of Mr. Campbell.

The night in which I was born, I have been told, was dark and terrible—black as the night for which Job prayed, when he besought the clouds to pitch their tent round about the place of his birth; and my life of slavery was but too exactly prefigured by the stormy elements that hovered over the first hour of my being. It was with great difficulty that any one could be urged out for a necessary attendant for my mother. At length, one of the sons of Mr. Campbell, William, by the promise from his mother of the child that should be born, was induced to make an effort to obtain the necessary assistance. By going five or six miles, he obtained a female professor of the couch.

William Campbell, by virtue of this title, always claimed me as his property. And well would it have been for me if this claim had been regarded. At the age of six or seven years, I fell into the hands of his sister, Mrs. Betsey Banton, whose character will be best known when I have told the horrid wrongs which she heaped upon me for ten years. If there are any *she* spirits that come up from hell, and take possession of one part of mankind, I am sure she is one of that sort. I was consigned to her under the following circumstances: When she was married, there was given her, as part of her dower, as is common among the Algerines of Kentucky, a *girl*, by the name of Ruth, about fourteen or fifteen years old. In a short time, Ruth was dejected and injured, by beating and abuse of different kinds, so that she was sold, for a half-fool, to the more tender mercies of the sugar-planter in Louisiana. Mrs. Betsey obtained then, on loan from her parents, another slave, named Phillis. In six months Phillis had suffered so severely, under the hand of this monster-woman, that she made an attempt to kill herself, and was taken home by the parents of Mrs. Banton. This produced a regular slave-holding family brawl; a

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regular war, of *four* years, between Mrs. Banton and her own parents. These wars are very common among the Algerines in Kentucky ; indeed, slave-holders have not arrived at that degree of civilization that enables them to live in tolerable peace, though united by the nearest family ties. In them is fulfilled what I have read in the Bible—"The father is against the son, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and their *foes* are of their own household." Some of the slave-holders may have a *wide* house ; but one of the *cat-handed*, snake-eyed, brawling women, which slavery produces, can fill it from cellar to garret. I have heard every place I could get into any way ring with their screech-owl voices. Of all the animals on the face of this earth, I am most afraid of a real mad, passionate, raving, slave-holding woman. Somebody told me, once, that Edmund Burke declared that the natives of India fled to the jungles, among tigers and lions, to escape the more barbarous cruelty of Warren Hastings. I am sure I would sooner lie down to sleep by the side of tigers than near a raging-mad slave-woman. But I must go back to Mrs. Banton. I have been describing her in the *abstract*. I will give a full-grown portrait of her right away. For four years after the trouble about Phillis, she never came near her father's house. At the end of this period, another of the sisters was to be married, and sister Betsey could not repress the tide of curiosity urging her to be present at the nuptial ceremonies. Beside, she had another motive. Either shrewdly suspecting that she might deserve less than any member of the family, or that some ungrounded partiality would be manifested toward her sister, she determined, at all hazards, to be present, and see that the scales which weighed out the children of the plantation, should be held with even hand. The wedding-day was appointed ; the sons and daughters of this joyful occasion were gathered together, and then came also the fair-faced, but black-hearted, Mrs. Barton. Satan, among the sons of God, was never less welcome than this fury among her kindred. They all knew what she came for, to make mischief, if possible. "Well, now, if there aint

Bets ! ” exclaimed the old lady. The father was moody and silent, knowing that she inherited largely of the disposition of her mother ; but he had experienced too many of her retorts of courtesy to say as much, for dear experience had taught him the discretion of silence. The brothers smiled at the prospect of fun and frolic ; the sisters trembled for fear, and word flew round among the slaves, “ The old she-bear has come home ! look out ! look out ! ”

The wedding went forward. Polly, a very good sort of a girl to be raised in that region, was married, and received, as the first instalment of her dower, a *girl* and a *boy*. Now was the time for Mrs. Banton, and thus she began “ Poll has a girl and a *boy*, and I only had that fool of a girl. I reckon, if I go home without a boy too, this house wont be left standing.”

This was said, too, while the sugar of the wedding-cake was yet melting upon her tongue. How the bitter words would flow when the guests had retired, all began to imagine. To arrest this whirlwind of rising passion, her mother promised any boy upon the plantation, to be taken home on her return. Now, my evil star was right in the top of the sky. Every boy was ordered in, to pass before this female sorceress, that she might select a victim for her unprovoked malice, and on whom to pour the vials of her wrath for years. I was that unlucky fellow. Mr. Campbell, my grandfather, objected, because it would divide a family, and offered her Moses, whose father and mother had been sold south. Mrs. Campbell put in for William’s claim, dated *ante natum*—before I was born ; but objections and claims of every kind were swept away by the wild passion and shrill-toned voice of Mrs. B. Me she would have, and none else. Mr. Campbell went out to hunt, and drive away bad thoughts ; the old lady became quiet, for she was sure none of her blood run in my veins, and, if there was any of her husband’s there, it was no fault of hers. Slave women are always revengeful toward the children of slaves that have any of the blood of their husbands in them. I was too young,

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only seven years of age, to understand what was going on. But my poor and affectionate mother understood and appreciated it all. When she left the kitchen of the mansion-house, where she was employed as cook, and came home to her own little cottage, the tear of anguish was in her eye, and the image of sorrow upon every feature of her face. She knew the female Nero, whose rod was now to be over me. That night sleep departed from her eyes. With the youngest child clasped firmly to her bosom, she spent the night in walking the floor, coming ever and anon to lift up the clothes and look at me and my poor brother, who lay sleeping together. *Sleeping*, I said. Brother slept, but not I. I saw my mother when she first came to me, and I could not sleep. The vision of that night—its deep, ineffaceable impression—is now before my mind with all the distinctness of yesterday. In the morning, I was put into the carriage with Mrs. B. and her children, and my weary pilgrimage of suffering was fairly begun. It was her business on the road, for about twenty-five or thirty miles, to initiate her children into the art of tormenting their new victim. I was seated upon the bottom of the carriage, and these little imps were employed in pinching me, pulling my ears and hair; and they were stirred up by their mother, like a litter of young wolves, to torment me in every way possible. In the mean time, I was compelled by the old she-wolf to call them "Master," "Mistress," and bow to them, and obey them at the first call.

During that day, I had, indeed, no very agreeable foreboding of the torments to come; but, sad as were my anticipations, the reality was infinitely beyond them. Infinitely more bitter than death were the cruelties I experienced at the hand of this merciless woman. Save from one or two slaves on the plantation, during my ten years of captivity here, I scarcely heard a kind word, or saw a smile toward me from any living being. And now that I am where people look kind, and act kindly toward me, it seems like a dream. I hardly seem to be in the same world that I was then. When I first got into the

free states, and saw every body look as if they loved one another, sure enough, I thought, this must be the "*Heaven*" of LOVE I had heard something about. But I must go back to what I suffered from that wicked woman. It is hard work to keep the mind upon it ; I hate to think it over—but I must tell it—the world must know what is done in Kentucky. I cannot, however, tell all the ways by which she tormented me. I can only give a few instances of my suffering, as specimens of the whole. A book of a thousand pages would not be large enough to tell of all the tears I shed, and the sufferings endured, in THAT TEN YEARS OF PURGATORY.

A very trivial offence was sufficient to call forth a great burst of indignation from this woman of ungoverned passions. In my simplicity, I put my lips to the same vessel, and drank out of it, from which her children were accustomed to drink. She expressed her utter abhorrence of such an act, by throwing my head violently back, and dashing into my face two dippers of water. The shower of water was followed by a heavier shower of *kicks* ; yes, delicate reader, this *lady* did not hesitate to *kick*, as well as cuff in a very plentiful manner ; but the words, bitter and cutting, that followed, were like a storm of hail upon my young heart. "She would teach me better manners than that ; she would let me know I was to be brought up to her hand ; she would have *one* slave that knew his place ; if I wanted water, go to the spring, and not drink there in the house." This was new times for me ; for some days I was completely benumbed with my sorrow. I could neither eat nor sleep. If there is any human being on earth, who has been so blessed as never to have *tasted* the cup of sorrow, and therefore is unable to conceive of *suffering* ; if there be one so lost to all feeling as even to say, that the slaves do not suffer when *families* are separated, let such a one go to the ragged quilt which was my couch and pillow, and stand there night after night, for long, weary hours, and see the bitter tears streaming down the face of that more than orphan

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boy, while, with half-suppressed sighs and sobs, he calls again and again upon his absent mother.

"Say, mother, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son ?
Wretch even *then* ! life's journey just begun."

Let him stand by that couch of bitter sorrow through the terrible lonely night, and then wring out the wet end of those rags, and see how many tears yet remain, after the burning temples had absorbed all they could. He will not doubt, he cannot doubt, but the slave has feeling.

There were several children in the family, and my first main business was to wait upon them. Another young slave and myself have often been compelled to sit up by turns all night, to rock the cradle of a little peevish scion of slavery. If the cradle was stopped, the moment they awoke a dolorous cry was sent forth to mother and father that Lewis had gone to sleep. The reply to this call would be a direction from the mother for these petty tyrants to get up and take the whip, and give the good-for-nothing scoundrel a smart whipping. This was the mid-night pastime of a child ten or twelve years old. What might you expect of the future man ?

There were four house-slaves in this family, including myself ; and though we had not, in all respects, so hard work as the field hands, yet in many things our condition was much worse. We were constantly exposed to the whims and passions of every member of the family ; from the least to the greatest, their anger was wreaked upon us. Nor was our life an easy one, in the hours of our toil or in the amount of labor performed. We were always required to sit up until all the family had retired ; then we must be up at an early dawn in summer, and before day in winter. If we failed, through weariness or any other reason, to appear at the first morning summons, we were sure to have our hearing quickened by a severe chastisement. Such horror has seized me, lest I might not hear the first shrill call, that I have often in dreams fancied I

heard that unwelcome voice, and have leaped from my couch, and walked through the house and out of it before I awoke. I have gone and called the other slaves, in my sleep, and asked them if they did not hear master call. Never, while I live, will the remembrance of those long, bitter nights of fear pass from my mind.

But I want to give you a few specimens of the abuse which I received. During the ten years that I lived with Mrs. Banton, I do not think there were as many days, when she was at home, that I, or some other slave, did not receive some kind of beating or abuse at her hands. It seemed as though she could not live nor sleep unless some poor back was smarting, some head beating with pain, or some eye filled with tears, around her. Her tender mercies were indeed cruel. She brought up her children to imitate their example. Two of them manifested some dislike to the cruelties taught them by their mother, but they never stood high in favor with her; indeed any thing like humanity or kindness to a slave, was looked upon by her as a great offence.

Her instruments of torture were ordinarily the raw hide, or a bunch of hickory-sprouts seasoned in the fire and tied together. But if these were not at hand, nothing came amiss. She could relish a beating with a chair, the broom, tongs, shovel, shears, knife-handle, the heavy heel of her slipper, or a bunch of keys; her zeal was so active in these barbarous inflictions, that her invention was wonderfully quick, and some way of inflicting the requisite torture was soon found out.

One instrument of torture is worthy of particular description. *This was an oak club, a foot and a half in length, and an inch and a half square.* With this delicate weapon she would beat us upon the hands and upon the feet until they were blistered. This instrument was carefully preserved for a period of four years. Every day, for that time, I was compelled to see that hated tool of cruelty lying in the chair by my side. The least degree of delinquency either in not doing all the appointed work, or in look or behavior, was visited with a beating from

this oak club. That club will always be a prominent object in the picture of horrors of my life of more than twenty years of bitter bondage.

When about nine years old, I was sent in the evening to catch and kill a turkey. They were securely sleeping in a tree—their accustomed resting-place for the night. I approached as cautiously as possible, and selected the victim I was directed to catch ; but, just as I grasped him in my hand, my foot slipped, and he made his escape from the tree, and fled beyond my reach. I returned with a heavy heart to my mistress with the story of my misfortune. She was enraged beyond measure. She determined, at once, that I should have a whipping of the worst kind, and she was bent upon adding all the aggravations possible. Master had gone to bed drunk, and was now as fast asleep as drunkards ever are. At any rate, he was filling the house with the noise of his snoring and with the perfume of his breath. I was ordered to go and call him—wake him up—and ask him to be *kind* enough to give me fifty good smart lashes. To be *whipped* is bad enough—to *ask* for it is worse—to ask a drunken man to whip you is too bad. I would sooner have gone to a nest of rattlesnakes, than to the bed of this drunkard. But go I must. Softly I crept along, and gently shaking his arm, said, with a trembling voice, “ Master, master, mistress wants you to wake up.” This did not go to the extent of her command, and in a great fury she called out, “ What, you wont ask him to whip you, will you ? ” I then added, “ Mistress wants you to give me fifty lashes.” A bear at the smell of a lamb was never roused quicker. “ Yes, yes, that I will ; I’ll give you such a whipping as you will never want again.” And, sure enough, so he did. He sprang from the bed, seized me by the hair, lashed me with a handful of switches, threw me my whole length upon the floor ; beat, kicked, and cuffed me worse than he would a dog, and then threw me, with all his strength, out of the door, more dead than alive. There I lay for a long time, scarcely able and not daring to move, till I could.

hear no sound of the furies within, and then crept to my couch, longing for death to put an end to my misery. I had no friend in the world to whom I could utter one word of complaint, or to whom I could look for protection.

Mr. Banton owned a blacksmith's shop, in which he spent some of his time, though he was not a very efficient hand at the forge. One day, mistress told me to go over to the shop and let master give me a flogging. I knew the mode of punishing there too well. I would rather die than go. The poor fellow who worked in the shop, a very skilful workman, one day came to the determination that he would work no more, unless he could be paid for his labor. The enraged master put a handful of nail-rods into the fire, and when they were *red-hot*, took them out, and *cooled* one after another of them in the blood and flesh of the poor slave's back. I knew this was the shop mode of punishment. I would not go ; and Mr. Banton came home, and his wife told him the story of my refusal. He broke forth in a great rage, and gave me a most unmerciful beating ; adding that, if I had come, he would have burned the hot nail-rods into my back.

Mrs. Banton, as is common among slave-holding women, seemed to hate and abuse me all the more, because I had some of the blood of her father in my veins. There are no slaves that are so badly abused, as those that are related to some of the women, or the children of their own husband ; it seems as though they never could hate these quite bad enough. My sisters were as white and good-looking as any of the young ladies in Kentucky. It happened once of a time, that a young man called at the house of Mr. Campbell, to see a sister of Mrs. Banton. Seeing one of my sisters in the house, pretty well dressed, and with a strong family look, he thought it was Miss Campbell ; and, with that supposition, addressed some conversation to her which he had intended for the private ear of Miss C. The mistake was noised abroad, and occasioned some amusement to young peo-

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ple. Mrs. Banton heard of it, and it made her caldron of wrath sizzling hot ; every thing that diverted and amused other people seemed to enrage her. There are hot-springs in Kentucky ; she was just like one of them, only brimful of boiling poison.

She must wreak her vengeance, for this innocent mistake of the young man, upon me. "She would fix me, so that nobody should ever think I was white." Accordingly, in a burning hot day, she *made me take off every rag of clothes, go out into the garden, and pick herbs for hours, in order to burn me black.* When I went out, she threw cold water on me, so that the sun might take effect upon me ; when I came in, she gave me a severe beating on my blistered back.

After I had lived with Mrs. B. three or four years, I was put to spinning hemp, flax, and tow, on an old-fashioned foot-wheel. There were four or five slaves at this business, a good part of the time. We were kept at our work from daylight to dark in summer, from long before day to nine or ten o'clock in the evening in winter. Mrs. Banton, for the most part, was near, or kept continually passing in and out, to see that each of us performed as much work as she thought we ought to do. Being young, and sick at heart all the time, it was very hard work to go through the day and evening and not suffer exceedingly for want of more sleep. Very often, too, I was compelled to work beyond the ordinary hour, to finish the appointed task of the day. Sometimes I found it impossible not to drop asleep at the wheel.

On these occasions, Mrs. B. had her peculiar contrivances for keeping us awake. She would sometimes sit, by the hour, with a dipper of vinegar and salt, and throw it in my eyes to keep them open. My hair was pulled till there was no longer any pain from that source. *And I can now suffer myself to be lifted by the hair of the head, without experiencing the least pain.*

She very often kept me from getting water to satisfy my thirst, and in one instance kept me for two entire days without a particle of food. This she did, in order

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that I might make up for lost time. But, of course, I lost rather than gained upon my task. Every meal taken from me made me less able to work. It finally ended in a terrible beating.

But all my severe labor, and bitter and cruel punishments, for these ten years of captivity with this worse than Arab family, all these were as nothing to the sufferings I experienced by being separated from my mother, brothers, and sisters ; the same things, with them near to sympathize with me, to hear my story of sorrow, would have been comparatively tolerable.

They were distant only about thirty miles ; and yet, in ten long, lonely years of childhood, I was only permitted to see them three times.

My mother occasionally found an opportunity to send me some token of remembrance and affection, a sugar-plum or an apple ; but I scarcely ever ate them ; they were laid up, and handled and wept over till they wasted away in my hand.

My thoughts continually by day, and my dreams by night, were of mother and home ; and the horror experienced in the morning, when I awoke and behold it was a dream, is beyond the power of language to describe.

But I am about to leave this den of robbers, where I had been so long imprisoned. I cannot, however, call the reader from his new and unpleasant acquaintance with this unlovely pair, without giving a few more incidents of their history. When this is done, and I have taken great pains, as I shall do, to put a copy of this portrait in the hands of this Mrs. B., I shall bid her farewell. If she sees something awfully hideous in her picture, as here represented, she will be constrained to acknowledge it is true to nature. I have given it from no malice, no feeling of resentment towards her, but that the world may know what is done by *slavery*, and that slaveholders may know that their crimes will come to light. I hope and pray that Mrs. B. will repent of her many and aggravated sins before it is too late.

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The scenes between her and her husband, while I was with them, strongly illustrate the remark of Jefferson, that slavery fosters the worst passions of the master. Scarcely a day passed, in which bitter words were not bandied from one to the other. I have seen Mrs. B., with a large knife drawn in her right hand, the other upon the collar of her husband, swearing and threatening to cut him *square in two*. They both drank freely, and swore like highwaymen. He was a gambler and a counterfeiter. I have seen and handled his moulds and his false coin. They finally quarrelled openly, and separated ; and the last I knew of them, he was living a sort of poor vagabond life in his native state, and she was engaged in a protracted lawsuit with some of her former friends, about her father's property.

Of course, such habits did not produce great thrift in their worldly condition, and myself and other slaves were mortgaged, from time to time, to make up the deficiency between their income and expenses. I was transferred, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, to a Mr. K., whose name I shall forbear to mention, lest, if he or any other man should ever claim *property* where they never had any, this, my own testimony, might be brought in to aid their wicked purposes.

In the exchange of masters, my condition was, in many respects, greatly improved. I was free, at any rate, from that kind of suffering experienced at the hand of Mrs. B., as though she delighted in cruelty for its own sake. My situation, however, with Mr. K. was far from enviable. Taken from the work in and around the house, and put at once, at that early age, to the constant work of a full-grown man, I found it not an easy task always to escape the lash of the overseer. In the four or five years that I was with this man, the overseers were often changed. Sometimes we had a man that seemed to have some consideration, some mercy ; but generally their eye seemed to be fixed upon one object, and that was, to get the greatest possible amount of work out of every

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slave upon the plantation. When stopping to clear the tobacco-plants from the worms which infest them,—a work which draws most cruelly upon the back,—some of these men would not allow us a moment to rest at the end of the row ; but, at the crack of the whip, we were compelled to jump to our places, from row to row, for hours, while the poor back was crying out with torture. Any complaint or remonstrance under such circumstances is sure to be answered in no other way than by the lash. As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so a slave is not permitted to open his mouth.

There were about one hundred and fifteen slaves upon this plantation. Generally, we had enough, in quantity, of food. We had, however, but two meals a day, of corn-meal bread and soup, or meat of the poorest kind. Very often, so little care had been taken to cure and preserve the bacon, that, when it came to us, though it had been fairly killed once, it was more alive than dead. Occasionally, we had some refreshment over and above the two meals, but this was extra, beyond the rules of the plantation. And, to balance this gratuity, we were also frequently deprived of our food, as a punishment. We suffered greatly, too, for want of water. The slave-drivers have the notion that slaves are more healthy, if allowed to drink but little, than they are if freely allowed nature's beverage. The slaves quite as confidently cherish the opinion that, if the master would drink less peach brandy and whisky, and give the slave more water, it would be better all around. As it is, the more the master and overseer drink, the less they seem to think the slave needs.

In the winter, we took our meals before day in the morning, and after work at night ; in the summer, at about nine o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon. When we were cheated out of our two meals a day, either by the cruelty or caprice of the overseer, we always felt it a kind of special duty and privilege, to make up, in some way, the deficiency. To accomplish this,

we had many devices ; and we sometimes resorted to our peculiar methods, when incited only by a desire to taste greater variety than our ordinary bill of fare afforded.

This sometimes led to very disastrous results. The poor slave who was caught with a chicken or a pig, killed from the plantation, had his back scored most unmercifully. Nevertheless, the pigs would die without being sick or squealing once ; and the hens, chickens, and turkeys sometimes disappeared, and never stuck up a feather to tell where they were buried. The old goose would sometimes exchange her whole nest of eggs for round pebbles ; and patient as that animal is, this quality was exhausted, and she was obliged to leave her nest with no train of offspring behind her. .

One old slave woman upon this plantation was altogether too keen and shrewd for the best of them. She would go out to the corn-crib with her basket, watch her opportunity, with one effective blow pop over a little pig, slip him into her basket, and put the cobs on top, trudge off to her cabin, and look just as innocent as though she had a right to eat of the work of her own hands. It was a kind of first principle, too, in her code of morals, that they that *worked* had a right to eat. The moral of all questions in relation to taking food was easily settled by aunt Peggy. The only question with her was, *how* and *when* to do it.

It could not be done openly, that was plain. It must be done secretly: if not in the daytime, by all means in the night. With the dead pig in the cabin, and the water all hot for scalding, she was at one time warned by her son that the Philistines were upon her. Her resources were fully equal to the sudden emergency. Quick as thought, the pig was thrown into the boiling kettle, a door was put over it, her daughter seated upon it, and, with a good, thick quilt around her, the overseer found little Clara taking a steam-bath for a terrible cold. The daughter, acting well her part, groaned sadly ; the mother was very busy in tucking in the quilt, and the over-

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seer was blinded, and went away without seeing a bristle of the pig.

Aunt Peggy cooked for herself, for another slave named George, and for me. George was very successful in bringing home his share of the plunder. He could capture a pig or a turkey without exciting the least suspicion. The old lady often rallied me for want of courage for such enterprises. At length, I summoned resolution one rainy night, and determined there should be one from the herd of swine brought home by my hands. I went to the crib of corn, got my ear to shell, and my cart-stake to despatch a little roaster. I raised my arm to strike, summoned courage again and again, but to no purpose. The scattered kernels were all picked up, and no blow struck. Again I visited the crib, selected my victim, and *struck!* The blow glanced upon the side of the head, and, instead of falling, he ran off, squealing louder than ever I heard a pig squeal before. I ran as fast, in an opposite direction, made a large circuit, and reached the cabin, emptied the hot water, and made for my couch as soon as possible. I escaped detection, and only suffered from the ridicule of old Peggy and young George.

Poor Jess, upon the same plantation, did not so easily escape. More successful in his effort, he killed his pig, but he was found out. He was hung up by the hands, with a rail between his feet, and full three hundred lashes scored in upon his naked back. For a long time his life hung in doubt; and his poor wife, for becoming a partaker after the fact, was most severely beaten.

Another slave, employed as a driver upon the plantation, was compelled to whip his own wife, for a similar offence, so severely that she never recovered from the cruelty. She was literally *whipped to death by her own husband.*

A slave, called Hall, the hostler on the plantation, made a successful sally, one night, upon the animals forbidden to the Jews. The next day, he went into the barn-loft, and fell asleep. While sleeping over his abun-

dant supper, and dreaming, perhaps, of his feast, he heard the shrill voice of his master, crying out, "The hogs are at the horse-trough; where is Hall? The "hogs" and "Hall," coupled together, were enough for the poor fellow. He sprung from the hay, and made the best of his way off the plantation. He was gone six months; and at the end of this period, he procured the intercession of the son-in-law of his master, and returned, escaping the ordinary punishment. But the transgression was laid up. Slave-holders seldom *forgive*, they only *postpone* the time of revenge. When about to be severely flogged, for some pretended offence, he took two of his grandsons, and escaped as far towards Canada as Indiana. He was followed, captured, brought back, and whipped most horribly. All the old score had been treasured up against him, and his poor back atoned for the whole at once.

On this plantation was a slave, named Sam, whose wife lived a few miles distant; and Sam was very seldom permitted to go and see his family. He worked in the blacksmith's shop. For a small offence, he was hung by the hands, a rail between his feet, and whipped in turn by the master, overseer, and one of the waiters, till his back was torn all to pieces; and, in less than two months, Sam was in his grave. His last words were, "Mother, tell master he has killed me at last, for nothing; but tell him if God will forgive him, I will."

A very poor white woman lived within about a mile of the plantation house. A female slave, named Flora, knowing she was in a very suffering condition, shelled out a peck of corn, and carried it to her in the night. Next day, the old man found it out, and this deed of charity was atoned for by one hundred and fifty lashes upon the bare back of poor Flora.

The master with whom I now lived was a very passionate man. At one time he thought the work on the plantation did not go on as it ought. One morning, when he and the overseer waked up from a drunken frolic, they swore the hands should not eat a morsel of anything, till

a field of wheat of some sixty acres was all cradled. There were from thirty to forty hands to do the work. We were driven on to the extent of our strength, and, although a brook ran through the field, not one of us was permitted to stop and taste a drop of water. Some of the men were so exhausted that they reeled for very weakness; two of the women fainted, and one of them was severely whipped, to revive her. They were at last carried helpless from the field and thrown down under the shade of a tree. At about five o'clock in the afternoon the wheat was all cut, and we were permitted to eat. Our suffering for want of water was excruciating. I trembled all over from the inward gnawing of hunger, and from burning thirst.

In view of the sufferings of this day, we felt fully justified in making a foraging expedition upon the milk-room that night. And when master, and overseer, and all hands were locked up in sleep, ten or twelve of us went down to the spring house; a house built over a spring, to keep the milk and other things cool. We pressed altogether against the door, and open it came. We found half a good baked pig, plenty of cream, milk, and other delicacies; and, as we felt in some measure delegated to represent all that had been cheated of their meals the day before, we ate plentifully. But after a successful plundering expedition within the gates of the enemy's camp, it is not easy always to cover the retreat. We had a *reserve* in the pasture for this purpose. We went up to the herd of swine, and, with a milk-pail in hand, it was easy to persuade them there was more where that came from, and the whole tribe followed readily into the spring-house, and we left them there to wash the dishes and wipe up the floor, while we retired to rest. This was not malice in us; we did not love the waste which the hogs made; but we must have something to eat, to pay for the cruel and reluctant fast; and when we had obtained this, we must of course cover up our track. They watch us narrowly; and to take an egg, a pound of meat,

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or any thing else, however hungry we may be, is considered a great crime ; we are compelled therefore, to waste a good deal sometimes, to get a little.

I lived with this Mr. K. about four or five years ; I then fell into the hands of his son. He was a drinking, ignorant man, but not so cruel as his father. Of him I hired my time at twelve dollars a month ; boarded and clothed myself. To meet my payments, I split rails, burned coal, peddled grass seed, and took hold of whatever I could find to do. This last master, or owner, as he would call himself, died about one year before I left Kentucky. By the administrators I was hired out for a time, and at last put up upon the auction block, for sale. No *bid* could be obtained for me. There were two reasons in the way. One was, there were two or three old mortgages which were not settled, and the second reason given by the bidders was, I had had too many privileges ; had been permitted to trade for myself and go over the state ; in short, to use their phrase, I was a "spoilt nigger." And sure enough I was, for all their purposes. I had long thought and dreamed of LIBERTY ; I was now determined to make an effort to gain it. No tongue can tell the doubt, the perplexities, the anxiety which a slave feels, when making up his mind upon this subject. If he makes an effort and is not successful, he must be laughed at by his fellows ; he will be beaten unmercifully by the master, and then watched and used the harder for it all his life.

And then, if he gets away, *who, what* will he find ? He is ignorant of the world. All the white part of mankind, that he has ever seen, are enemies to him and all his kindred. How can he venture where none but white faces shall greet him ? The master tells him, that abolitionists decoy slaves off into the free states, to catch them and sell them to Louisiana or Mississippi ; and if he goes to Canada, the British will put him in a *mine under ground, with both eyes put out, for life*. How does he know what, or whom to believe ? A horror of great darkness comes upon him, as he thinks over what may

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befal him. Long, very long time did I think of escaping before I made the effort.

At length, the report was started that I was to be sold for Louisiana. Then I thought it was time to act. My mind was made up. This was about two weeks before I started. The first plan was formed between a slave named Isaac and myself. Isaac proposed to take one of the horses of his mistress, and I was to take my pony, and we were to ride off together; I as master, and he as slave. We started together, and went on five miles. My want of confidence in the plan induced me to turn back. Poor Isaac pleaded like a good fellow to go forward. I am satisfied from experience and observation, that both of us must have been captured and carried back. I did not know enough at that time to travel and manage a waiter. Every thing would have been done in such an awkward manner, that a keen eye would have seen through our plot at once. I did not know the roads, and could not have read the guide-boards; and ignorant as many people are in Kentucky, they would have thought it strange to see a man with a waiter, who could not read a guide-board. I was sorry to leave Isaac, but I am satisfied I could have done him no good in the way proposed.

After this failure, I staid about two weeks; and after having arranged every thing to the best of my knowledge, I saddled my pony, went into the cellar where I kept my grass-seed apparatus, put my clothes into a pair of saddle-bags, and them into my seed-bag, and, thus equipped, set sail for the north star. O what a day was that to me! This was on Saturday, in August, 1841. I wore my common clothes, and was very careful to avoid special suspicion, as I already imagined the administrator was very watchful of me. The place from which I started was about fifty miles from Lexington. The reason why I do not give the *name* of the place, and a more accurate location, must be obvious to any one who remembers that, in the eye of the law, I am yet accounted a slave, and no spot in the United States affords an asylum for

the wanderer. True, I feel protected in the hearts of the many warm friends of the slave by whom I am surrounded ; but this protection does not come from the LAWS of any one of the United States.

But to return. After riding about fifteen miles, a Baptist minister overtook me on the road, saying, "How do you do, boy ? are you free ? I always thought you were free, till I saw them try to sell you the other day." I then wished him a thousand miles off, preaching, if he would, to the whole plantation, "Servants, obey your masters ;" but I wanted neither sermons, questions, nor advice from him. At length I mustered resolution to make some kind of a reply. "What made you think I was free ?" He replied, that he had noticed I had great privileges, that I did much as I liked, and that I was almost white. "O yes," I said, "but there are a great many slaves as white as I am." "Yes," he said, and then went on to name several ; among others, one who had lately, as he said, run away. This was touching altogether too near upon what I was thinking of. Now, said I, he must know, or at least reckons, what I am at —*running away*.

However, I blushed as little as possible, and made strange of the fellow who had lately run away, as though I knew nothing of it. The old fellow looked at me, as it seemed to me, as though he would read my thoughts. I wondered what in the world *slaves could* run away for, especially if they had such a chance as I had had for the last few years. He said, "I suppose you would not run away on any account, you are so well treated." "O," said I, "I do very well ; very well, sir. If you should ever hear that I had run away, be certain it must be because there is some great change in my treatment."

He then began to talk with me about the seed in my *bag*, and said that he should want to buy some. Then, I thought, he means to get at the truth by looking in my *seed bag*, where, sure enough, he would not find *grass seed*, but the seeds of Liberty. However, he dodged off soon, and left me alone. And although I have heard

any, a good company is better than none, I felt much better without him than with him.

When I had gone on about twenty-five miles, I went down into a deep valley by the side of the road, and changed my clothes. I reached Lexington about seven o'clock that evening, and put up with brother Cyrus. As I had often been to Lexington before, and stopped with him, it excited no attention from the slave-holding gentry, and moreover I had a pass from the administrator, of whom I had visited my time. I remained over the Sabbath with Cyrus, and we talked over a great many plans for future operations, if my efforts to escape should be successful. Besides, we talked over all sorts of ways for getting proceeds. But both of us were very ignorant of the roads, and of the best way to escape suspicion. And I sometimes wonder that his slave, so ignorant, so timid as Lewis, dared make the attempt to get his freedom. "Without any great anxiety or fears."

On Monday morning, bright and early, I set my face in good earnest toward the Ohio River, determined to see and reach the north bank or to die in the attempt. I said to myself, One of two things,—FREEDOM OR DEATH! The first night I reached Mayslick, fifty odd miles from Lexington. Just before reaching this village, I stopped to think over my situation, and determine how I would pass the night. On that night hung all my hopes. I was within twenty miles of Ohio. My horse was unable to reach his first that night. And besides, to travel and attempt to cross the river in the night, would excite suspicion. I must spend the night there. But how? At this time, I thought, I will take my pony out into the field and give him some corn, and sleep myself on the grass. But then the dogs will be out in the evening, and if caught under such circumstances they will take me for a thief if not for a runaway. That will not do. So, after weighing the matter all over, I made a plunge right into the heart of the village, and put up at the tavern.

After seeing my pony disposed of, I locked into the barn door, and saw some persons that I thought were

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from my part of the country, and would know me. I shrunk back with horror. What to do I did not know. I looked across the street, and saw the shop of a silversmith. A thought of a pair of spectacles, to hide my face, struck me. I went across the way, and began to barter for a pair of double-eyed green spectacles. When I got them on, they blind-folded *me*, if they did not others. Every thing seemed right up in my eyes. Some people buy spectacles to see out of; I bought mine to keep from being seen. I hobbled back to the tavern, and called for supper. This I did to avoid notice, for I felt like any thing but eating. At tea, I had not learned to measure distances with my new eyes, and the first pass I made with my knife and fork at my plate went right into my lap. This confused me still more, and, after drinking one cup of tea, I left the table, and got off to bed as soon as possible. But not a wink of sleep that night. All was confusion, dreams, anxiety, and trembling.

As soon as day dawned, I called for my horse, paid my reckoning, and was on my way, rejoicing that *that* night was gone, any how. I made all diligence on my way, and was across the Ohio, and in Aberdeen by noon, that day!

What my feelings were, when I reached the free shore, can be better imagined than described. I trembled all over with deep emotion, and I could feel my hair rise upon my head. I was on what was called a *free* soil, among a people who had no slaves. I saw white men at work, and no slave smarting beneath the lash. Every thing was indeed *new* and wonderful. Not knowing where to find a friend, and being ignorant of the country—unwilling to inquire, lest I should betray my ignorance, it was a whole week before I reached Cincinnati. At one place, where I put up, I had a great many more questions put to me than I wished to answer. At another place, I was very much annoyed by the officiousness of the landlord, who made it a point to supply every guest with newspapers. I took the copy handed me,

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and turned it over, in a somewhat awkward manner, I suppose. He came to me to point out a veto, or some other very important news. I thought it best to decline his assistance, and gave up the paper, saying my eyes were not in a fit condition to read much.

At another place, the neighbors, on learning that a Kentuckian was at the tavern, came, in great earnestness, to find out what my business was. Kentuckians sometimes came there to kidnap their citizens. They were in the habit of watching them close. I at length satisfied them, by assuring them that I was not, nor my father before me, any slave-holder at all ; but, lest their suspicions should be excited in another direction, I added, my grandfather was a slave-holder.

At Cincinnati, I found some old acquaintances, and spent several days. In passing through some of the streets, I several times saw a great slave-dealer from Kentucky, who knew me, and, when I approached him, I was very careful to give him a wide berth. The only advice that I here received was from a man who had once been a slave. He urged me to sell my pony, go up the river, to Portsmouth, then take the canal for Cleveland, and cross over to Canada. I acted upon this suggestion, sold my horse for a small sum, as he was pretty well used up, took passage for Portsmouth, and soon found myself on the canal-boat, headed for Cleveland. On the boat, I became acquainted with a Mr. Colony, from New York. He was very sick with fever and ague, and, as he was a stranger, and alone, I took the best possible care of him, for a time. One day, in conversation with him, he spoke of the slaves, in the most harsh and bitter language, and was especially severe on those who *attempted to run away*. Thinks I, you are not the man for me to have much to do with. I found the *spirit* of slave-holding was not all south of the Ohio River.

No sooner had I reached Cleveland, than a trouble came upon me from a very unexpected quarter. A rough, swearing, reckless creature, in the shape of a man,

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came up to me, and declared I had passed a bad five dollar bill upon his wife, in the boat, and he demanded the silver for it. I had never seen him, nor his wife, before. He pursued me into the tavern, swearing and threatening all the way. The travellers, that had just arrived at the tavern, were asked to give their names to the clerk, that he might enter them upon the book. He called on me for my name, just as this ruffian was in the midst of his assault upon me. On leaving Kentucky, I thought it best for my own security, to take a new name, and I had been entered on the boat as Archibald Campbell. I knew, with such a charge as this man was making against me, it would not do to change my name from the boat to the hotel. At the moment, I could not recollect what I had called myself, and, for a few minutes, I was in a complete puzzle. The clerk kept calling, and I made believe deaf, till, at length the name popped back again, and I was duly enrolled a guest at the tavern, in Cleveland. I had heard, before, of persons being frightened out of their *Christian* names, but I was fairly scared out of both mine for a while. The landlord soon protected me from the violence of the bad-meaning man, and drove him away from the house.

I was detained at Cleveland several days, not knowing how to get across the lake, into Canada. I went out to the shore of the lake again and again, to try and see the other side, but I could see no hill, mountain, nor city of the asylum I sought. I was afraid to inquire *where* it was, lest it would betray such a degree of ignorance as to excite suspicion at once. One day, I heard a man ask another, employed on board a vessel, "and where does this vessel trade?" Well, I thought, if that is a proper question for you, it is for me. So I passed along, and asked of every vessel, "Where does this vessel trade?" At last, the answer came, "over here in Kettle Creek, near Port Stanley." "And where is that?" said I. "O, right over here in *Canada*." That was the sound for me; "over here in Canada." The captain asked me if I wanted a passage to Canada. I thought it

would not do to be too earnest about it, lest it would betray me. I told him I had some thought of going, if I could get a passage cheap. We soon came to terms on this point, and that evening we set sail. After proceeding only nine miles, the wind changed, and the captain returned to port again. This, I thought, was a very bad omen. However, I stuck by, and the next evening, at nine o'clock, we set sail once more, and at daylight we were in Canada.

When I stepped ashore here, I said, sure enough, I AM FREE. Good heaven ! what a sensation, when it first visits the bosom of the full-grown man ; one *born* to bondage—one who had been taught, from early infancy, that this was his inevitable lot for life. Not till *then* did I dare to cherish, for a moment, the feeling that *one* of the limbs of my body was my own. The slaves often say, when cut in the hand or foot, "Plague on the old foot," or "the old hand ; it is master's—let him take care of it. Nigger don't care, if he never get well." My hands, my feet, were now my own. But what to do with them, was the next question. A strange sky was over me, a new earth under me, strange voices all around ; even the animals were such as I had never seen. A flock of prairie-hens and some black geese were altogether new to me. I was entirely alone ; no human being, that I had ever seen before, where I could speak to him or he to me.

And could I make that country ever seem like *home* ? Some people are very much afraid all the slaves will run up north, if they are ever free. But I can assure them that they will run *back* again, if they do. If I could have been assured of my freedom in Kentucky, then, I would have given any thing in the world for the prospect of spending my life among my old acquaintances, where I first saw the sky, and the sun rise and go down. It was a long time before I could make the sun work right at all. It would rise in the wrong place, and go down wrong ; and, finally, it behaved so bad, I thought it could not be the same sun.

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There was a little something added to this feeling of strangeness. I could not forget all the horrid stories slave-holders tell about Canada. They assure the slave that, when they get hold of slaves in Canada, they make various uses of them. Sometimes they *skin* the head, and wear the wool on their coat collars—put them into the lead-mines, with both eyes out—the young slaves they eat ; and as for the red coats, they are sure death to the slave. However ridiculous to a well-informed person such stories may appear, they work powerfully upon the excited imagination of an ignorant slave. With these stories all fresh in mind, when I arrived at St. Thomas, I kept a bright look-out for the red coats. As I was turning the corner of one of the streets, sure enough, there stood before me a *red coat*, in full uniform, with his tall bear-skin cap, a foot and a half high, his gun shouldered, and he standing as erect as a guide-post. Sure enough, that is the fellow that they tell about catching the slave. I turned on my heel, and sought another street. On turning another corner, the *same* soldier, as I thought, faced me, with his black cap and stern look. Sure enough, my time has come now. I was as near scared to death, then, as a man can be and breathe. I could not have felt any worse if he had shot me right through the heart. I made off again, as soon as I dared to move. I inquired for a tavern. When I came up to it, there was a great brazen lion sleeping over the door, and, although I knew it was not alive, I had been so well frightened that I was almost afraid to go in. Hunger drove me to it at last, and I asked for something to eat.

On my way to St. Thomas I was also badly frightened: A man asked me who I was. I was afraid to tell him a runaway slave, lest he should have me to the mines. I was afraid to say, "I am an American," lest he should shoot me, for I knew there had been trouble between the British and Americans. I inquired, at length, for the place where the greatest number of colored soldiers were. I was told there were a great many at New London ; so for New London I started. I got a ride, with some

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country people, to the latter place. They asked me who I was, and I told them from Kentucky; and they, in a familiar way, called me "Old Kentuck." I saw some soldiers, on the way, and asked the men what they had soldiers for. They said they were kept "to get *drunk* and be *whipped*;" that was the chief use they made of them. At last, I reached New London, and here I found soldiers in great numbers. I attended at their parade, and saw the guard driving the people back; but it required no guard to keep me off. I thought, "If you will let me alone, I will not trouble you." I was as much afraid of a red coat as I would have been of a bear. Here I asked again for the colored soldiers. The answer was, "Out at Chatham, about seventy miles distant." I started for Chatham. The first night, I stopped at a place called the Indian Settlement. The door was barred, at the house where I was, which I did not like so well, as I was yet somewhat afraid of the Canadian tricks. Just before I got to Chatham, I met two colored soldiers, with a white man, bound, and driving him along before them. This was something quite new. I thought, then, sure enough, this is the land for me. I had seen a great many colored people bound, and in the hands of the whites, but this was changing things right about. This removed all my suspicions, and ever after, I felt quite easy in Canada. I made diligent inquiry for several slaves, that I had known in Kentucky, and at length found one, named Henry. He told me of several others, with whom I had been acquainted, and from him, also, I received the first correct information about brother Milton. I knew that he had left Kentucky about a year before I did, and I supposed, until now, that he was in Canada. Henry told me he was at Oberlin, Ohio.

At Chatham, I hired myself for a while, to recruit my purse a little, as it had become pretty well drained by this time. I had only about sixty-four dollars, when I left Kentucky, and I had been living upon it now for about six weeks. Mr. Everett, with whom I worked, treated me kindly, and urged me to stay in Canada, offering me

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business on his farm. He declared "there was no 'free state' in America; all were *slave* states, bound to slavery, and the slave could have no asylum in any of them." There is certainly a great deal of truth in this remark. I have *felt*, wherever I may be in the United States, the kidnappers may be upon me at any moment. If I should creep up to the top of the monument on Bunker's Hill, beneath which my father fought, I should not be safe, even there. The slave-mongers have a right, by the laws of the United States, to seek me, even upon the top of the monument, whose base rests upon the bones of those who fought for freedom.

I soon after made my way to Sandwich, and crossed over to Detroit, on my way to Ohio, to see Milton. While in Canada, I swapped away my pistol, as I thought I should not need it, for an old watch. When I arrived at Detroit, I found that my watch was gone. I put my baggage, with nearly every cent of money I had, on board the boat for Cleveland, and went back to Sandwich to search for the old watch. The ferry here was about three-fourths of a mile, and, in my zeal for the old watch, I wandered so far that I did not get back in season for the boat, and had the satisfaction of hearing her *last* bell just as I was about to leave the Canada shore. When I got back to Detroit I was in a fine fix; my money and my clothes gone, and I left to wander about in the streets of Detroit. A man may be a man for all clothes or money, but he don't feel quite so well, any how. What to do now I could hardly tell. It was about the first of November. I wandered about and picked up something very cheap for supper, and paid nine-pence for lodging. All the next day no boat for Cleveland. Long days and nights to me. At length another boat was up for Cleveland. I went to the Captain, to tell him my story; he was very cross and savage; said a man had no business from home without money; that so many told stories about losing money that he did not know what to believe. He finally asked me how much money I had. I told him sixty-two and a half cents. Well, he said, give me that,

and pay the balance when you get there. I gave him every cent I had. We were a day and a night on the passage, and I had nothing to eat except some cold potatoes, which I picked from a barrel of fragments, and cold victuals. I went to the steward, or cook, and asked for something to eat, but he told me his orders were strict to give away nothing, and, if he should do it, he would lose his place at once.

When the boat came to Cleveland it was in the night, and I thought I would spend the balance of the night in the boat. The steward soon came along, and asked if I did not know that the boat had landed, and the passengers had gone ashore. I told him I knew it, but I had paid the captain all the money I had, and could get no shelter for the night unless I remained in the boat. He was very harsh and unfeeling, and drove me ashore, although it was very cold, and snow on the ground. I walked around awhile, till I saw a light in a small house of entertainment. I called for lodging. In the morning, the Frenchman, who kept it, wanted to know if I would have breakfast. I told him, no. He said then I might pay for my lodging. I told him I would do so before I left, and that my outside coat might hang there till I paid him.

I was obliged at once to start on an expedition for raising *some cash*. My resources were not very numerous. I took a *hair* brush, that I had paid three York shillings for a short time before, and sallied out to make a sale. But the wants of every person I met seemed to be in the same direction with my own; they wanted *money* more than *hair* brushes. At last, I found a customer who paid me ninepence *cash*, and a small balance in the shape of something to eat for breakfast. I was started square for that day, and delivered out of my present distress. But hunger will return, and all the quicker when a man don't know how to satisfy it when it does come. I went to a plain boarding-house, and told the man just my situation; that I was waiting for the boat to return from Buffalo, hoping to get my baggage and money. He sai

he would board me two or three days and risk it. I tried to get work, but no one seemed inclined to employ me. At last, I gave up in despair, about my luggage, and concluded to start as soon as possible for Oberlin. I sold my great-coat for two dollars, paid one for my board, and with the other I was going to pay my fare to Oberlin. That night, after I had made all my arrangements to leave in the morning, the boat came. On hearing the bell of a steam-boat, in the night, I jumped up and went to the wharf, and found my baggage; paid a quarter of a dollar for the long journey it had been carried, and glad enough to get it again at that.

The next morning, I took the stage for Oberlin; found several abolitionists from that place in the coach. They mentioned a slave named Milton Clarke, who was living there, that he had a brother in Canada, and that he expected him there soon. They spoke in a very friendly manner of Milton, and of the slaves; so, after we had had a long conversation, and I perceived they were all friendly, I made myself known to them. To be thus surrounded at once with friends, in a land of strangers, was something quite new to me. The impression made by the kindness of these strangers upon my heart, will never be effaced. I thought, there must be some new principle at work here, such as I had not seen much of in Kentucky. That evening I arrived at Oberlin, and found Milton boarding at a Mrs. Cole's. Finding here so many friends, my first impression was that all the abolitionists in the country must live right there together. When Milton spoke of going to Massachusetts, "No," said I, "we had better stay here where the *abolitionists* live." And when they assured me that the friends of the slave were more numerous in Massachusetts than in Ohio, I was greatly surprised.

Milton and I had not seen each other for a year; during that time we had passed through the greatest change in outward condition, that can befall a man in this world. How glad we were to greet each other in what we then *thought* a free State may be easily imagined. We little

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dreamed of the dangers sleeping around us. Brother Milton had not encountered so much danger in getting away as I had. But his time for suffering was soon to come. For several years before his escape, Milton had hired his time of his master, and had been employed as a steward in different steamboats upon the river. He had paid as high as two hundred dollars a year for his time. From his master he had a written pass, permitting him to go up and down the Mississippi and Ohio rivers when he pleased. He found it easy, therefore, to land on the north side of the Ohio river, and concluded to take his own time for returning. He had caused a letter to be written to Mr. L., his pretended owner, telling him to give himself no anxiety on his account; that he had found by experience he had wit enough to take care of himself, and he thought the care of his master was not worth the two hundred dollars a year which he had been paying for it, for four years; that, on the whole, if his master would be quiet and contented, he thought he should do very well. This letter, the escape of two persons belonging to the same family, and from the same region, in one year, waked up the fears and the *spite* of the slave-holders. However, they let us have a little respite, and, through the following winter and spring, we were employed in various kinds of work at Oberlin and in the neighbourhood.

All this time I was deliberating upon a plan by which to go down and rescue Cyrus, our youngest brother from bondage. In July, 1842, I gathered what little money I had saved, which was not a large sum, and started for Kentucky again. As near as I remember, I had about twenty dollars. I did not tell my plan to but one or two at Oberlin, because there were many slaves there, and I did not know but that it might get to Kentucky in some way through them sooner than I should. On my way down through Ohio, I advised with several well known friends of the slave. Most of them pointed out the dangers I should encounter, and urged me not to go. One young man told me to go, and the God of heaven would

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prosper me. I knew it was dangerous, but I did not then dream of all that I must suffer in body and mind before I was through with it. It is not a very comfortable feeling, to be creeping round day and night, for nearly two weeks together, in a den of lions, where, if one of them happens to put his paw on you, it is certain death, or something much worse.

At Ripley, I met a man who had lived in Kentucky; he encouraged me to go forward, and directed me about the roads. He told me to keep on a back route not much travelled, and I should not be likely to be molested. I crossed the river at Ripley, and when I reached the other side and was again upon the soil on which I had suffered so much, I *trembled, shuddered*, at the thoughts of what might happen to me. My fears, my feelings, overcame for the moment all my resolution, and I was for a time completely overcome with emotion. Tears flowed like a brook of water. I had just left kind friends; I was now where every man I met would be my enemy. It was a long time before I could summon courage sufficient to proceed. I had with me a rude map, made by the Kentuckian whom I saw at Ripley. After examining this as well as I could, I proceeded. In the afternoon of the first day, as I was sitting in a stream to bathe and cool my feet, a man rode up on horseback, and entered into a long conversation with me. He asked me some questions about my travelling, but none but what I could easily answer. He pointed out to me a house where a white woman lived, who, he said, had recently suffered terribly from a fright. Eight slaves, that were running away, called for something to eat, and the poor woman was sorely scared by them. For his part, the man said, he hoped they never would find the slaves again. Slavery was the curse of Kentucky. He had been brought up to work, and he liked to work, but slavery made it disgraceful for any white man to work. From this conversation I had almost a good mind to trust this man, and tell him my story; but, on second thought, I concluded it might be just as *safe* not to do it. A hundred or two dollars

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for returning a slave, for a poor man, is a heavy temptation. At night, I stopped at the house of a widow woman, not a tavern, exactly ; but they often entertained people there. The next day, when I got as far as Cynthiana, within about twenty miles of Lexington, I was sore all over, and lame, from having walked so far. I tried to hire a horse and carriage, to help me a few miles. At last, I agreed with a man to send me forward to a certain place, which he said was twelve miles, and for which I paid him, in advance, three dollars. It proved to be only seven miles. This was now Sabbath day, as I had selected that as the most suitable day for making my entrance into Lexington. There is much more passing in and out on that day, and I thought I should be much less observed than on any other day.

When I approached the city, and met troops of idlers, on foot and on horseback, sauntering out of the city, I was very careful to keep my umbrella before my face, as people passed, and kept my eyes right before me. There were many persons in the place who had known me, and I did not care to be recognized by any of them. Just before entering the city, I turned off to the field, and lay down under a tree and waited for night. When its curtains were fairly over me, I started up, took two pocket-handkerchiefs, tied one over my forehead, the other under my chin, and marched forward for the city. It was not then so dark as I wished it was. I met a young slave, driving cows. He was quite disposed to condole with me, and said, in a very sympathetic manner, "Massa sick." "Yes, boy," I said, "Massa sick ; drive along your cows." The next colored man I met, I knew him in a moment, but he did not recognise me. I made for the wash-house of the man with whom Cyrus lived. I reached it without attracting any notice, and found there an old slave, as true as steel. I inquired for Cyrus ; he said he was at home. He very soon recollected me ; and, while the boy had gone to call Cyrus, he uttered a great many exclamations of wonder, to think I should return. "Good Heaven, boy ! what you back here for ? What

on earth you here for, my son ? O, I scared for you ! They kill you just as sure as I alive, if they catch you ! Why, in the name of liberty, didn't you stay away, when you gone so slick ? Sartin, I never did 'spect to see you again !" I said, " Don't be scared." But he kept repeating, " I scared for you ! I scared for you !" When I told him my errand, his wonder was somewhat abated ; but still his exclamations were repeated all the evening, " What brought you back here !" In a few minutes, Cyrus made his appearance, filled with little less of wonder than the old man had manifested. I had intended, when I left him about a year before, that I would return for him, if I was successful in my effort for freedom. He was very glad to see me, and entered, with great animation, upon the plan for his own escape. He had a wife, who was a free woman, and consequently he had a home. He soon went out, and left me in the wash-room with the old man. He went home to apprize his wife, and to prepare a room for my concealment. His wife is a very active, industrious woman, and they were enabled to rent a very comfortable house, and, at this time, had a spare room in the attic, where I could be thoroughly concealed.

He soon returned, and said every thing was ready. I went home with him, and, before ten o'clock at night, I was stowed away in a little room, that was to be my prison-house for about a week. It was a comfortable room ; still the confinement was close, and I was unable to take exercise, lest the people in the other part of the house should hear. I got out, and walked around a little, in the evening, but suffered a good deal, for want of more room to live and move in. During the day, Cyrus was busy making arrangements for his departure. He had several little sums of money, in the hands of the foreman of the tan-yard, and in other hands. Now, it would not do to go right boldly up and demand his pay of every one that owed him. This would lead to suspicion at once. So he contrived various ways to get in his little debts. He had seen the foreman one day, counting out some singular coin of some foreign nation. He pretended to take

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a great liking to that foreign money, and told the man if he would pay him what was due to him in *that* money, he would give him two or three dollars. From another person he took an order on a store ; and so, in various ways, he got in his little debts as well as he could. At night, we contrived to plan the ways and means of escaping. Cyrus had never been much accustomed to walking, and he dreaded, very much, to undertake such a journey. He proposed to take a couple of horses, as he thought he had richly earned them, over and above all he had received. I objected to this, because, if we were caught, either in Kentucky or out of it, they would bring against us the charge of stealing, and this would be far worse than the charge of running away.

I firmly insisted, therefore, that we should go on foot. In the course of a week, Cyrus had gathered something like twenty dollars, and we were ready for our journey. A family lived in the same house with Cyrus, in a room below. How to get out, in the early part of the evening, and not be discovered, was not an easy question. Finally, we agreed that Cyrus should go down and get into conversation with them, while I slipped out with his bundle of clothes, and repaired to a certain street, where he was to meet me.

As I passed silently out at the door, Cyrus was cracking his best jokes, and raising a general laugh, which completely covered my retreat. Cyrus soon took quiet and unexpected leave of his friends in that family, and leave, also, of his wife above, for a short time only. At a little past eight of the clock we were beyond the bounds of the city. His wife did all she could to assist him in his effort to gain his inalienable rights. She did not dare, however, to let the slave-holders know that she knew any thing of his attempt to run away. He had told the slaves that he was going to see his sister, about twelve miles off. It was Saturday night when we left Lexington. On entering the town, when I went in, I was so intent upon covering my face, that I took but little notice of the roads. We were very soon exceedingly perplexed to

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know what road to take. The moon favored us, for it was a clear, beautiful night. On we came, but what to do at the cross of the roads we did not know. At length, I climbed one of the guide-posts, and *spelled* out the names as well as I could. We were on the road to freedom's boundary, and, with a strong step, we measured off the path: but again the cross roads perplexed us. This time we took hold of the sign-post and lifted it out of the ground, and turned it upon one of its horns, and spelled out the way again. As we started from this goal, I told Cyrus we had not put up the sign-post. He pulled forward, and said he guessed we would do that when we came back. Whether the sign-board is up or down, we have never been there to see.

Soon after leaving the city, we met a great many of the patrols; but they did not arrest us, and we had no disposition to trouble them.

While we were pressing on, by moonlight, and sometimes in great doubt about the road, Cyrus was a good deal discouraged. He thought, if we got upon the wrong road, it would be almost certain death for us, or something worse. In the morning, we found that, on account of our embarrassment in regard to the roads, we had only made a progress of some twenty or twenty-five miles. But we were greatly cheered to find they were so many miles in the right direction. Then we put the best foot forward, and urged our way as fast as possible. In the afternoon it rained very hard; the roads were muddy and slippery. We had slept none the night before, and had been, of course, very much excited. In this state of mind and of body, just before dark, we stopped in a little patch of bushes, to discuss the expediency of going to a house, which we saw at a distance, to spend the night.

As we sat there, Cyrus became much excited, and, pointing across the road, exclaimed, "Don't you see that animal there?" I looked, but saw nothing; still he affirmed that he saw a dreadful ugly animal looking at us, and ready to make a spring. He began to feel for his

pistols, but I told him not to fire there ; but he persisted in pointing to the animal, although I am persuaded he saw nothing, only by the force of his imagination. I had some doubts about telling this story, lest people would not believe me ; but a friend has suggested to me that such things are not uncommon, when the imagination is strongly excited.

In travelling through the rain and mud, this afternoon, we suffered beyond all power of description. Sometimes we found ourselves just ready to stand, fast asleep, in the middle of the road. Our feet were blistered all over. When Cyrus would get almost discouraged, I urged him on, saying, we were walking for *freedom now*. " Yes," he would say, " freedom is good, Lewis, but this is a *hard, h-a-r-d* way to get it." This he would say, half asleep. We were so weak, before night, that we several times fell upon our knees in the road. We had crackers with us, but we had no appetite to eat. *Fears* were behind us ; *hope* before ; and we were driven and drawn as hard as ever men were. Our limbs and joints were so stiff that, if we took a step to the right hand or left, it seemed as though it would shake us to pieces. It was a dark, weary day to us both.

At length, I succeeded in getting the consent of Cyrus to go to a house for the night. We found a plain farmer's family. The good man was all taken up in talking about the camp-meeting held that day, about three miles from his house. He only asked us where we were from, and we told him our home was in Ohio. He said the young men had behaved unaccountably bad at the camp-meeting, and they had but little comfort of it. They mocked the preachers, and disturbed the meeting badly.

We escaped suspicion more readily, as I have no doubt, from the supposition on the part of many, that we were going to the camp-meeting. Next morning, we called at the meeting, as it was on our way, bought up a little extra gingerbread against the time of need, and marched forward for the Ohio. When any one inquired why we left the meeting so soon, we had an answer ready : " The

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young men behave so bad, we can get no good of the meeting."

By this time we limped badly, and we were sore all over. A young lady whom we met, noticing that we walked lame, cried out, mocking us, "O my feet, my feet, how sore!" At about eleven o'clock, we reached the river, two miles below Ripley. The boatman was on the other side. We called for him. He asked us a few questions. This was a last point with us. We tried our best to appear unconcerned. I asked questions about the boats, as though I had been there before; went to Cyrus, and said, "Sir, I have no change; will you lend me enough to pay my toll? I will pay you before we part." When we were fairly landed upon the northern bank, and had gone a few steps, Cyrus stopped suddenly, on seeing the water gush out at the side of the hill. Said he, "Lewis, give me that tin cup." "What in the world do you want of a tin cup now? We have not time to stop." The cup he would have. Then he went up to the spring, dipped and drank, and dipped and drank; then he would look round, and drink again. "What in the world," said I, "are you foolling there for?" "O," said he, "this is the first time I ever had a chance to drink water that ran out of the *free* dirt." Then we went a little further, and he sat down on a log. I urged him forward. "O," said he, "I must sit on this free timber a little while."

A short distance further on, we saw a man, who seemed to watch us very closely. I asked him which was the best way to go, *over* the hill before us, or *around* it. I did this, to appear to know something about the location. He went off, without offering any obstacles to our journey. In going up the hill, Cyrus would stop, and lay down and roll over. "What in the world are you about, Cyrus? Don't you see Kentucky is over there?" He still continued to roll and kiss the ground; said it was a game horse that could roll clear over. Then he would put his face to the ground, and roll over and over. "First time," he said, "he ever rolled on *free* grass."

NARRATIVE OF LEWIS CLARKE.

After he had recovered a little from his sportive mood, we went up to the house of a good friend of the slave at Ripley. We were weary and worn enough ; though ever since we left the river, it seemed as though Cyrus was young and spry as a colt ; but when we got where we could *rest*, we found ourselves *tired*. The good lady showed us into a good bed-room. Cyrus was skittish. He would not go in and lie down. "I am afraid," said he, "of old mistress. She is too good—too good—can't be so—they want to catch us both." So, to pacify him, I had to go out into the orchard and rest there. When the young men came home, he soon got acquainted, and felt sure they were his friends. From this place we were sent on by the friends, from place to place, till we reached Oberlin, Ohio, in about five weeks after I left there to go for Cyrus. I had encountered a good deal of peril ; had suffered much from anxiety of feeling ; but felt richly repaid in seeing another brother free.

We stopped at Oberlin a few days, and then Cyrus started for Canada. He did not feel exactly safe. When he reached the lake, he met a man from Lexington who knew him perfectly ; indeed, the very man of whom his wife hired her house. This man asked him if he was free. He told him yes, he was free, and he was hunting for brother Milton, to get him to go back and settle with the old man for his freedom. Putnam told him that was all right. He asked Cyrus if he should still want that house his wife lived in. "O, yes," said Cyrus, "we will notify you when we don't want it any more. You tell them, I shall be down there in a few days. I have heard of Milton, and expect to have him soon to carry back with me." Putnam went home, and, when he found what a fool Cyrus had made of him, he was vexed enough. "A rascal," he said, "I could have caught him as well as not."

Cyrus hastened over to Canada. He did not like that country so well as the states, and in a few weeks returned. He had already sent a letter to his wife, giving her an account of his successful escape, and urging her to

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join him as soon as possible. He had the pleasure of meeting his wife, and her three children by a former husband, and they have found a quiet resting-place, where, if the rumor of oppression reaches them, they do not feel its scourge, nor its chains. And there is no doubt entertained by any of his friends but he can take care of himself.

He begins already to appreciate his rights, and to maintain them as a freeman. The following paragraph concerning him was published in the Liberty Press about one year since :—

“PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

“Scene at Hamilton Village, N. Y.

“Mr. Cyrus Clarke, a brother of the well-known Milton and Lewis Clarke, (all of whom, till within a short time since, for some twenty-five years, were slaves in Kentucky,) mildly, but firmly, presented his ballot at the town meeting board. Be it known that said Cyrus, as well as his brothers, are *white*, with only a sprinkling of the African; just enough to make them bright, quick, and intelligent, and scarcely observable in the color except by the keen and scenting slave-holder. Mr. Clarke had all the necessary qualifications of white men to vote.

“*Slave.* Gentlemen, here is my ballot; I wish to vote. (Board and by-standers well knowing him, all were aghast—the waters were troubled,—the slave legions were ‘up in their might.’)

“*Judge E.* You can’t vote! Are you not, and have you not been a slave?

“*Slave.* I shall not *lie* to vote. I am and have been a slave, so called; but I wish to vote, and I believe it my right and duty.

“*Judge E.* Slaves can’t vote.

“*Slave.* Will you just show me in your books, constitution, or whatever you call them, where it says a slave can’t vote?

“*Judge E.* (Pretending to look over the law, &c., well knowing he was ‘used up,’) Well, well, you are a colored *man*, and can’t vote without you are worth two-hundred and fifty dollars.

“*Slave.* I am as white as you; and don’t you vote?

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"(Mr. E. is well known to be very dark ; indeed, as dark or darker than Clarke. The current began to set against Mr. E. by murmurs, sneers, laughs, and many other demonstrations of dislike.)

"*Judge E.* Are you not a colored man ? and is not your hair curly ?

"*Slave.* We are both colored men ; and all we differ in is, that you have not the handsome wavy curl ; you raise *Goat's wool*, and I come, as you see, a little nearer *Saxony*.

"At this time the fire and fun was at its height, and was fast consuming the judge with public opprobrium.

"*Judge E.* I challenge this man's vote, he being a colored man, and not worth two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Friends and foes warmly contested what constituted a colored man by the New York statute. The board finally came to the honorable conclusion that, to be a colored man, he must be at least one half blood African. Mr. Clarke, the *SLAVE*, then voted, he being nearly full white. I have the history of this transaction from Mr. Clarke, in person. In substance it is as told me, but varying more or less from his language used.

J. THOMPSON.

"*Paris, March 12, 1844.*

Martha, the wife of Cyrus, had a long story of the wrath of the slave-holders, because he ran away. Monday morning she went down, in great distress, to the overseer to inquire for her husband. She, of course, was in great anxiety about him. Mr. Logan threatened her severely, but she, having a little mixture of the Indian, Saxon, and African blood, was quite too keen for them. She succeeded in so far lulling their suspicions as to make her escape, and was very fortunate in her journey to her husband.

We remained but a short time after this in Ohio. I spent a few days in New York ; found there a great many warm friends ; and, in the autumn of 1843, I came to old Massachusetts. Since that time, I have been engaged a large part of the time in telling the story of what I have felt and seen of slavery.

I have generally found large audiences, and a great desire to hear about slavery. I have been in all the New England States except Connecticut ; have held, I suppose, more than five hundred meetings in differen

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places, sometimes two or three in a place. These meetings have been kindly noticed by many of the papers, of all parties and sects. Others have been very bitter and unjust in their remarks, and tried to throw every possible obstacle in my way. A large majority of ministers have been willing to give notice of my meetings, and many of them have attended them. I find that most ministers say they are abolitionists, but truth compels me to add, that, in talking with them, I find many are more zealous to apologize for the slave-holders, than they are to take any active measures to do away slavery.

Since coming to the free states, I have been struck with great surprise at the quiet and peaceable manner in which families live. I had no conception that *women* could live without quarrelling, till I came into the free states.

After I had been in Ohio a short time, and had not seen nor heard any scolding or quarrelling in the families where I was, I did not know how to account for it. I told Milton, one day, "What a faculty these women have of keeping all their bad feelings to themselves! I have not seen them quarrel with their husbands, nor with the girls, or children, since I have been here." "O," said Milton, "these women are not like our women in Kentucky; they don't fight at all." I told him I doubted that; "I guess they do it somewhere; in the kitchen, or down cellar. It can't be," said I, "that a woman can live, and not scold or quarrel." Milton laughed, and told me to watch them, and see if I could catch them at it. I have kept my eyes and ears open from that day to this, and I have not found the place where the women get mad and rave like they do in Kentucky yet. If they do it here, they are uncommon sly; but I have about concluded that they are altogether different here from what they are in the slave states. I reckon slavery must work upon their minds and dispositions, and make them ugly.

It has been a matter of great wonder to me, also, to see all the children, rich and poor, going to school. Every few miles I see a school-house, here; I did not

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know what it meant when I saw these houses, when I first came to Ohio. In Kentucky, if you should feed your horse only when you come to a school-house, he would starve to death.

I never had heard a church bell only at Lexington, in my life. When I saw steeples and meeting-houses so thick, it seemed as if I had got into another world. Nothing seems more wonderful to me now, than the different way they keep the Sabbath there, and here. In the country, in summer, there the people gather in groups around the meeting-house, *built of logs*, or around in the groves where they often meet; one company, and perhaps the minister with them, are talking about the price of niggers, pork, and corn; another group are playing cards; others are swapping horses, or horse-racing; all in sight of the meeting-house or place of worship. After a while the minister tells them it is time to begin. They stop playing and talking for a while. If they call him right smart, they hear him out; if he is "no account," they turn to their cards and horses, and finish their devotion in this manner.

The slave-holders are continually telling how poor the white people are in the free states, and how much they suffer from poverty; no masters to look out for them. When, therefore, I came into Ohio, and found nearly every family living in more real comfort than almost any slave-holder, you may easily see I did not know what to make of it. I see how it is now; every man in the free states *works*; and as they work for themselves, they do twice as much as they would do for another.

In fact, my wonder at the contrast between the slave and the free states has not ceased yet. The more I see here, the more I *know* slavery curses the master as well as the slave. It curses the soil, the houses, the churches, the schools, the burying-grounds, the flocks, and the herds; it curses man and beast, male and female, old and young. It curses the child in the cradle, and heaps curses upon the old man as he lies in his grave. Let all the people, then, of the civilized world get up upon

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Mount Ebal, and curse it with a long and bitter curse, and with a loud voice, till it withers and dies ; till the year of jubilee dawns upon the south, till the sun of a FREE DAY sends a beam of light and joy into every cabin.

I wish here sincerely to recognize the hand of a kind Providence in leading me from that terrible house of bondage, for raising me up friends in a land of strangers, and for leading me, as I hope, to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. A slave cannot be sure that he will always enjoy his religion in peace. Some of them are beaten for acts of devotion. I can never express to God all the gratitude which I owe him for the many favors I now enjoy. I try to live in love with all men. Nothing would delight me more than to take the worst slave-holder by the hand, even Mrs. Banton, and freely forgive her, if I thought she had repented of her sins. While she, or any other man or woman, is trampling down the image of God, and *abusing* the life out of the poor slave, I cannot believe they are Christians, or that they ought to be allowed the Christian name for one moment. I testify against them now, as having none of the spirit of Christ. There will be a cloud of swift witnesses against them at the day of judgment. The testimony of the slave will be heard then. He has no voice at the tribunals of earthly justice, but he will one day be heard ; and then such revelations will be made, as will fully justify the opinion which I have been compelled to form of slave-holders. They are a SEED of *evil-doers*—*corrupt* are they—they have done abominable works.

NARRATIVE OF MILTON CLARKE.

The Narrative of LEWIS CLARKE was published a year since ; and a large edition—three thousand copies—was exhausted in less than a year. There is a call for more ; and MILTON CLARKE has concluded to add a few of the incidents of his life, and a more particular account of the attempt to kidnap him in Ohio. It is not among the least interesting of the marks of progress in the cause of Freedom, that now, from Ohio, the assistant kidnappers of Jerry Phinney are calling loudly upon their principles in Kentucky to help them out of prison, where they suffer justly. This shows that neither Ohio, nor any other Free State, can much longer be made the hunting-ground of the slaveholders.

J. C. L.

May, 1846.

WHEN I was about six years of age, the estate of Samuel Campbell, my grandfather, was sold at auction. His sons and daughters were all present at the sale except Mrs. Banton. Among the articles and animals put upon the catalogue, and placed in the hands of the auctioneer, were a large number of slaves. When every thing else had been disposed of, the question arose among the heirs, "What shall be done with Letty (my mother) and her children?" John and William Campbell came to mother, and told her they would divide her family among the heirs, but none of them should go out of the family. One of the daughters—to her everlasting honor be it spoken—remonstrated against any such proceeding. Judith, the wife of Joseph Logan, told her brothers and sisters, "Letty is our own half sister, and you know it ; father never intended they should be sold." Her protest was disregarded, and the auctioneer was ordered to proceed. My mother, and her infant son Cyrus, about

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one year old, were put up together and sold for five hundred dollars !! Sisters and brothers selling their own sister and her children !! My venerable old father, who was now in extreme old age, and debilitated from the wounds received in the war of the Revolution, was nevertheless, roused by this outrage upon his rights and upon those of his children.

"He had never expected," he said, "when fighting for the liberties of his country, to see his own wife and children sold in it to the highest bidder." But what were the entreaties of a quivering old man, in the sight of eight or ten hungry heirs ? The bidding went on ; and the whole family, consisting of mother and eight children, were sold at prices varying from three hundred to eight hundred dollars. Lewis, the reader will recollect, had been previously given to that bad and violent woman, Mrs. Banton. It was my fortune, with my mother, brother Cyrus, and sister Delia, to fall into the hands of aunt Judith ; and had she lived many years, or had her husband shared with her the virtues of humanity, I should probably have had far less to complain of, for myself and some of the family. She was the only one of all the family that I was ever willing to own, or call my aunt.

The third day after the sale, father, mother, Delia, Cyrus, and myself, started for our home at Lexington, with Mr. Joseph Logan, a tanner. He was a tall, lank, gray-eyed, hard-hearted, cruel wretch ; coarse, vulgar, debauched, corrupt and corrupting ; but in good and regular standing in the Episcopalian church. We were always protected, however, from any very great hardships during the life of his first wife.

At her death, which happened in about two years, we were sincere mourners ; although her husband was probably indulging for other emotions than those of sorrow. He had already entered, to a considerable extent, into arrangements for marrying a younger sister of his wife, Miss Minerva Campbell. She was a half fool, besides being underwitted. If any body falls into such hands, they will know what Solomon meant, when he said,

"Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a *fool* in his folly." There are a great many bears in Kentucky, but none of them quite equal to a slaveholding woman.

I had a regular battle with this young mistress, when I was about eleven years old. She had lived in the family while her sister was alive, and from the clemency of Judith, in protecting the slaves, the authority of Miss Minerva was in a very doubtful state when she came to be installed mistress of the house. Of course, every occasion was sought to show her authority. She attempted to give me a regular breaking-in, at the age above stated. I used the weapons of defence "God and nature gave me;" I bit and scratched, and well nigh won the battle;" but she sent for Logan, whose shadow was more than six feet, and I had to join the *non-resistance* society right off. It was all over with me then. He dashed me down upon my head, took the raw hide and ploughed up my young back, and that grinning fool, his wife, was looking on; this was a great aggravation of the flogging, that she should see it and rejoice over it.

When I was about twelve years old, I was put to grinding bark in the tannery. Not understanding the business, I did not make such progress, as Logan thought I ought to make. Many a severe beating was the consequence. At one time, the shoulder of the horse was very sore, and Logan complained that I did not take good care of him. I tried to defend myself as well as I could, but his final argument was thumping my head against the post. Kings have their *last* argument, and so have slave-holders. I took the old horse into the stable, and, as I had no one else to talk with, I held quite a dialogue with old Dobbin. Unluckily for me, Logan was hid in another stall, to hear his servant curse him. I told the horse, "Master complains that I don't grind bark enough; complains that I work you too hard; don't feed you enough; now, you old rascal, you know it is a lie, the whole of it; I have given you fifteen ears of corn three times a day, and that is enough for any horse;

Cæsar says that is enough, and Moses says that is enough ; now eat your corn and grow fat." At the end of this apostrophe, I gave the old horse three good cuts on the face, and told him to walk up and eat the corn. I then stepped out into the floor and threw in fifteen ears more, and said, "See if the old man will think that is enough."

Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when I heard a rustling in the next stall, and Joe Logan was before me, taller than ever I saw him before, and savage as a cannibal. I made for the door, but he shut it upon me, and caught me by one leg. He began kicking and cuffing, till, in my despair, I seized him, like a young bear, by the leg, with my teeth, and, with all his tearing and wrenching, he could not get me off. He called one of the white hands from the tanyard, and just as he came in, Logan had his knife out, and was about to cut my throat. The man spoke, and told him not to do that. They tied me and gave me *three hundred lashes* ; my back was peeled from my shoulders to my heels.

Mother was in the house, and heard my screams, but did not dare to come near me. Logan left me weltering in my blood ; mother then came and took me up, and carried me into her own room. About eight o'clock that evening, Logan came out and asked mother if I was alive or dead. She told him I was alive. I laid there four weeks, before I went out of the door. Let fathers and mothers think what it would be to see a child whipped to the very gate of death, and not be permitted to say a word in their behalf. Words can never tell what I suffered, nor what mother suffered. I shuddered at the countenance of Joseph Logan for many months after. The recollection now makes me shudder, as I go back to that bitter day.

Such a cruel wretch could not, of course, manage with much discretion a silly, but high-tempered wife. Their social intercourse was like the meeting of the sirocco and the earthquake. She would scorch terribly with her provoking tongue ; he would *shake* her terribly in his anger. Finally, he held her out at arm's length and gave

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her the horsewhip to the tune of about thirty stripes. She hopped and danced at this, to the infinite amusement of the slaves when we were alone ; of course, in their presence we are very serious. We had good reason for rejoicing in this flogging, for she was never known to prescribe raw hide for a slave after that. She soon, however, left her husband and went to live with Mrs. Anderson, where, by her cruelty, she showed her reform was only temporary.

Then began that series of bitter cruelties by which Logan attempted to subdue sister Delia to his diabolical wishes. She was, at this time, some sixteen or eighteen years of age. At first, persuasion was employed. This was soon exchanged for stripes

One morning, I was a witness of the torture which he inflicted. Sister asked me to speak to mother ; I ran and called her ; she hesitated a good deal, but the shrieks of her child at length overcame every fear, and she rushed into the presence of, and began to remonstrate with, this brute. He was only the more enraged. He turned around with all the vengeance of a fury, and knocked poor mother down, and injured her severely ; when I saw the blood streaming from the shoulders of my sister, and my mother knocked down, I became completely frantic, and ran and caught an axe, and intended to cut him down at a blow. My mother had recovered her feet just in time to meet me at the door. She persuaded me not to go into the spinning-room, where this whipping took place. Sister soon came out, covered with blood. Mother washed her wounds as well as she could. In six days after this, sister was chained to a gang of a hundred and sixty slaves, and sent down to New Orleans. Mother begged for her daughter ; said she would get some one to buy her ; a gentleman offered to do this, after she was sold to the slave-driver ; but the inhuman monster was inexorable ; this was the punishment threatened, if he was refused the sacrifice of her innocence.

Sister was therefore carried down the river to New Orleans, kept three or four weeks, and then put up for

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sale. The day before the sale, she was taken to the barber's, her hair dressed, and she was furnished with a new silk gown, and gold watch, and every thing to set off her personal attractions, previous to the time of the bidding. The first bid was five hundred dollars; then eight hundred dollars. The auctioneer began to extol her virtues. Then one thousand dollars was bid. The auctioneer says, "If you only knew the *reason* why she is sold, you would give any sum for her. She is a *pious*, good girl, member of the Baptist church, warranted to be a virtuous girl." The bidding grew brisk. "*Twelve*!" "thirteen," "fourteen," "fifteen," "sixteen hundred," was at length bid, and she was knocked off to a Frenchman, named Coval. He wanted her to live with him as his house-keeper and mistress. This she utterly refused, unless she were emancipated and made his wife. In about one month, he took her to Mexico, emancipated, and married her. She visited France with her husband, spent a year or more there and in the West Indies. In four or five years after her marriage, her husband died, leaving her a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. A more just and remarkable reward of sterling virtue in an unprotected girl, cannot be found in all the books of romance.

But I must return to my own story. Soon after the sale of my sister, the father of Joseph Logan, Deacon Archibald Logan, purchased his estate in Lexington, and all his slaves; mother, Cyrus, and myself, among the number. I was then valued at one thousand dollars. Mother, I should rather say, was given away in her old age to old Mrs. Logan, the wife of the deacon. In three or four years after this, Joseph Logan came to the house of his father, sick with the consumption, and died. He professed to be penitent upon his death-bed, and asked forgiveness of mother and myself for all the wrong done to our family.

I was then taken by the deacon for his body servant; travelled with him, and was often supposed to be his son.

NARRATIVE OF MILTON CLARKE.

I have little complaint to make of the old man, except that he kept me a *slave*. Cyrus was put into the tanyard, and fared very differently. For some reason, the old deacon treated him with great cruelty.

In 1833, my poor mother ended her sorrows, cut off very suddenly by the cholera. Our condition was then desolate indeed. Father had died several years before. The prospect before us was interminable, lonely bondage. The thought of it sometimes drove us almost to despair. I soon began to hire my time, by the day, or week, as I could make a bargain. I was a very good bass drummer, and had learned to play on the bugle. The deacon would hire me out to play for volunteers, that were then and soon after *training* for a campaign in Texas. He received three dollars for half a day for my services. When I found this out, I sold my bugle and drum. He was very sorry I had sold them; would have bought them himself, if he had known I wanted to sell. I told him, I was tired of playing. We soon compromised the matter, however: I bought my instruments, and was to have half I earned with them. I then began to lay up money, and had a shrewd notion that I could take care of myself. I frequently heard the Declaration of Independence read; and listened with great wonder to the Texas orators, as they talked about liberty. I thought it might be as good for me as for others. I could never reason myself into the belief, that the old deacon had any right to the annual rent which I paid for my own body. I then was paying to this old miser two hundred dollars a year for my time, boarding and clothing myself. I joined a company of musicians, and we made money fast and easy by attending balls and parties.

But before leaving the deacon, I wish to give a few recollections of his family matters, to illustrate the workings of good society among slave-holders. The deacon lost his wife about the time of the death of my mother. He was an elder of the Presbyterian church, and afterwards became a deacon of a Congregational church; and

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there was a widow named Robb, of the same communion ; a good name for the whole clan of slave-holding tyrants, male and female ; they are all *robbers* of the worst kind. The good women of the deacon's acquaintance visited him, and pitied his lonely condition, and hinted, that Mrs. Robb would be a great comfort to him in his affliction.

The negotiation was commenced, and soon terminated, to the *present* satisfaction of both parties. But two old people, with habits firmly fixed, do not often, like kindred drops, mingle into one. Each one wanted to keep their household fixings for their own children.

She was younger than the deacon, more artful, and could easily outwit him. The daughters of Mr. Logan had come to the house, before the marriage, and carefully marked the bedding. The deacon gave me the keys of his rooms, and attempted to limit the freedom of his new spouse in the house of which she was installed mistress. This produced confusion and abundance of sparring. She treated *her* slaves better than she did *his*, and this set all the old servants against her. She got to the old man's closet, drank his wine, and then charged it to the slaves. We were not long in pointing out to the deacon the true channel in which his wine flowed. Her servants were frequently despatched, with buckets of sugar and coffee, to the daughters of Mrs. Logan. It was nuts for us to find this out and tell the deacon. Here was new fuel for the fires of dispute that crackled every day in this habitation of the *Patriarchs*. They quarrelled openly ; it was a public scandal ; till, one day, his old withered hand seized the horsewhip and crowned their bliss with a dozen or two good smart lashes. The flame was all abroad, then. Many waters could not quench the *fires* of this loving pair. She left him, and her son-in-law threatened the old man's back with the cow-skin.

The church interposed and called him to account. He owned up, as to the whipping ; but justified, under the plea, that he afflicted the *body* for the good of the *soul*.

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It would not do. He bought off from his wife, and she left him. The church excommunicated the deacon. He made application, very soon, for admission to a congregational church. They would not receive him, till he made some sort of a confession. He acknowledged the fact, but plead a good motive—the benefit of her soul. He was at length received, and presently began to garner the sanctuary of oppression—a southern church. The house was soon carpeted ; the pulpit was renovated, dressed in velvet ; a new bell hung, and new life infused into the waning church, which had just received such an ornament to its virtues and holiness. The unlucky minister had a little bit of decency, if not of conscience left. He had opposed the whole proceeding. Educated at the north, he one day dropped some word of condemnation of the sin of oppression. This was too much for the deacon. The minister was forthwith dismissed, and a more supple tool employed. The old man could hardly be trained to the exemplary habits becoming an office-bearer of the standard of Zion. Frequent attempts were made to discipline him ; but the deacon, with his great wealth, had such ascendancy over the minds of his brethren, that a vote of censure or suspension could never be obtained. He lived and died in “good and regular standing,” so far as came to my knowledge or belief.

The only beating that I had, after I came into the hands of Deacon Logan, was at the instigation of his son Joseph. Only about thirty lashes were put on by the public whipper, in the watch-house. I was tied, hands and feet, and whipped by the servile wretch, who does this business at a dollar a head for men—the *same* for women.

I did not witness as many scenes of cruelty among the slaves as many have ; I was usually employed about the house, and was not in a situation to see what others have seen. One or two instances I can mention of what I personally knew of the cruelty of slave-holders. Joseph Logan had a slave, named Priscilla. She did the work in the kitchen. One morning, the biscuit came upon the table

badly scorched. Mrs. Minerva threw them in her face, struck her with the shovel, then heated the tongs, and took her by the nose. She raised her hand, to resist the act of wanton cruelty. Logan was called for, came out, and knocked her down with a large club; called in his men, and had her tied and beaten most unmercifully. He then put a log chain on her, and compelled her to drag it for days. She never recovered; her mind was destroyed, and she was soon after sold, for little or nothing, as an idiot.

Joseph Logan had another slave, named Peter. The wife of Peter was the slave of Thomas Kennedy, who lived forty-five miles from Lexington. Kennedy consented to sell Milly only on condition that, if she was ever resold, he should have the refusal of her. She lived with her husband till she had two children, and then her mistress, Minerva, resolved she should be sold. The tears and entreaties of her husband, the despair upon the countenance of the victim herself, were all in vain. She, with her two children, were sold to Warren Orford, one of the *soul* drivers, for twelve or thirteen hundred dollars. The husband became melancholy, sank down under his burden, turned to the intoxicating cup, and became a drunkard.

In the year 1838, I hired my time of Deacon Logan, for the purpose of going in a steamboat up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. I was at New Orleans three or four times before I could find any thing of sister Delia. At last, however, through the assistance of an old acquaintance, I found where she lived. I went to the house, but I was so changed by the growth of seven or eight years, that she did not know me. When I told her who I was, she was very incredulous; and, to test my identity, brought forward a small article of clothing and asked me if ever I had seen it. I told her it once belonged to mother. "Ah! then," she said, "you must be my brother." She was very glad to see me, and hear from her brothers and sisters.

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The next summer she visited Kentucky with me, and spent two or three months. Deacon Logan treated her with great politeness ; said his son did very wrong to sell her as he did ; that, if he had then owned the family, it should not have been done. While in Kentucky, she advanced the money, in part, to pay for the freedom of Dennis, and, as soon as she returned to New Orleans, she sent up the balance.

She also made arrangements with Deacon Logan, to purchase brother Cyrus and myself for sixteen hundred dollars.

In the autumn of 1840, I started to go to New Orleans, to get the money to pay for Cyrus and myself. When I arrived at Louisville, I met the sorrowful tidings that sister was dead ! This was a sudden, withering blast of all my well-founded hopes of deliverance from slavery. The same letter that brought the tidings of her death also informed me that she had left her property, by will, to me, for the purpose of buying myself, and all the family, from bondage. I was now told that, if I went down and took the property, my master could claim and take the whole of it. I went directly back to Lexington, and asked Mr. Logan to make me free, and I would pay him a thousand dollars, the first money I received from the estate of my sister. This he said he would not do ; but he gave me a free paper, to pass up and down the river as I pleased, and to transact any business as though I was free. With this paper, I started for New Orleans, but could get no more than sixty dollars and a suit of clothes. The person with whom it was left, said it was in real estate, and that he had no authority to sell it. I then began to think that the day of my freedom was a great way off. I concluded with a great many other persons in desperate circumstances, to go to Texas. I took boat for Galveston. Here it looked worse than slavery, if any thing can be worse. I soon returned, and came up to Louisville. Here I met three slaves of Doctor Graham, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Their names were Henry, Reuben, and George ;

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all smart, fine fellows, good musicians, and yielding the doctor a handsome income. In the same company were three others, all of the same craft.

"Now," said I, "boys, is the time to strike for liberty. I go for Ohio to-morrow. What say you?" They pondered the question, and we all determined to start, as a company of musicians, to attend a great *ball* in Cincinnati—and, sure enough, it was the grandest ball we ever played for. We came to Cincinnati, and the friends there advised us to go farther north. Doctor Graham's boys struck for Canada, while I stopped at Oberlin, Ohio. It was well they did, for the doctor was close upon them, offering a large reward. He reached Detroit within a few hours after they had crossed the ice to Malden. He attempted to hire some one to go over, and capture them; no one would attempt this. He hired a man, at last, to go over and hire them to get on a boat, and go to Toledo, to play for a ball. Doctor Graham was to be in the boat, when it touched at Malden. For some reason, the boys were quite cautious, and very reluctant to go. When the wolf in sheep's clothing offered them five hundred dollars to go and play for one ball, they were more suspicious than ever. When the boat touched at the wharf, the boys were on the wharf, playing a gipsy waltz, a great favorite of Dr. Graham's. When the doctor found his plan did not work, sure enough, he came out to hear his favorite singers. He landed, and spent several days in fruitless endeavors to persuade them to return to Kentucky. They still persist in preferring a monarchy to the *patriarchal* form of government.

While at Oberlin, there was an attempt to capture a Mr. Johnson and his wife, residents in that place. They had once, to be sure, had a more southern home; but they believed the world was free for them to choose a home in as well as for others. Johnson worked in a blacksmith's shop, with another man. To this individual he confided the name and place of the robber who had claimed him in Ohio. This wretch went to another, a

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blackier-hearted one, named *Benedict*, of Illyria. Let no mother ever use that name again for her new-born son. It was disgraced enough by Benedict Arnold—it should, with him, be covered in oblivion. But this lawyer, Benedict of Illyria, has made the infamy around that name thicker and blacker than it was before. He wrote to the pretended owner of Johnson where he could be found. In hot haste he came ; but thanks to an honest justice, his evidence was not sufficient. He returned for better testimony ; as he came back, he was suddenly grasped by the hand of death, and died within ten miles of Oberlin, with an oath upon his lips. Johnson and his wife broke jail, and were carried forward to Canada. There were a great many forwarding houses in Ohio, at that time ; they have greatly increased since, and nearly all of them are doing a first-rate business.

During the summer of 1841, the emigration to Canada, through Oberlin, was very large. I had the pleasure of giving the “right hand of fellowship” to a goodly number of my former acquaintances and fellow-sufferers. The masters accused me of *stealing* several of them. This is a great lie. I never stole one in my life. I have assisted several to get into possession of the true owner, but I never assisted any man to steal another away from himself. God has given every man the true title-deed to himself, written upon his face. It cannot be blotted entirely out. The slave-holders try hard to do it, but it can yet be read ; all other titles are shams and forgeries. Among others, I assisted a Mrs. Swift, and her two children, to get over to Canada, where they can read titles more clearly than they do in some of the states. This was brought up as a heavy charge against me by Mr. Postlewaite, the illustrious catchpole of the slave-holders.

In the autumn of this year, I was delighted to meet brother Lewis at Oberlin. The happiness which we both experienced at meeting each other, as we supposed, securely free, in a free state, may be well imagined.

In 1842, there were nine slaves reached Oberlin by one arrival, all from one plantation. A Mr. Benningale,

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of Kentucky, was close upon them, impiously claiming that he had property in these images of God ; aye, that they were *property*, and entirely his, to all intents and purposes. This is not the doctrine taught by a great many good men in Ohio. These men came to Oberlin. The next day, Benningale arrived. He lined the lake with watchmen. **BENEDICT** (do, printers, put that name in *ugly* type, if you can) of Illyria was on the alert ; thirty pieces of silver were always the full price of innocent blood with him. Benningale, finding they were hid in the village, threatened to burn the town. The colored people were on guard all night. They met two persons, whom they suspected as spies of the kidnappers. They told them, if they caught them out again, they should be hung right up, as spies against liberty. The fugitives were at length put into a wagon, carried to the lake, and shipped for Canada. The pursuers offered a thousand dollars for their arrest. No one was found sufficiently enterprising to claim the reward. They landed safe upon the other side. Soon after this, there were seven more slaves arrived at Oberlin. The miserable Benedict, assisted by the Chapmans, set their traps around the village. Seven hundred dollars reward was offered for their arrest. Power of attorney had been sent on to the traitor Benedict. The slaves were kept concealed, till, as in the case of Moses, it was no longer safe for them. There were six men and one woman in the company. A plan was contrived to put the kidnappers upon a false scent. Six colored men were selected to personate the men, and I was dressed in female attire, to be passed off for the woman. A telltale was informed that the slaves would start for the lake at such a time, and go in a certain direction. He was solemnly enjoined not to tell a word of it. Those who knew him understood what he would do. The secret was too precious for him to keep. He ran right to Benedict with it. We left Oberlin in one direction, and the real objects of pursuit started, soon after, upon another road. The *ruse* took ; Benedict and Company were in full pursuit, with sheriff, writ, and all

the implements of kidnapping. We selected one of our number, George Perry, to act as spokesman for the gang. Just as we arrived at the village of Illyria, eight miles from Oberlin, Benedict and Company surrounded our carriage, and ordered the driver to stop. Platt, the driver, challenged his authority. Benedict pulled out his advertisement, six men and one woman, with the description of their persons. Platt told him he thought they were not the persons he was after. The traitor affirmed he knew they were. The driver turned to his passengers, and said he could do no more for them. George then began to play his part: "Well, 'den, 'dis nigger must get out." We accordingly left the carriage, and were conducted into the tavern. In the tavern were two travellers, who were very inquisitive. "Where are you from?" George answered, "Don't care where I from." Benedict, when he began to suspect that all was not exactly right, came up to me for a more minute examination of my person. I had kept my head and face under my hood and cloak. He ordered me to hold up my head. George says, "Let 'dat gal alone, Mr. white man: de nigger gal plague enough in slave state—you just let her alone, here, if you please." One of the travellers called for cider; George stepped up and drank it for him. The table was furnished for some of the guests, and George, without any ceremony, declared "'Dis nigger hungry," and swept the table for himself and comrades. The landlord threatened to flog him. The colored men all spoke up together. "You strike 'dat nigger if you dare." At last, they got a justice of the peace; but he had been let into the whole secret. Benedict began his plea; produced his evidence; said that ungrateful girl (pointing to me) had left a kind mistress, right in the midst of a large ironing!!! The justice finally said, he did not see but he must give us up to Mr. Benedict as slaves, fugitives from service. Our friends then gave the signal, and I threw off my bonnet and cloak, and stood up a man. Such a shout as the spectators raised would do the heart of freedom good. "Why, your woman has turned into

a man, Mr. Benedict." "It may be these others, that appear to be men, are all women." Benedict saw through the plot, and took his saddle without any rejoinder to his plea. The tavern-keeper ordered us out of the house, and we took carriage for Oberlin. Meanwhile the real objects of pursuit were sailing on the waters of the blue lake.

Benedict was terribly angry at me. He swore he would have me captured. He wrote immediately to Deacon Logan, that no slaves could be captured there while Milton Clarke was at large.

The slave-holders of Lexington had a meeting, and determined to send a Mr. Postlewaite, a crack slave-breaker, and a Mr. M'Gowan, after me. They came and lingered about Oberlin, watching their opportunity. They engaged two wretches named Chapman, of Illyria, to assist in the capture. Brother Lewis and I went up to Madison, Lake county, to spend a few days. We had a meeting on Sabbath evening, at which we addressed the people. There was a traitor there named Warner, from Lexington, who told Postlewaite where we were. Monday morning, my brother and myself rode up to Dr. Merriam's, accompanied by two or three of Mr. Winchester's family, with whom we had spent the Sabbath. I sat a few minutes in the carriage; and a little girl out of health, the niece of Dr. Merriam, and his own daughter, came out and wanted to ride. I took them in, and had not driven a mile when a close carriage overtook and passed me, wheeled right across the road, and four men leaped out of it and seized my horse. I had no conjecture who they were. I asked them what they wanted—"if money, I have only fifty cents in the world; you are welcome to that." "We want not money, but you!" The truth then flashed upon my mind in a moment—"They are kidnappers."

I jumped from the carriage for the purpose of running for my life. My foot slipped, and I fell. In a moment, four men were upon me. They thrust my head down upon the ground, bound me hand and foot, put me into the carriage, and started for Judge Page's; a judge pre-

pared beforehand for their purposes. Soon after we started, we met a man in the road. I spoke to him, and asked him to take care of the girls in the buggy, and to tell Lewis the kidnappers from Kentucky had got me. Postlewaite and M'Gowan took off my hat, and gave me a beating upon the head. One of the Chapmans spoke and said, "Now we have got you, my good fellow ; you are the chap that has enticed away so many slaves ; we will take care of you ; we will have Lewis soon." They then took me to Mr. Judge Page. The sheriff of the county was there. He asked me what I had done that they have tied me up so close. "Have you murdered anybody ?" I said, "No." "Have you been stealing ?" "No sir." "What have you done ?" "Nothing sir." "What have they tied you for, then ?" Postlewaite told him it was none of his business. The sheriff said it was his business, and, "if he has committed no crime, you must untie him." He then came up to take off the cords from me. Postlewaite drew his pistols, and threatened to shoot him. Judge Page told the sheriff he had better not touch the gentleman's *property*. The sheriff said he would see whose property he was. By this time the alarm was spread, and a large company had gathered around the tavern. The sheriff told the people to see that that man was not removed till he came back. He went out, and summoned the posse of farmers in every direction. They left their ploughs, and jumped upon their horses, with the collars yet on their necks, and rode with all speed for the scene of action. "The kidnappers had got the white nigger," was the watchword.

Postlewaite began to be alarmed. He asked Mr. Page which was the best way for him to go. Could he go safely to the lake, and take a steamboat for Cleveland ? "Why, no, the abolitionists watch all the landing-places." Could he go to Painesville ? "Why, no, General Paine, a red-hot abolitionist, is there." Postlewaite asked for a place to take me, where I should be secure. They carried me to the counting-room of the judge. They then began to coax. The judge said, "You better go back, Clarke,

willingly ; it will be better for you, when you get there." " Did not your master treat you well ? " asked the very gracious Mr. Postlewaite. " Yes," I said, " he treated me well ; no fault to find with him on that score." " What did you run away for, then ? " " I came, sir, to get my freedom. I offered him eight hundred dollars for my liberty, and he would not take it. I had paid him about that much for my time, and I thought I might as well have what I earned, as to pay it to him." " Well, sir, if you had come off alone, the deacon would not have cared so much about it ; but you led others off ; and now we are going to carry you back, and whip you, on the public square in Lexington."

The judge had appointed three o'clock in the afternoon for my trial, as my friends said they wished to procure evidence that I came away with the consent of Deacon Logan. In the mean time, Postlewaite & Co. were full of joy at their success, and despatched a letter to Lexington, announcing the capture of Milton Clarke, and assuring their friends there, that they should have Lewis before sundown. " We shall be in Lexington with them about Thursday or Friday." This was great news to the deacon and his friends ; but, alas for them, the result was not exactly to answer to the expectation. They assembled in great numbers on both days, as I have been told, and watched, with eager interest, the arrival of the stage ; but no Clarke, and no Postlewaite, were in it. Many a triumph has been enjoyed only in anticipation.

Dinner came on, at length, and I was moved back into the tavern. Postlewaite had a rope around me, which he kept in his hand all the time. They called for dinner for six—the driver and myself among the number. When they sat down, I was placed at a short distance from the table. The landlady asked if I was not to sit down. Postlewaite said, no nigger should sit at table with him. She belabored him in good womanly style ; told him he was a thief, and a scoundrel, and that if she was a *man*, he should never carry me away. The people were ga-

thered, all this time, around the windows, and in the road, discussing the matter, and getting up the steam, to meet the Kentucky bowie knives and pistols. Postlewaite sent out, and got a man to come in and watch me, while he eat his dinner. The people at the windows were preparing to take me out. He watched the movement, and had me brought up nearer to the table.

At three o'clock, my trial came on. My friends claimed that I should have a trial as a *white* man. Robert Harper pleaded for the oppressors, assisted by another, whose name is unknown to me. For me, lawyer Chase, and another, appeared. To these gentlemen, and all others, who were friendly to me on this occasion, I feel an obligation which I can never express. It was to me, indeed, a dark hour, and they were friends in time of need. General Paine arrived about the commencement of the trial, and presented a firm front to the tyrants. My lawyer asked by what law they claimed me. They said, under the black law of Ohio. The reply was, that I was not a black man. Postlewaite said he arrested me, as the property of Archibald Logan, under the article of the constitution, that persons "*owing service*," and fleeing from one state to another, shall be given up to the person to whom such service is due. He then read the power of attorney, from Deacon Logan to him, authorizing him to seize one Milton Clarke—describing me as a person five feet two and a half inches tall, probably trying to pass myself off as a white. "His hair is straight, and curls a little at the lower end." After reading this, he read his other papers, showing that I was the slave of Logan. He produced a bill of sale, from Joseph to Deacon Logan. He then asked me if I had not lived, for several years, with Deacon Logan. General Paine said, if I spoke at all, I might tell the whole story—that I had a free pass to go where I chose, (and this was the fact.) The suggestion of General Paine frightened Postlewaite; he told me to shut up my jaws, or he would smash my face in for me. The people cried out, "touch him if you dare; we will string you up, short metre." He then said to me, "D—n

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you ; we will pay you for all this, when we get home." The anxiety on my part, by this time, was beyond any thing I ever felt in my life. I sometimes hoped the people would rescue me, and then feared they would not. Many of them showed sympathy in their countenances, and I could see that the savageism of Postlewaite greatly increased it. My lawyer then asked me for what I *owed* service to Deacon Logan ; told Harper and Co., if Mr. Clarke owes the deacon, present his bill, and, if it is a reasonable one, his friends will pay it. He then asked me if I owed Deacon Logan, of Kentucky. I told him no—the deacon owed me about eight hundred dollars ; I owed him nothing. Postlewaite said, then, he arrested me as the goods and chattels of Logan. Mr. Chase said, " Mr. Clarke had permission to come into the free states." " Yes," said Postlewaite, " but not to *stay* so long." Finally, Mr. Chase asked, " Where did Joseph Logan get *his* right to Clarke !" On this point, he had no specific evidence. He then resorted to the general testimony of several letters, which he took from his pocket. One was from General Coombs, another from McCauly, one from John Crittenden, one from John Morehead, Governor Leecher, John Speed Smith, and, last of all, from HENRY CLAY. These gentlemen all represented Mr. Postlewaite as a most *pious* and excellent man, whose word was to be taken in every thing ; stating, also, that they knew Milton Clarke, and that he was the property of Deacon A. Logan. This array of names closed the testimony. Bob Harper then made his infamous plea ; said, finally, the judge could possibly do no otherwise than give me up, on the testimony of so many great names. Judge Page had received his fee, as I verily believe, before he gave judgment ; and he very soon came to the conclusion, that Deacon Logan had proved his claim. I was delivered over to the tender mercies of Postlewaite and Co. Just as we were going out at the door, the sheriff met us, and arrested Postlewaite, McGowan, and the Chapmans, for assault and battery on the person of Milton Clarke. They were told their trial would come on the next day, at ten

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o'clock, before Justice Cunningham. Postlewaite swore terribly at this ; said it was an' abolition concern. Some one asked the sheriff what should be done with me. He said he did not want me—it was the others that he had arrested. I was then tied to Postlewaite. Some one said, "Cut him loose." Postlewaite replied, "The first that attempts to touch him, I will blow him through." I asked the people if I should be carried back, as I had committed no crime. They said, "No, no ; never." General Paine said he would call out the militia, before I should be carried back.

Postlewaite ordered out his carriage, to accompany the sheriff. He drove me into it, came in with his partners, McGowan and the Chapmans, and Judge Page. We then started for Unionville, distant about two miles from Centreville. A very great crowd followed us, on every side. My friends had not been idle ; they had been over to Jeffersonville, in Ashtabula county, and obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus for me. Unionville was upon the border of *two* counties. The road through it divided them. The people had fixed their carriages so that ours must pass upon the Ashtabula side. Soon as the wheel passed the border of this county, the carriage was stopped, and the sheriff of Ashtabula demanded the body of Milton Clarke. The people shouted, came up and unhitched the horses, and turned them face to the carriage. Postlewaite cried out, "Drive on." Driver replied, "The horses are faced about." Postlewaite began to be very angry. The people asked the driver what he was there for, assisting in such business as this. The poor fellow begged they would not harm his horses ; he did not know what they wanted him for, or he never would have come. He begged for his horses, and himself. Postlewaite said, if they meddled with the horses, he would shoot a hundred of them. The people told him, if he put his head out of that carriage, he would never shoot again. At this stage of the business, Robert Harper, Esq., came up, to read the riot act. The people were acting under a charter broader and older than any statutes passed on earth.

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Harper was glad to escape himself, or justice would have speedily been meted out to him. The friends came up to the carriage, and told me not to be alarmed ; they would have me, at any rate. Among others in the crowd, was a huge Buckeye blacksmith, six feet tall. At first, he took sides with the thieves ; said he wanted no niggers there. My friends told him to come up to the carriage, and pick out the nigger, if there was any there. He came, and looked into the carriage some time, and at last, pointing to Postlewaite, said, " That is the nigger." The chivalric Mr. Postlewaite told him no man called him nigger with impunity. The Buckeye insisted upon it he was the nigger. Postlewaite told him he lied, three times. The northern lion was waked up, and he slapped the armed knight in the face. Postlewaite drew his bowie knife, and threatened to cut him. The Ohioan asked him what it was. He said, a bowie knife. " What are you going to do with it ? " " Put it into you, if you put your head in here again." " Ay, ay, you are going to booy me, are you ? Then I'll booy you." He ran to the fence, and seized a sharp rail, and said he was going to booy, too. The sheriff, that had the writ to take me, let down the steps ; and the people called out, " Let us kill them." The man armed with the rail, began to beat the door, and told them to let me out. General Paine spoke, and urged the multitude not to proceed to violence. Judge Page began to feel quite uneasy, in his new position. He exhorted me to keep still, or they would kill us all. The sheriff then gave Postlewaite and Company five minutes' time to release me, or take the consequences ; said the carriage would be demolished in two minutes, when he spoke the word to the people. The pistols and bowie knives were quietly put away, and the tone of the station-ary passengers, inside the carriage, very suddenly changed. Judge Page said, " Better let Clarke get out ; they will kill us, if you don't." The cowardly Chapmans began to plead for mercy : " You can't say that we touched you, Clarke." " Yes you did," I told them ; " you all jumped on me at once." The people became more and more

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clamorous outside the carriage—those inside more and more uneasy. They at length were more eager to get rid of me than they ever had been to catch me. "Get out ; get out, Clarke," rung round on every side of me.

Soon as my feet touched the ground, the rope was cut, and once more I felt free. I was hurried into a waggon, and, under the care of the sheriff, driven off toward Austinburg, while the other sheriff took the kidnappers in another direction into Lake county. They soon stopped to give me something to eat ; but I had no appetite for food, either then or for a week afterwards.

Postlewaite hired a man to follow and watch me. But my friends soon contrived to put him on a false scent. It was now dark, and I exchanged seats with a Mr. Winchester, and the watch-dog soon found he was on the wrong trail. The sheriff that had me in keeping was not very careful of his charge, and he soon lost all knowledge of my whereabouts. I was concealed for two or three days at Austinburg, as lonely as mortal man could well be. One night I went out and slept upon the haystack in the field, fearing they might search the house. The man who owned it came next day to Mr. Austin's, where I stopped, to know if it was so ; said, if he had known that a nigger slept there, he would have burned the hay and him all up together. "Let him go back, where he belongs."

He then turned to me, and asked me if I had seen that nigger. I told him I had ; I knew him very well. Mr. Austin asked him what he would say, if they should come and attempt to take me into slavery ; why, said he, "I would shoot them." His philanthropy was graduated, like many others, upon nothing more substantial than color.

In a few days I had the pleasure to learn that Postlewaite and Company, after a trial before Mr. Cunningham, had returned to Kentucky. I have since been told they crept into the city of Lexington as silently as possible ; that they left the stage before it entered the city, and went in under the shade of night. When they were

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visible, the inquiries were thick and fast, "Where are the Clarkes? What have you done with the Clarkes?"

Both the little girls in the carriage when I left it, were thrown out, and one so injured that she never recovered. She died in a few days.

The citizens called a meeting at Austinburg, and Lewis and I began to lecture on the subject of slavery. From that time to the present, we have had more calls for meetings than we could attend. We have been in eight different states, and hundreds of thousands have listened with interest to the story of our wrongs, and the wrongs of our countrymen in bonds. If God spares our lives, we hope to see the day when the trump of jubilee shall sound, and liberty shall be proclaimed throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.

APPENDIX.

A SKETCH OF THE CLARKE FAMILY.

BY LEWIS CLARKE.

My mother was called a very handsome woman. She was very much esteemed by all who knew her; the slaves looked up to her for advice. She died, much lamented, of the cholera, in the year 1833. I was not at home, and had not even the melancholy pleasure of following her to the grave.

1. The name of the oldest member of the family was Archy. He never enjoyed very good health, but was a man of great ingenuity, and very much beloved by all his associates, coloured and white. Through his own exertions, and the kindness of C. M. Clay, and one or two other friends, he procured his freedom. He lived to repay Mr. Clay and others the money advanced for him, but not long enough to enjoy for many years the

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freedom for which he had struggled so hard. He paid six hundred dollars for himself. He died about seven years since, leaving a wife and four or five children in bondage ; the inheritance of the widow and poor orphans is, LABOR WITHOUT WAGES ; WRONGS WITH NO REDRESS ; SEPARATION FROM EACH OTHER FOR LIFE, and no being to hear their complaint, but that God who is the *widow's God and Judge*. " Shall I not be avenged on such a nation as this ? "

2. Sister Christiana was next to Archy in age. She was first married to a free colored man. By him she had several children. Her master did not like this connection, and her husband was driven away, and told never to be seen there again. The name of her master is Oliver Anderson ; he is a leading man in the Presbyterian church, and is considered one of the best among slave-holders. Mr. Anderson married Polly Campbell at the time I was given to Mrs. Betsey Banton. I believe she and Mrs. Banton have not spoken together since they divided the slaves at the death of their father. They are the only two sisters now living in the Campbell family.

3. Dennis is the third member of our family. He is a free man in Kentucky, and is doing a very good business there. He was assisted by a Mr. William L. Stevenson, and also by his sister, in getting his freedom. He never had any knowledge of our intention of running away, nor did he assist us in any manner whatever.

4. Alexander is the fourth child of my mother. He is the slave of a Dr. Richardson ; has with him a very easy time ; lives as well as a man can and be a slave ; has no intention of running away. He lives very much like a second-hand gentleman, and I do not know as he would leave Kentucky on any condition.

5. My mother lost her fifth child soon after it was born.

6. Deliah came next. Hers was a most bitter and tragical history. She was so unfortunate as to be uncommonly handsome, and, when arrived at woman's estate, was considered a great prize for the guilty passions of the slave-holders.

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7. To No. 7 I, Lewis Clarke, respond, and of me you have heard enough already.

8. Milton comes next, and he is speaking for himself. He is almost constantly engaged in giving lectures upon the subject of slavery; has more calls usually than he can attend to.

9. Manda, the ninth child, died when she was about fifteen or sixteen years of age. She suffered a good deal from Joseph Logan's second wife.

10. Cyrus is the youngest of the family, and lives at Hamilton, New York.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY LEWIS CLARKE.

The following questions are often asked me, when I meet the people in public, and I have thought it would be well to put down the answers here.

How many holidays in a year do the slaves in Kentucky have?—They usually have six days at Christmas, and two or three others in the course of the year. Public opinion generally seems to require this much of slaveholders; a few give more, some less; some none, not a day nor an hour.

How do slaves spend the Sabbath?—Every way the master pleases. There are certain kinds of work which are respectable for Sabbath day. Slaves are often out to salt the cattle, collect and count the pigs and sheep, mend fences, drive the stock from one pasture to another. Breaking young horses and mules, to send them to market, yoking young oxen, and training them, is proper Sabbath work; piling and burning brush, on the back part of the lot, grubbing brier patches that are out of the way, and where they will not be seen. Sometimes corn must be shelled in the corn-crib; hemp is baled in the hemp-house. The still-house must be attended on the

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Sabbath. In these, and various other such like employments, the more avaricious slave-holders keep their slaves busy a good part of every Sabbath. It is a great day for visiting and eating, and the house servants often have more to do on that than on any other day.

What if strangers come along, and see you at work ?— We must quit shelling corn, and go to play with the cobs ; or else we must be clearing land, on our own account. We must cover up master's sins as much as possible, and take it all to ourselves. It is hardly fair ; for he ought rather to account for our sins, than we for his.

Why did you not learn to read ?— I did not dare to learn. I attempted to spell some words when a child. One of the children of Mrs. Banton went in, and told her that she heard Lewis spelling. Mrs. B. jumped up as though she had been shot. "Let me ever know you to spell another word, I'll take your heart right out of you." I had a strong desire to learn. But it would not do to have slaves learn to read and write. They could read the guideboards. They could write passes for each other. They cannot leave the plantation on the Sabbath without a written pass.

What proportion of slaves attend church on the Sabbath ?— In the country, not more than one in ten on an average.

How many slaves have you ever known that could read ?— I never saw more than three or four that could properly read at all. I never saw but one that could write.

What do slaves know about the Bible ?— They generally believe there is somewhere a real Bible, that came from God ; but they frequently say the Bible now used is master's Bible ; most that they hear from it being, "Servants, obey your masters."

Are families often separated ? How many such cases have you personally known ?— I never knew a whole family to live together till all were grown up, in my life. There is almost always, in every family, some one or more keen and bright, or else sullen and stubborn

slave, whose influence they are afraid of on the rest of the family, and such a one must take a walking ticket to the south.

There are other causes of separation. The death of a large owner is the occasion usually of many families being broken up. Bankruptcy is another cause of separation, and the hard-heartedness of a majority of slave-holders another and a more fruitful cause than either or all the rest. *Generally* there is but little more scruple about separating families than there is with a man who keeps sheep in selling off the lambs in the fall, On one plantation where I lived, there was an old slave named Paris. He was from fifty to sixty years old, and a very honest and apparently pious slave. A slave-trader came along one day, gathering hands for the south. The old master ordered the waiter or coachman to take Paris into the back room, *pluck out* all his gray hairs, rub his face with a greasy towel, and then had him brought forward and sold for a *young* man. His wife consented to go with him, upon a promise from the trader that they should be sold together, with their youngest child, which she carried in her arms. They left two behind them, who were only from four to six or eight years of age. The speculator collected his drove, started for the market, and, before he left the state, he *sold that infant child* to pay one of his tavern bills, and took the balance in cash. This was the news which came back to us, and was never disputed.

I saw one slave mother, named Lucy, with seven children, put up by an administrator for sale. At first the mother and three small children were put up together. The purchasers objected : one says, " I want the woman and the babe, but not the other children ;" another says, " I want that little girl ;" and another, " I want the boy." " Well," says the administrator, " I must let you have them to the best advantage." So the children were taken away : the mother and infant were first sold, then child after child—the mother looking on in perfect agony ; and as one child after another came down from the

suction block, they would run and cling, weeping, to her clothes. The poor mother stood, till nature gave way; she fainted and fell, with her child in her arms. The only sympathy she received from most of the hard-hearted monsters, who had riven her heart-strings asunder, was, "She is a d—d deceitful bitch; I wish she was mine; I would teach her better than to cut up such shines as that here." When she came to, she moaned wofully, and prayed that she might die, to be relieved from her sufferings.

I knew another slave, named Nathan, who had a slave woman for a wife. She was killed by hard usage. Nathan then declared he would never have another slave wife. He selected a free woman for a companion. His master opposed it violently. But Nathan persevered in his choice, and in consequence was sold to go down south. He returned once to see his wife, and she soon after died of grief and disappointment. On his return south, he leaped from the boat, and attempted to swim ashore; his master, on board the boat, took a gun and deliberately shot him, and he drifted down the current of the river.

On this subject of separation of families, I must plant one more rose in the garland that I have already tied upon the brow of Mrs. Banton. The reader cannot have forgotten her; and in the delectable business of tearing families asunder, she, of course would have a hand. A slave by the name of Susan was taken by Mrs. Banton on mortgage. She had been well treated where she was brought up, had a husband, and they were very happy together. Susan mourned in bitterness over her separation, and pined away under the cruel hand of Mrs. Banton. At length she ran away, and hid herself in the neighbourhood of her husband. When this came to the knowledge of Mrs. B., she charged her husband to go for "Suke," and never let her see his face unless she was with him. "No," said she, "if you are offered a double price, don't you take it. I want my satisfaction out of her, and then you may sell her as soon as you please."

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Susan was brought back in fetters, and Mr. and Mrs. B. both took their *satisfaction*; they beat and tortured poor Susan till her premature offspring perished, and she almost sank beneath their merciless hands, and then they sold her to be carried a hundred miles farther away from her husband. Ah! slavery is like running the dissecting knife around the heart, among all the tender fibres of our being.

A man by the name of Bill Myers, in Kentucky, went to a large number of auctions, and purchased women about forty years old, with their youngest children in their arms. As they are about to cease bearing at that age, they are sold cheap. The children he took and shut up in a log pen, and set some old worn-out slave women to make broth and feed them. The mothers he gathered in a large drove, and carried them south and sold them. He was detained there for months longer than he expected; and, winter coming on, and no proper provision having been made for the children, many of them perished with cold and hunger, some were frost-bitten, and all were emaciated to skeletons. This was the only attempt that I ever knew for gathering young children together, like a litter of pigs, to be raised for the market. The success was not such as to warrant a repetition on the part of Myers.

Jockey Billy Barnett had a slave prison, where he gathered his droves of husbands, fathers, and wives, separated from their friends; and he tried to keep up their spirits by employing one or two fiddlers to play for them, while they danced over and upon the torn-off fibres of their hearts. Several women were known to have died in that worse than Calcutta Black Hole of grief. They mourned for their children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.

How are the slave-cabins usually built?—They are made of small logs, and are about from ten to twenty feet square. The roof is covered with splits, and dirt is thrown in to raise the bottom, and then it is beat down hard for a floor. The chimneys are made of cut sticks

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and clay. In the corners, or at the sides, there are pens made, filled with straw, for sleeping. Very commonly, two or three families are huddled together in one cabin, and in cold weather they sleep together promiscuously, old and young. Some few families are indulged in the privilege of having a few hens or ducks around them ; but this is not very common.

What amount of food do slaves have in Kentucky ?— They are not put on allowance ; they generally have enough of corn-bread ; and meat and soup are dealt to them occasionally.

*What is the clothing of a slave for a year ?—*For summer, he has usually a pair of tow and linen pants, and two shirts of the same material. He has a pair of shoes, a pair of woolsey pants, and a round jacket for winter.

The account current of a slave with his master stands about thus :—

ICHABOD LIVE-WITHOUT-WORK, in account with

JOHN WORK-WITHOUT-PAY.

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To one man's work, one year	20	0	0
<i>Contra, Cr.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
By 18 bushels of corn-meal, at fivepence, ...	5	3	
„ 100 lbs. mean bacon and pork, at three farthings ...	6	1	
„ Chickens, pigs, &c., taken without leave, say, ...	6	1	
„ Nine yards of tow and linen, for shirts and pants, at sixpence farthing ...	4	6	
„ One pair of shoes ...	6	1	
„ Cloth for jacket and winter pants, five and a half yards, at two shillings ...	7	6	
„ Making clothes ...	4	0	
„ One Blanket ...	4	0	
„ Two Hats or caps... ..	3	1	
	<hr/> 2		6
„ Ballance due the slave every year ...	17	14	0

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The account stands unbalanced thus till the great day of reckoning comes.

Now, allow that one half of the slaves are capable of labor; that they can earn, on an average, one half the sum above named; that would give us ten pounds a year for 1,500,000 slaves, which would be *seventy-five millions as the sum robbed from the slaves every year!!* "Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages!" Woe unto him that buildeth his house by iniquity, "for the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it!" "Behold, the hire of the laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have *nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter.*"

Have you ever known a slave mother to kill her own children? There was a slave mother near where I lived, who took her child into the cellar and killed it. She did it to prevent being separated from her child. Another slave mother took her three children and threw them into a well, and then jumped in with them, and they were all drowned. Other instances I have frequently heard of. At the death of many and many a slave child, I have seen the two feelings struggling in the bosom of a mother—joy, that it was beyond the reach of the slave monsters, and the natural grief of a mother over her child. In the presence of the master, grief seems to predominate; when away from them, they rejoice that there is one whom the slave-driver will never torment.

How is it that masters KILL their slaves, when they are worth so much money?—They do it to gratify passion; this must be done, cost what it may. Some say a man will not kill a horse worth one hundred dollars, much less a slave worth several hundred dollars. A horse has no such *will* of his own, as the slave has; he does not provoke the man, as a slave does. The master knows there is *contrivance* with the slave to outwit him; the

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horse has no such contrivance. This conflict of the two WILLS is what makes the master so much more passionate with his slave than with a horse. A slave-holder must be master on the plantation, or he knows the example would destroy all authority.

What do they do with old slaves, who are past labor ?

—Contrive all ways to keep them at work till the last hour of life. Make them shell corn and pack tobacco. They hunt and drive them as long as there is any life in them. Sometimes they turn them out to do the best they can, or die. One man, on moving to Missouri, sold an old slave for one dollar, to a man not worth a cent. The old slave was turned out to do the best he could ; he fought with age and starvation awhile, but was soon found, one morning, *starved* to death, out of doors, and half eaten up by animals. I have known several cases where slaves were left to starve to death in old age. Generally, they sell them south, and let them die there ; send them, I mean, before they get very old.

What makes them wash slaves in salt and water after they whip them ? For two reasons ; one is to make them smart, and another to prevent mortification in the lacerated flesh. I have seen men and women both washed after they had been cruelly beaten. *I have done it with my own hands.* It was the hardest work I ever did. The flesh would crawl and creep, and quiver, under my hands. This slave's name was Tom. He had not started his team Sunday morning early enough. The neighbors saw that Mr. Banton had work done on the Sabbath. Dalton, the overseer, attempted to whip him. Tom knocked him down and trod on him, and then ran away. The patrols caught him, and he was whipped—*three hundred lashes.* Such a back I never saw ; such work I pray that I may never do again.

Do not slaves often say that they love their masters very much ?—Say so ! yes, certainly. And this loving master and mistress is the hardest work that slaves have to do. When any stranger is present, we have to love them, very much. When master is sick, we are in great trou-

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ble. Every night the slaves gather around the house, and send up one or two to see how master does. They creep up to the bed, and with a very soft voice, inquire, How is dear massa? O massa, how we want to hear your voice out in the field again!" Well, this is what they say up in the sick room. They come down to their *anxious* companions. "How is the old man?" "Will he die?" "Yes, yes; he sure to go, this time; he never whip the slave no more." "Are you sure? Will he die?" "O yes! surely gone for it now." Then they all look glad, and go to the cabin with a merry heart.

Two slaves were sent out to dig a grave for old master. They dug it very deep. As I passed by, I asked Jess and Bob what in the world they dug it so deep for. It was down six or seven feet. I told them there would be a fuss about it, and they had better fill it up some. Jess said it suited him exactly. Bob said he would not fill it up; he wanted to get the old man as near home as possible. When we got a stone to put on his grave, we hauled the largest we could find, so as to fasten him down as strong as possible.

Another story illustrates the feeling of the slaves on taking leave of their masters. I will not vouch for the truth of it; but it is a story slaves delight to tell each other. The master called the slave to his sick bed. "Good-by, Jack; I have a long journey to go; farewell." "Farewell, massa! pleasant journey: you soon be dere, massa—all de way down hill."

Who are the patrols?—They are men appointed by the county courts to look after all slaves without a pass. They have almost unlimited power over the slaves. They are the sons of run-down families. The greatest scoundrel is always captain of the band of patrols. They are the off-scouring of all things; the refuse, the fag end, the ears and tails of slavery; the scales and fins of fish; the tooth and tongues of serpents. They are the very feet's cap of baboons, the echo of parrots, the wallet and satchel of polecats, the scum of stagnant pools, the

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exuvial, the worn-out skins of slave-holders ; they dress in their old clothes. They are, emphatically, the servant of servants, and slaves of the devil ; they are the meanest, and lowest, and worst of all creation. Like starved wharf rats, they are out nights, creeping into slave cabins, to see if they have an old bone there ; drive out husbands from their own beds, and then take their places. They get up all sorts of pretences, false as their lying tongues can make them, and then whip the slaves and carry a gory lash to the master, for a piece of bread.

The rascals run me with their dogs six miles, one night, and I was never nearer dead than when I reached home that night. I only escaped being half torn to pieces by the dogs, by turning their attention to some calves that were in the road. The dogs are so trained that they will seize a man as quick as any thing else. The dogs come very near being as mean as their masters.

Cyrus often suffered very much from these wretches. He was hired with a man named Baird. This man was reputed to be very good to his slaves. The patrols, therefore, had a special spite toward his slaves. They would seek for an opportunity to abuse them. Mr Baird would generally give his slaves a pass to go to the neighbors, once or twice a week, if requested. He had been very good to Cyrus in this respect, and therefore Cyrus was unwilling to ask too often. Once he went out without his pass. The patrols found him and some other slaves on another plantation without any passes. The other slaves belonged to a plantation where they were often whipped ; so they gave them a moderate punishment and sent them home. Cyrus, they said, they would take to the woods, and have a regular whipping spree. It was a cold winter night, the moon shining brightly. When they had got into the woods, they ordered him to take off his outside coat, then his jacket ; then he said he had a new vest on ; he did not want that whipped all to pieces. There were seven men standing in a ring around him. He looked for an opening, and started at full speed. They took after him, but

he was too spry for them. He came to the Cabin where I slept, and I lent him a hat and a pair of shoes. He was very much excited; said they were all around him, but couldn't whip him. He went over to Mr. Baird, and the patrols had got there before him, and had brought his clothes and told their story. It was now eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Mr. Baird, when a young man, had lived on the plantation of Mr. Logan, and had been treated very kindly by mother. He remembered this kindness to her children. When Cyrus came in, Mr. Baird took his clothes and handed them to him, and told him, "Well, boy, they came pretty near catching you." Cyrus put on his clothes, went into the room where the patrols were, and said, "Good evening, gentlemen. Why, I did not think the patrols would be out to-night. I was thinking of going over to Mr. Reed's; if I had, I should have gone without a pass. They would have caught me, sure enough. Mr. Baird, I wish you would be good enough to give me a pass, and then I won't be afraid of these fellows." Mr. Baird enjoyed the fun right well, and sat down and wrote him a pass; and the patrols started, and had to find the money for their peach brandy somewhere else.

There were several other times when he had but a hair-breadth escape for his skin. He was generally a little too shrewd for them. After he had outwitted them several times, they offered a premium to any one who would whip him.

*How do slaves get information of what is doing in the free states?—*In different ways. They get something from the waiters, that come out into the free states and then return with their masters. Persons from the free states tell them many things; the free blacks get something; and slaves learn most of all from hearing their masters talk.

*Don't slaves that run away return sometimes?—*Yes; there was one returned from Canada, very sorry he had run away. His master was delighted with him; thought he had him sure for life, and made much of him. He

was sent round to tell how bad Canada was. He had a sermon for the public,—the ear of the masters,—and another for the slaves. How many he enlightened about the best way to get there, I don't know. His master, at last was so sure of him; that he let him take his wife and children and go over to Ohio, to a camp-meeting, all fitted out in good style, with horse and waggon. They never stopped to hear any preaching, till they heard the waves of the lakes lift up their cheerful voices between them and the oppressor. George then wrote an affectionate note to his master, inviting him to take tea with him in Canada, beyond the waters, the barrier of freedom. Whether the old people ever went up to Canada, to see their affectionate children, I have not learned. I have heard of several instances very much like the above.

If the slaves were set free, would they cut the throats of their masters?—They are far more likely to kill them, if they don't set them free. Nothing but the hope of emancipation, and the fear they might not succeed, keeps them from rising to assert their rights. They are restrained, also, from affection for the children of those who so cruelly oppress them. If none would suffer but the masters themselves, the slaves would make many more efforts for freedom. And, sooner or later, unless the slaves are given freedom, they will take freedom, at all hazards. There are multitudes that chafe under the yoke, sorely enough. They could run away themselves, but they would hate to leave their families.

Did the slaves in Kentucky hear of the emancipation in the West Indies?—They did, in a very short time after it took place. It was the occasion of great joy. They expected they would be free next. This event has done much to keep up the hopes of the slave to the present hour.

What do slaves think of the FIFTY of their masters?—They have very little confidence in them about any thing. As a specimen of their feelings on this subject, I will tell an anecdote of a slave.

A slave, named George, was the property of a man of

high standing in the church. The old gentleman was taken sick, and the doctor told him he would die. He called George, and told him if he would wait upon him attentively, and do every thing for him possible, he would remember him in his will : he would do something handsome for him.

George was very much excited to know what it might be ; hoped it might be in the heart of his master to give him his freedom. At last, the will was made. George was still more excited. The master noticed it, and asked what the matter was. "Massa, you promise do something for me in your will. Poor nigger ! what massa done for George ?" "O George, don't be concerned ; I have done a very handsome thing for you—such as any slave would be proud to have done for him." This did not satisfy George. He was still very-eager to know what it was. At length the master saw it necessary to tell George, to keep him quiet, and make him attend to his duty. "Well, George, I have made provision that when you die, you shall have a good coffin, and be put into the same vault with me. Will not that satisfy you, George ?" "Well, massa, one way I am satisfied, and one way I am not." "What, what," said the old master, "what is the matter with that ?" "Why," says George, "I like to have good coffin when I die." "Well, don't you like to be in the same vault with me and other rich masters ?" "Why, yea, massa, one way I like it, and one way I don't." "Well, what don't you like ?" "Why, I fraid, massa, when the debbil come take you body, he make mistake, and get mine."

The slaves uniformly prefer to be buried at the greatest possible distance away from their master. They are superstitious, and fear that the slave-driver, having whipped so much when alive, will, somehow, be beating them when dead. I was actually as much afraid of my old master when dead, as I was when he was alive. I often dreamed of him, too, after he was dead, and thought he had actually come back again, to torment me more.

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Do slaves have conscientious scruples about taking things from their masters?—They think it wrong to take from a neighbor, but not from their masters. The only question with them is, "Can we keep it from master?" If they can keep their backs safe, conscience is quiet enough on this point. But a slave that will steal from a slave, is called *mean* as *master*. This is the lowest comparison slaves know how to use: "just as mean as white folks." "No right for to complain of white folks, who steal us all de days of our life; nigger dat what steal from nigger, he meaner nor all."

There is no standard of morality in the slave states. The master stands before the slave a robber and oppressor. His words count nothing with the slaves. The slaves are disrobed of the attributes of men, so that they cannot hold up the right standard, and there is none. The slaves frequently have discussions upon moral questions. Sol and Tom went, one night, to steal the chickens of a neighbor. Tom went up, to hand them down to Sol. While engaged in this operation, he paused a minute. "Sol, you tink dis right, to steal dese chicken from here?" "What dat you say, Tom?" "I say, you tink him right to steal dese chicken, Sol?" "What you come talk dat way, now, for? Dat question you ought settle 'fore you come here." "Me did tink about it, but want to hear what you say, Sol. Don't you tink it kind of wrong to take dese here chicken?" "I tell you, Sol, no time for 'scuss dat now. Dat is *de* great moral question. Make haste; hand me down anudder one; let us git away from here 'fore de daylight come."

Do you think it was right for you to run away, and not pay anything for yourself?—I would be willing to pay, if I knew who to pay it to. But when I think it over, I can't find any body that has any better right to me than myself. I can't pay father and mother, for they are dead. I don't owe Mrs. Banton anything for bringing me up the way she did. I worked five or six years, and earned more than one hundred dollars a year, for Mr. K.

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and family, and received about a dozen dollars a year in clothing. Who do I owe, then, in Kentucky? If I catch one of the administrators on here, I intend to sue him for wages, and interest, for six years' hard work. There will be a small bill of damages for abuse; old Kentucky is not rich enough to pay me for that.

*Soon after you came into Ohio, did you let yourself to work?—*I did.—*Was there any difference in your feelings while laboring there, and as a slave in Kentucky?—*I made a bargain to work for a man in Ohio. I took a job of digging a cellar. Before I began, the people told me he was bad pay; they would not do it for him. I told them I had agreed to do it. So at it I went, worked hard, and got it off as soon as possible, although I did not expect to get a cent for it; and yet I worked more readily, and with a better mind, than I ever did in Kentucky. If I worked for nothing then, I knew I had made my own bargain; and working with that thought made it easier than any day's work I ever did for a master in Kentucky. That *thought* was worth more than any pay I ever got in slavery. However, I was more fortunate than many thought I should be; through the exertions of a good friend, I got my pay soon after the work was done.

*Why do slaves dread so bad to go to the south—to Mississippi or Louisiana?—*Because they know that slaves are driven very hard there, and worked to death in a few years.

*Are those who have GOOD masters afraid of being sold south?—*They all suffer very much for fear master's circumstances will change, and that he may be compelled to sell them to the "SOUL-DRIVERS," a name given to the dealers by the slaves.

*What is the highest price you ever knew a slave to sell for?—*I have known a man, sold for one thousand four hundred and sixty-five dollars. He was a waiter-man, very intelligent, very humble, and a good house servant. A good blacksmith, as I was told, was once sold in Kentucky for three thousand dollars. I have heard of hand-

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some girls being sold in New Orleans for from two thousand dollars to three thousand dollars. The common price of females is about from five hundred dollars to seven hundred dollars when sold for plantation hands, for house hands, or for breeders.

Why is a black slave-driver worse than a white one ?— He must be very strict and severe; or else he will be turned out. The master selects the hardest-hearted and most unprincipled slave upon the plantation. The overseers are usually a part of the patrols. Which is the worst of the two characters, or officers, is hard to tell.

Are the masters afraid of insurrection ?— They live in constant and great fear upon this subject. The least unusual noise at night alarms them greatly. They cry out, "What is that?" "Are the boys all in?"

What is the worst thing you ever saw in Kentucky ?— The worst thing I ever saw was a woman, stripped all naked, hung up by her hands, and then whipped till the blood ran down her back. Sometimes this is done by a young master, or mistress, to an aged mother, or even a grandmother. Nothing the slaves abhor as they do this.

Which is the worst, a master or a mistress ?— A mistress is far worse. She is forever and ever tormenting. When the master whips it is done with; but a mistress will blackguard, scold, and tease, and whip the life out of a slave.

How soon do the children begin to exercise their authority ?— From the very breast of the mother. I have seen a child before he could talk a word, have a stick put into his hand, and he was permitted to whip a slave, in order to quiet him. And from the time they are born till they die, they live by whipping and abusing the slave.

Do you suffer from cold in Kentucky ?— Many people think it so warm there that we are safe on this score. They are much mistaken. The weather is far too cold for our thin clothing; and in winter, from rain, sleet, and snow, to which we are exposed, we suffer very severely. Such a thing as a great coat the slave very seldom has.

What do they raise in Kentucky ?— Corn and hemp,

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tobacco, oats, some wheat and rye ; SLAVES, mules, hogs, and horses, for the southern market.

Do the masters drink a great deal ?—They are nearly all *hard* drinkers—many of them drunkards ; and you must not exclude mistress from the honor of drinking, as she is often *drunk*, too.

Are you not afraid they will send up and catch you, and carry you back to Kentucky ?—They may make the attempt ; but I made up my mind, when I left slavery, never to go back there and continue alive. I fancy I should be a load for one or two of them to carry back, any how. Besides, they well know that they could not take me out of any state this side of Pennsylvania. There are very few in New England that would sell themselves to help a slave-holder ; and if they should, they would have to run their country. They would be hooted at as they walked the streets.

Now, in conclusion, I just want to say, that all the abuses which I have here related are *necessary*, if slavery must continue to exist. It is impossible to cut off these abuses and keep slavery alive. Now, if you do not approve of these horrid sufferings, I entreat you to lift up your voice and your hand against the whole system, and, with one united effort, overturn the abominations of centuries, and restore scattered families to each other ; pour light upon millions of dark minds, and make a thousand, yea, ten times ten thousand, abodes of wretchedness and woe to hail and bless you as angels of mercy sent for their deliverance.

FACTS

FROM THE PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON CLARK.

GENERAL LAMMIE COOMBS, of Lexington, owned a man named ENNIS, a house carpenter. He had bargained with a slave-trader to take him and carry him down the river. ENNIS was determined not to go. He took a broadaxe

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and cut one hand off; then contrived to lift the axe, with his arm pressing it to his body, and let it fall upon the other, cutting off the ends of his fingers. His master sold him for a nominal price, and down he went to Louisiana.

A slave named Jess, belonging to Deacon Logan, went out one Sabbath evening for the same purpose that many young men have for making calls on that evening. Jack White, a captain of the patrols, followed Jess, and took him out and whipped him, in the presence of the family where Jess was making his call. The indignation of poor Jess was roused. He sought his way by stealthy steps at night, to the barn of Jack White, and touched it with the match. Jess was suspected, and his master told him, if guilty, he had better own it, and he would send him down the river to save him from being hung. Jess was put in jail on suspicion. Deacon Logan sent his slaves by night; they got Jess out of jail; he was concealed by his master for a few days, and then sold for seven hundred dollars, and sent down the river.

HIRED SLAVES.—BAGGING FACTORIES.

In and around Lexington are numerous factories for spinning and weaving hemp bagging. Young slaves, from ten to fifteen years old, are employed in spinning. They are hired for twenty dollars to thirty dollars a year, and their condition is a very hard and cruel one. They have a weekly task. So much hemp is weighed out; so much filling must be returned, all of the right size, and at the proper time. Want of skill, mistakes of various kinds, subject them to frequent and unmerited stripes.

An overseer of one of these factories, Tom Monks, would tie up his poor boys, and give them (from forty to fifty lashes). He kept them sometimes yoked with iron collars, with prongs sticking out, and the name of the owner written on them. Working in these factories takes

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all the life and spirit out of a young slave, and he soon becomes little better than an idiot. This is the worst kind of slavery in Kentucky. When the life is thus taken out of these poor lads, at the age of eighteen or twenty, they are sold for Louisiana. Here a short but bitter doom awaits them.

They are first carried to New Orleans, and put in pens. When a purchaser comes and inquires of the slave what he can do, he must make pretensions, of course, to great skill and ability, or the seller will abuse him. But what will be his condition with the purchaser, who finds that he cannot do half the things he promised? The sugar-planter blames the slave. He came from the bag factory, but said he was a good field-hand; could hold plough, hoe corn, or any other kind of farming work in Kentucky. He has lied to his *present* master, for the benefit of his *former* one. He atones for it by many a cruel flogging. When they find one that is very awkward and ignorant, the master tells the overseer to "put him through for what he is worth;" "use him up as soon as you can;" "get what you can out of him in a short time, and let him die." In a few years, the poor fellow ends his labors and his sorrows.

The bell rings at four o'clock in the morning, and they have half an hour to get ready. Men and women start together, and the women must work as steadily as the men, and perform the same tasks as the men. If the plantation is far from the house, the sucking children are taken out and kept in the field all day. If the cabins are near, the women are permitted to go in two or three times a day to their infant children. The mother is driven out when the child is three to four weeks old. The dews of the morning are very heavy, and wet the slaves all through. Many, from the upper slave states, die from change of climate and diet. At the time of making sugar and molasses, the slaves are kept up half the night; and the worst-looking creatures I ever saw were the slaves that make the sugar for those sensitive ladies and gentlemen, who cannot bear the sight of a

colored person, but who are compelled to use the sugar made by the filthiest class of slaves.

O, how would LIBERTY wash away the filth and the misery of millions! Then the slaves would be washed, and clothed, and fed, and instructed, and made happy.

There is another and very different class of slaves sent south. When a body-servant refuses to be whipped, or his master breaks with him for any other reason, he is sold south. The purchaser questions him, and he tells the truth. "Can you farm?" "No, sir." "What can you do?" "Work in garden, drive horses, and work around the house." "Aye; gentleman nigger, are you? Well, you are gentleman nigger no longer." He is ordered upon the plantation, and soon acquires skill to perform his task. Always sure to perform all that is required, he does not intend to be beaten by any human being. The overseer soon discovers this spirit, and seeks occasion for a quarrel. The slave will not be whipped. A half a dozen overseers are called together, and the poor fellow is chained, and whipped to the border of his grave. In a week or two, the overseer tries his spirit again; comes into the field and strikes him, by way of insult, and the slave knocks him down, and perhaps kills him with his hoe, and flies for the woods. Then horses, dogs, overseers, planters, lawyers, doctors, ministers, are all summoned out on a grand nigger hunt, and poor Bill Turner is shot dead at the foot of a tree, and the trumpet sounds at once a triumph and a retreat.

I expect nothing but there may be an attempt made to carry me back to slavery; but I give fair warning to all concerned, that now, knowing the value of *liberty*, I prize it far above *life*; and no year of suns will ever shine upon my chains as a slave. I can die, but I cannot be made a slave again. Lewis says, "Amen! Brother Milton, give me your hand, you speak my mind exactly."

PRESIDENT EDWARDS.—A TESTIMONY.

On the 15th of September, 1791, the younger Edwards, then pastor of a church in New Haven, preached a sermon before the Connecticut Society for the Promotion of Freedom, &c., in which he has the following remarks :—

“The arguments which have been urged against the slave-trade; are, with little variation, applicable to the holding of slaves. He who holds a slave, continues to deprive him of that liberty which was taken from him on the coast of Africa. And if it were wrong to deprive him of it in the first instance, why not in the second? If this be true, no man has a better right to retain his negro in slavery than he had to take him from his native African shores. And every man who cannot show that his negro hath, by his voluntary conduct, forfeited his liberty, is obliged *immediately to manumit him*.

“I presume it will not be denied that to commit theft or robbery every day of a man's life, is as great a sin as to commit fornication in one instance. But to steal a MAN, or to rob him of his liberty, is a greater sin than to steal his property, or to take it by violence. And to hold a man in a state of slavery, who has a right to his liberty, is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of *man-stealing*. The consequence is inevitable, that, other things being the same, to hold a negro slave, unless he has forfeited his liberty, is a *greater sin than concubinage and fornication*.

“To convince yourselves that, your information being the same, to hold a negro slave is a greater sin than fornication, theft, or robbery, you need only bring the matter home to yourselves. I am willing to appeal to your own consciousness, whether you would not judge it to be a greater sin for a man to hold you or your children, during

PRESIDENT EDWARDS.—A TESTIMONY.

life, in such slavery as that of the negroes, than for him to indulge in one instance of licentious conduct, or in one instance to steal or rob. Let conscience speak, and I will submit to its decision."

If the above remarks were correct in 1791; can they be wrong in 1846? If our good divines were correct in calling slave-holders man-stealers, and slave-holding a greater sin in the sight of God than concubinage and fornication, what must we think of the moral state or the heart of those modern D. D's, who are willing to receive slave-holders into the church of God, and are ready to weave out of their own hearts a *theological fiction*, to palliate the enormous evil? Alas! C. M. Clay is right, when he says, "*The disease is of the heart, and not of the head.*" We tell you, brothers, that the American people know well enough that the bloody stain is upon them—but they love its *taint*! If we can't arouse the conscience, and ennoble the heart, our labour is lost. A *seared conscience* and a *heart hardened by sin*—these are the grand supporters of slavery in and out of the church. How can these giants be subdued?—*From the Charter Oak.*



AMERICAN SLAVERY AS IT IS :

TESTIMONY OF

A THOUSAND WITNESSES.

The following extracts are from a work entitled **AMERICAN SLAVERY AS IT IS : TESTIMONY OF A THOUSAND WITNESSES**,—published by the American anti-slavery society.

It must be borne in mind that the number at present in slavery in America is **THREE MILLIONS** or upwards. Of these three millions of our fellow-men, the work before me speaks as follows :

We are about to show that the slaves in the United States are treated with barbarous inhumanity ; that they are overworked, underfed, wretchedly clad and lodged, and have insufficient sleep ; that they are often made to wear round their necks iron collars armed with prongs, to drag heavy chains and weights at their feet while working in the field, and to wear yokes and bells, and iron horns ; that they are often kept confined in the stocks day and night for weeks together, made to wear gags in their mouths for hours or days, have some of their front teeth torn out or broken off, that they may be easily detected when they run away ; that they are frequently flogged with terrible severity, have red pepper rubbed into their lacerated flesh, and hot brine, spirits of turpentine, &c., poured over the gashes to increase the torture ; that they are often stripped naked, their backs and limbs cut with knives, bruised and mangled by scores and hundreds of blows with the paddle, and terribly torn by the claws of cats, drawn over them by their tormentors ; that they are often hunted with blood-hounds and shot down like beasts, or torn in pieces by dogs ; that they are often suspended by the arms and whipped and beaten till they faint, and when revived by restoratives, beaten again till they faint, and sometimes till they die ; that their ears are often cut off, their eyes knocked out,

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their bones broken, their flesh branded with red hot irons; that they are maimed, mutilated and burned to death over slow fires. All these things, and more, and worse, we shall *prove*. Reader, we know whereof we affirm, we have weighed it well; *more and worse WE WILL PROVE*. Mark these words, and read on; we will establish all these facts by the testimony of scores and hundreds of eye witnesses, by the testimony of *slave-holders* in all parts of the slave states, by slave-holding members of Congress and of state legislatures, by ambassadors to foreign courts, by judges, by doctors of divinity, and clergymen of all denominations, by merchants, mechanics, lawyers and physicians, by presidents and professors in colleges and *professional* seminaries, by planters, overseers and drivers. We shall show, not merely that such deeds are committed, but that they are frequent; not done in corners, but before the sun; not in one of the slave states, but in all of them; not perpetrated by brutal overseers and drivers merely, but by magistrates, by legislators, by professors of religion, by preachers of the gospel, by governors of states, by "gentlemen of property and standing," and by delicate females moving in the "highest circles of society."

Of the witnesses whose testimony is embodied in the following pages, a majority are slave-holders, many of the remainder *have been* slave-holders, but now reside in free States.

Another class whose testimony will be given, consists of those who have furnished the results of their own observation during periods of residence and travel in the slave States.

We will first present the reader with a few *PERSONAL NARRATIVES* furnished by individuals, natives of slave states and others, embodying, in the main, the results of their own observation in the midst of slavery—facts and scenes of which they were eye witnesses.

In the next place, to give the reader as clear and definite a view of the actual condition of slaves as possible, we propose to make specific points; to pass in re-

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view the various particulars in the slave's condition, simply presenting sufficient testimony under each head to settle the question in every candid mind. The examination will be conducted by stating distinct propositions, and in the following order of topics :

1. THE FOOD OF THE SLAVES, THE KINDS, QUALITY AND QUANTITY, ALSO, THE NUMBER AND TIME OF MEALS EACH DAY, &c.

2. THEIR HOURS OF LABOR AND REST.

3. THEIR CLOTHING.

4. THEIR DWELLINGS.

5. THEIR PRIVATIONS AND INFLICTIONS.

6. *In conclusion*, a variety of OBJECTIONS and ARGUMENTS will be considered which are used by the advocates of slavery to set aside the force of testimony, and to show that the slaves are kindly treated.

Between the larger divisions of the work, brief personal narratives will be inserted, containing a mass of facts and testimony, both general and specific.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

MR. NEHEMETH CAULKINS, of Waterford, New London Co., Connecticut, has furnished the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with the following statements relative to the condition and treatment of slaves, in the south eastern part of North Carolina. Most of the facts related by Mr. Caulkins fell under his personal observation. The air of candor and honesty that pervades the narrative, the manner in which Mr. C. has drawn it up, the good sense, just views, conscience and heart which it exhibits, are sufficient of themselves to commend it to all who have ears to hear.

Mr. Dwight P. Jones, a member of the Second Congregational Church in the city of New London, in a recent letter, says :

"Mr. Caulkins is a member of the Baptist Church in Waterford, and in every respect a very worthy citizen. I have labored with him in the Sabbath School, and know him to be a man of active piety. The most entire

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confidence may be placed in the truth of his statements. Where he is known, no one will call them in question."

NARRATIVE OF MR. CAULKINS.

I feel it my duty to tell some things that I know about slavery; in order, if possible, to awaken more feeling at the North in behalf of the slave. The treatment of the slaves on the plantations where I had the greatest opportunity of getting knowledge, *was not so bad* as that on some neighboring estates, where the owners were noted for their cruelty. There were, however, other estates in the vicinity, where the treatment was better; the slaves were better clothed and fed, were not worked so hard, and more attention was paid to their quarters.

The scenes that I have witnessed are enough to harrow up the soul; but could the slave be permitted to tell the story of his sufferings, which no white man, not linked with slavery, *is allowed to know*, the land would vomit out the horrible system, slaveholders and all, if they would not unclinch their grasp upon their defenceless victims.

I spent eleven winters, between the years 1824 and 1835, in the state of North Carolina, mostly in the vicinity of Wilmington; and four out of the eleven on the estate of Mr. John Swan, five or six miles from that place. There were on his plantation about seventy slaves, male and female: some were married, and others lived together as man and wife, without even a mock ceremony. With their owners generally, it is a matter of indifference; the marriage of slaves not being recognized by the slave code. The slaves, however, think much of being married by a clergyman.

The cabins or huts of the slaves were small, and were built principally by the slaves themselves, as they could find time on Sundays and moonlight nights. They went into the swamps, cut the logs, backed or *hauled* them to the quarters, and put up their cabins.

When I first knew Mr. Swan's plantation, his overseer was a man who had been a Methodist minister.

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He treated the slaves with great cruelty. This man continued on the plantation about three years; at the close of which, on settlement of accounts, Mr. Swan owed him about four hundred dollars, for which he gave him a negro woman, and about twenty acres of land. He built a log hut, and took the woman to live with him; since which, I have been at his hut, and seen four or five mulatto children. He has been appointed a *justice of the peace*, and his place as overseer was afterwards occupied by a Mr. Galloway.

It is customary in that part of the country, to let the hogs run in the woods. On one occasion a slave caught a pig about two months old, which he carried to his quarters. The overseer, getting information of the fact, went to the field where he was at work, and ordered him to come to him. The slave at once suspected it was something about the pig, and fearing punishment, dropped his hoe and ran for the woods. He had got but a few rods, when the overseer raised his gun, loaded with duck shot, and brought him down. He was taken up by the slaves and carried to the plantation hospital, and the physician sent for. A physician was employed by the year to take care of the sick or wounded slaves. In about six weeks this slave got better, and was able to come out of the hospital. He came to the mill where I was at work; and asked me to examine his body, which I did, and counted twenty-six duck shot still remaining in his flesh, though the doctor had removed a number while he was laid up.

There was a slave on Mr. Swan's plantation, by the name of Harry, who, during the absence of his master, ran away and secreted himself in the woods. This the slaves sometimes do, when the master is absent for several weeks, to escape the cruel treatment of the overseer. It is common for them to make preparations, by secreting a mortar, a hatchet, some cooking utensils, and whatever things they can get that will enable them

It is a common practice for overseers to go into the field armed with a gun or pistol, and sometimes both.

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to live while they are in the woods or swamps. Harry staid about three months, and lived by robbing the rice grounds, and by such other means as came in his way. The slaves generally know where the runaway is secreted, and visit him at night and on Sundays. On the return of his master, some of the slaves were sent for Harry. When he came home he was seized and confined in the stocks. The stocks were built in the barn, and consisted of two heavy pieces of timber, ten or more feet in length, and about seven inches wide; the lower one, on the floor, has a number of holes or places cut in it, for the ancles; the upper piece, being of the same dimensions, is fastened at one end by a hinge, and is brought down after the ancles are placed in the holes, and secured by a clasp and padlock at the other end. In this manner the person is left to sit on the floor. Harry was kept in the stocks *day and night for a week*, and flogged *every morning*. After this, he was taken out one morning, a log chain fastened around his neck, the two ends dragging on the ground, and sent to the field, to do his task with the other slaves. At night he was again put in the stocks, in the morning he was sent to the field in the same manner, and thus dragged out another week.

The overseer was a very miserry fellow, and restricted his wife in what are considered the comforts of life—such as tea, sugar, &c. To make up for this, she set her wits to work, and, by the help of a slave, named Joe, used to take from the plantation whatever she could conveniently, and watch her opportunity during her husband's absence, and send Joe to sell them and buy for her such things as she directed. Once when her husband was away, she told Joe to kill and dress one of the pigs, sell it, and get her some tea, sugar, &c. Joe did as he was bid, and she gave him the offal for his services. When Galloway returned, not suspecting his wife, he asked her if she knew what had become of his pig. She told him she suspected one of the slaves, naming him, had stolen it, for she had heard a pig squeal the evening before. The overseer called the slave

up, and charged him with the theft. He denied it, and said he knew nothing about it. The overseer still charged him with it, and told him he would give him one week to think of it, and if he did not confess the theft, or find out who did steal the pig, he would flog every negro on the plantation; before the week was up it was ascertained that Joe had killed the pig. He was called up and questioned, and admitted that he had done so, and told the overseer that he did it by the order of Mrs. Galloway, and that she directed him to buy some sugar, &c. with the money. Mrs. Galloway gave Joe the lie; and he was terribly flogged. Joe told me he had been several times to the smoke-house with Mrs. G. and taken hams and sold them, which her husband told me he supposed were stolen by the negroes on a neighboring plantation. Mr. Swan, hearing of the circumstance, told me he believed Joe's story, but that his statement would not be taken as proof; and if every slave on the plantation told the same story it could not be received as evidence against a white person.

To show the manner in which old and worn-out slaves are sometimes treated, I will state a fact. Galloway owned a man about seventy years of age. The old man was sick and went to his hut; laid himself down on some straw with his feet to the fire, covered by a piece of an old blanket, and there lay four or five days, groaning in great distress, without any attention being paid him by his master, until death ended his miseries; he was then taken out and buried with as little ceremony and respect as would be paid to a brute.

There is a practice prevalent among the planters, of letting a negro off from severe and long continued punishment on account of the intercession of some white person, who pleads in his behalf, that he believes the negro will behave better, that he promises well, and he believes he will keep his promise, &c. The planters sometimes get tired of punishing a negro, and wanting his services in the field, they get some white person to come, and, in the presence of the slave, intercede

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for him. At one time a negro, named Charles, was confined in the stocks in the building where I was at work, and had been severely whipped several times. He begged me to intercede for him and try to get him released. I told him I would; and when his master came in to whip him again, I went up to him and told him I had been talking with Charles, and he had promised to behave better, &c., and requested him not to punish him any more, but to let him go. He then said to Charles, "As Mr. Caulkins has been pleading for you, I will let you go on his account; and accordingly released him.

Women are generally shown some little indulgence for three or four weeks previous to childbirth; they are at such times not often punished if they do not finish the task assigned them; it is, in some cases, passed over with a severe reprimand, and sometimes without any notice being taken of it. They are generally allowed four weeks after the birth of a child, before they are compelled to go into the field; they then take the child with them, attended sometimes by a little girl or boy, from the age of four to six, to take care of it while the mother is at work. When there is no child that can be spared, or not young enough for this service, the mother, after nursing, lays it under a tree, or by the side of a fence, and goes to her task, returning at stated intervals to nurse it. While I was on this plantation, a little negro girl, six years of age, destroyed the life of a child about two months old, which was left in her care. It seems this little nurse, so called, got tired of her charge and the labor of carrying it to the quarters at night, the mother being obliged to work as long as she could see. One evening she nursed the infant at sunset as usual, and sent it to the quarters. The little girl, on her way home, had to cross a run, or brook, which led down into the swamp; when she came to the brook she followed it into the swamp, then took the infant and plunged it head foremost into the water and mud, where it stuck fast; she there left it and went to the negro quarters. When the mother came in from the field, she

asked the girl where the child was ; she told her she had brought it home, but did not know where it was ; the overseer was immediately informed, search was made, and it was found as above stated, and dead. The little girl was shut up in the barn, and confined there two or three weeks, when a speculator came along and bought her for two hundred dollars.

The slaves are obliged to work from daylight till dark, as long as they can see. When they have tasks assigned, which is often the case, a few of the strongest and most expert, sometimes finish them before sunset ; others will be obliged to work till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. All must finish their tasks or take a flogging. The whip and gun, or pistol, are companions of the overseer ; the former he uses very frequently upon the negroes, during the hours of labor, without regard to age or sex. Scarcely a day passed while I was on the plantation, in which some of the slaves were not whipped ; I do not mean that they were *struck a few blows* merely, but had a *set flogging*. The same labor is commonly assigned to men and women,—such as digging ditches in the rice marshes, clearing up land, chopping cord-wood, threshing, &c. I have known the women go into the barn as soon as they could see in the morning, and work as late as they could see at night, threshing rice with the flail, (they now have a thrashing machine,) and when they could see to thresh no longer, they had to gather up the rice, carry it up stairs, and deposit it in the granary.

The allowance of clothing on this plantation to each slave, was given out at Christmas for the year, and consisted of *one pair of coarse shoes, and enough coarse cloth to make a jacket and trousers*. If the man has a wife she makes it up ; if not, it is made up in the house. The slaves on this plantation, being near Wilmington, procured themselves extra clothing by working Sundays and moonlight nights, cutting cord-wood in the swamps, which they had to back about a quarter of a mile to the river ; they would then get a permit from their master, and taking the wood in their canoes, carry it to Wil-

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mington, and sell it to the vessels, or dispose of it as they best could, and with the money buy an old jacket of the sailors, some coarse cloth for a shirt, &c. They sometimes gather the moss from the trees, which they cleanse and take to market. The women receive their allowance of the same kind of cloth which the men have. This they make into a frock ; if they have any under garments *they must procure them for themselves*. When the slaves get a permit to leave the plantation, they sometimes make all ring again by singing the following significant ditty, which shows that after all there is a flow of spirits in the human breast which for a while, at least, enables them to forget their wretchedness.*

Hurra, for good ole Massa,
He giv me de pass to go to de city,
Hurra, for good ole Missis,
She bile de pot, and giv me de licker.
Hurra, I'm going to de city.

Every Saturday night the slaves receive their allowance of provisions, which must last them till the next Saturday night. "Potatoe time," as it is called, begins about the middle of July. The slave may measure for himself, the overseer being present, half a bushel of sweet potatoes,† and heap the measure as long as they will lie on ; I have, however, seen the overseer, if he think the negro is getting too many, kick the measure ; and if any fall off, tell him he has got his measure. No salt is furnished them to eat with their potatoes. When rice or corn is given, they give them a little salt ; sometimes half a pint of molasses is given, but not often. The quantity of rice, which is of the small, broken, unsaleable kind, is one

* Slaves sometimes sing, and so do convicts in jails under sentence, and both for the same reason. Their singing proves that they *want* to be happy, not that they *are* so. It is the *means* that they use to make themselves happy, not the evidence that they are so already. Sometimes, doubtless, the excitement of song whelms their misery in momentary oblivion. He who argues from this that they have no conscious misery to forget, knows as little of human nature as of slavery.—EDITOR.

† As many as an Irishman eats in two days.

peck. When corn is given them, their allowance is the same, and if they get it ground, (Mr. Swan had a mill on his plantation,) they must give one quart for grinding, thus reducing their weekly allowance to seven quarts. When fish (mullet) were plenty, they were allowed, in addition, one fish. As to meat, they seldom had any. I do not think they had an allowance of meat oftener than once in two or three months, and then the quantity was very small. When they went into the field to work, they took some of the meal or rice and a pot with them; the pots were given to an old woman, who placed two poles parallel, set the pots on them, and kindled a fire underneath for cooking; she took salt with her and seasoned the messes as she thought proper. When their breakfast was ready, which was generally about ten or eleven o'clock, they were called from labour, ate, and returned to work; in the afternoon, dinner was prepared in the same way. They had but two meals a day while in the field; if they wanted more, they cooked for themselves after they returned to their quarters at night. At the time of killing hogs on the plantation, the *pluck*, *entrails*, and *blood* were given to the slaves.

When I first went upon Mr. Swan's plantation, I saw a slave in shackles or fetters, which were fastened around each ankle and firmly riveted, connected together by a chain. To the middle of this chain he had fastened a string, so as in a manner to suspend the shackles and keep them from galling his ankles. The slave, whose name was Frank, was an intelligent, good looking man, and a very good mechanic. There was nothing vicious in his character, but he was one of those high-spirited and daring men, that whips, chains, fetters, and all the means of cruelty in the power of slavery, could not subdue. Mr. S. had employed a Mr. Beckwith to repair a boat, and told him Frank was a good mechanic, and he might have his services. Frank was sent for, his *shackles still on*. Mr. Beckwith set him to work making *trunnels*, &c. I was employed in putting up a building, and after Mr. Beckwith had done with Frank, he was sent for to assist

me. Mr. Swan sent him to a blacksmith's shop, and had his shackles cut off with a cold chisel. Frank was afterwards sold to a cotton planter.

I will relate one circumstance, which shows the little regard that is paid to the feelings of the slave. During the time that Mr. Isaiah Rogers was superintending the building of a rice machine, one of the slaves complained of a severe toothache. Swan asked Mr. Rogers to take his hammer and *knock out the tooth*.

There was a slave on the plantation named Ben, a waiting man. I occupied a room in the same hut, and had frequent conversations with him. Ben was a kind-hearted man, and, I believe, a Christian; he would always ask a blessing before he sat down to eat, and was in the constant practice of praying morning and night.—One day when I was at the hut, Ben was sent for to go to the house. Ben sighed deeply and went. He soon returned with a girl about seventeen years of age, whom one of Mr. Swan's daughters had ordered him to flog. He brought her into the room where I was, and told her to stand there while he went into the next room: I heard him groan again as he went. While there I heard his voice, and he was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes he returned with a large cow-hide, and stood before the girl, without saying a word. I concluded he wished me to leave the hut, which I did; and immediately after I heard the girl scream. At every blow she would shriek, "Do, Ben! oh do, Ben!" This is a common expression of the slaves to the person whipping them: "Do Massa!" or, "Do Missus!"

After she had gone, I asked Ben what she was whipped for: he told me she had done something to displease her young Missus; and in boxing her ears, and otherwise beating her, she had scratched her finger by a pin in the girl's dress, for which she sent her to be flogged. I asked him if he stripped her before flogging; he said, yes; he did not like to do this, but was *obliged* to: he said he was once ordered to whip a woman, which he did without stripping her: on her return to the house, her mistress examined her

back ; and not seeing any marks, he was sent for, and asked why he had not whipped her : he replied that he had ; she said she saw no marks, and asked him if he had made her pull her clothes off ; he said, No. She then told him, that when he whipped any more of the women, he must make them strip off their clothes, as well as the men, and flog them on their bare backs, or he should be flogged himself.

Ben often appeared very gloomy and sad : I have frequently heard him, when in his room, mourning over his condition, and exclaim, " Poor African slave ! Poor African slave !" Whipping was so common an occurrence on this plantation, that it would be too great a repetition to state the *many* and *severe* floggings I have seen inflicted on the slaves. They were flogged for not performing their tasks, for being careless, slow, or not in time, for going to the fire to warm, &c., &c. ; and it often seemed as if occasions were sought as an excuse for punishing them.

On one occasion, I heard the overseer charge the hands, to be at a certain place the next morning at sun rise. I was present in the morning, in company with my brother, when the hands arrived. Joe, the slave already spoken of, came running, all out of breath, about five minutes behind the time, when, without asking any questions, the overseer told him to take off his jacket. Joe took off his jacket. He had on a piece of a shirt ; he told him to take it off ; Joe took it off : he then whipped him with a heavy cow-hide full six feet long. At every stroke Joe would spring from the ground, and scream, " O my God ! Do, Massa Galloway !" My brother was so exasperated, that he turned to me and said, " If I were Joe, I would kill the overseer if I knew I should be shot the next minute."

In the winter the horn blew at about four in the morning, and all the threshers were required to be at the threshing floor in fifteen minutes after. They had to go about a quarter of a mile from their quarters. Galloway would stand near the entrance, and all who did not come in time would get a blow over the back or head as heavy

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as he could strike. I have seen him, at such times, follow after them, striking furiously a number of blows, and every one followed by their screams. I have seen the women go to their work after such a flogging, crying and taking on most piteously.

It is almost impossible to believe that human nature can endure such hardships and sufferings as the slaves have to go through : I have seen them driven into a ditch in a rice swamp to bail out the water, in order to put down a flood-gate, when they had to break the ice, and there stand in the water among the ice until it was bailed out. I have often known the hands to be taken from the field, sent down the river in flats or boats to Wilmington, absent from twenty-four to thirty hours, *without any thing to eat*, no provision being made for these occasions.

Galloway kept medicine on hand, that in case any of the slaves were sick, he could give it to them without sending for the physician ; but he always kept a good look out that they did not sham sickness. When any of them excited his suspicions, he would make them take the medicine in his presence, and would give them a rap on the top of the head, to make them swallow it. A man once came to him, of whom he said he was suspicious : he gave him two potions of salts, and fastened him in the stocks for the night. His medicine soon began to operate ; and *there he lay in all his filth till he was taken out the next day.*

One day, Mr. Swan beat a slave severely, for alleged carelessness in letting a boat get adrift. The slave was told to secure the boat : whether he took sufficient means for this purpose I do not know ; he was not allowed to make any defence. Mr. Swan called him up, and asked him why he did not secure the boat : he pulled off his hat and began to tell his story. Swan told him he was a damned liar, and commenced beating him over the head with a hickory cane, and the slave retreated backwards ; Swan followed him about two rods, threshing him over the head with the hickory as he went.

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As I was one day standing near some slaves who were threshing, the driver, thinking one of the women did not use her flail quick enough, struck her over the head : the end of the whip hit her in the eye. I thought at the time he had put it out ; but, after poulticing and doctoring for some days, she recovered. Speaking to him about it, he said that he once struck a slave so as to put one of her eyes entirely out.

A patrol is kept upon each estate, and every slave found off the plantation without a pass is whipped on the spot. I knew a slave who started without a pass, one night, for a neighboring plantation, to see his wife : he was caught, tied to a tree, and flogged. He stated his business to the patrol, who was well acquainted with him, but all to no purpose. I spoke to the patrol about it afterwards : he said he knew the negro, that he was a very clever fellow, but he had to whip him ; for, if he let him pass, he must another, &c. He stated that he had sometimes caught and flogged four in a night.

In conversation with Mr. Swan about runaway slaves, he stated to me the following fact :—A slave, by the name of Luke, was owned in Wilmington ; he was sold to a speculator and carried to Georgia. After an absence of about two months the slave returned ; he watched an opportunity to enter his old master's house when the family were absent, no one being at home but a young waiting man. Luke went to the room where his master kept his arms ; took his gun, with some ammunition, and went into the woods. On the return of his master, the waiting man told him what had been done : this threw him into a violent passion ; he swore he would kill Luke, or lose his own life. He loaded another gun, took two men, and made search, but could not find him : he then advertised him, offering a large reward if delivered to him or lodged in jail. His neighbors, however, advised him to offer a reward of two hundred dollars for him *dead or alive*, which he did. Nothing however was heard of him for some months. Mr. Swan said, one of his slaves ran away, and was gone eight or ten weeks ; on his return he

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said he had found Luke, and that he had a rifle, two pistols, and a sword.

I left the plantation in the spring, and returned to the north. When I went out again, the next fall, I asked Mr. Swan if any thing had been heard of Luke ; he said he was *shot*, and related to me the manner of his death, as follows :—Luke went to one of the plantations, and entered a hut for something to eat. Being fatigued, he sat down and fell asleep. There was only a woman in the hut at the time : as soon as she found he was asleep, she ran and told her master, who took his rifle, and called two white men on another plantation : and the three, with their rifles, then went to the hut, and posted themselves in different positions, so that they could watch the door. When Luke waked up he went to the door to look out, and saw them with their rifles ; he stepped back and raised his gun to his face. They called to him to surrender ; and stated that they had him in their power, and said he had better give up. He said he would not ; and if they tried to take him, he would kill one of them ; for, if he gave up, he knew they would kill him, and he was determined to sell his life as dear as he could. They told him, if he should shoot one of them, the other two would certainly kill him : he replied, he was determined not to give up, and kept his gun moving from one to the other ; and while his rifle was turned toward one, another, standing in a different direction, shot him through the head, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

There was another slave shot while I was there ; this man had run away, and had been living in the woods a long time, and it was not known where he was, till one day he was discovered by two men, who went on the large island near Belvidere to hunt turkeys ; they shot him and carried his head home.

It is common to keep dogs on the plantations, to pursue and catch runaway slaves. I was once bitten by one of them. I went to the overseer's house, the dog lay in the piazza, as soon as I put my foot upon the floor : he sprang and bit me just above the knee, but not severely ;

he tore my pantaloons badly. The overseer apologized for his dog, saying he never knew him to bite a *white* man before. He said he once had a dog, when he lived on another plantation, that was very useful to him in hunting runaway negroes. He said that a slave on the plantation once ran away ; as soon as he found the course he took, he put the dog on the track, and he soon came so close upon him that the man had to climb a tree : he followed with his gun, and brought the slave home.

The slaves have a great dread of being sold and carried south. It is generally said, and I have no doubt of its truth, that they are much worse treated farther south.

The following are a few among the many facts related to me while I lived among the slave-holders. The names of the planters and plantations, I shall not give, *as they did not come under my own observation*. I however place the fullest confidence in their truth.

A planter not far from Mr. Swan's employed an overseer to whom he paid four hundred dollars a year ; he became dissatisfied with him, because he did not drive the slaves hard enough, and get more work out of them. He therefore sent to South Carolina, or Georgia, and got a man to whom he paid I believe eight hundred dollars a year. He proved to be a cruel fellow, and drove the slaves almost to death. There was a slave on this plantation, who had repeatedly run away, and had been severely flogged every time. The last time he was caught, a hole was dug in the ground, and he buried up to the chin, his arms being secured down by his sides. He was kept in this situation four or five days.

The following was told me by an intimate friend ; it took place on a plantation containing about one hundred slaves. One day the owner ordered the women into the barn, he then went in among them, whip in hand, and told them he meant to flog them all to death ; they began immediately to cry out " What have I done Massa ? " He replied ; " D---n you, I will let you know what you have done, you don't breed, I haven't had a young one from one of you for several months." They told him they could

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not breed while they had to work in the rice ditches. (The rice grounds are low and marshy, and have to be drained, and while digging or clearing the ditches, the women had to work in mud and water from one to two feet in depth; they were obliged to draw up and secure their frocks about their waist, to keep them out of the water, in this manner they frequently had to work from daylight in the morning till it was so dark they could see no longer.) After swearing and threatening for some time, he told them to tell the overseer's wife, when they got in that way, and he would put them upon the land to work.

This same planter had a female slave who was a member of the Methodist Church; for a slave she was intelligent and conscientious. He proposed a criminal intercourse with her. She would not comply. He left her and sent for the overseer, and told him to have her flogged. It was done. Not long after, he renewed his proposal. She again refused. She was again whipped. He then told her why she had been twice flogged, and told her he intended to whip her till she should yield. The girl, seeing that her case was hopeless, her back smarting with the scourging she had received, and dreading a repetition, gave herself up to be the victim of his brutal lusts.

One of the slaves on another plantation, gave birth to a child which lived but two or three weeks. After its death the planter called the woman to him, and asked her how she came to let the child die; said it was all owing to her carelessness, and that he meant to flog her for it. She told him, with all the feeling of a mother, the circumstances of its death. But her story availed her nothing against the savage brutality of her master. She was severely whipped. A healthy child four months old was then considered worth one hundred dollars in North Carolina.

The foregoing facts were related to me by white persons of character and respectability. The following fact was related to me on a plantation where I have spent some

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siderable time, and where the punishment was inflicted. I have no doubt of its truth. A slave ran away from his master, and got as far as Newbern. He took provisions that lasted him a week; but having eaten all, he went to a house to get something to satisfy his hunger. A white man suspecting him to be a runaway, demanded his pass: as he had none, he was seized and put in Newbern jail. He was there advertised, his description, &c. His master saw the advertisement and sent for him. When he was brought back, his wrists were tied together and drawn over his knees. A stick was then passed over his arms and under his knees, and he secured in this manner, his trowsers were then stripped down, and he turned over on his side, and severely beaten with the paddle, then turned over and severely beaten on the other side, and then turned back again, and tortured by another bruising and beating. He was afterwards kept in the stocks a week, and whipped every morning.

To show the disgusting pollutions of slavery, and how it covers with moral filth every thing it touches, I will state two or three facts, which I have on such evidence I cannot doubt their truth. A planter offered a white man of my acquaintance twenty dollars for every one of his female slaves, who should be in the family way to him. This offer was no doubt made for the purpose of improving the stock, on the same principle that farmers endeavour to improve their cattle by crossing the breed.

Slaves belonging to merchants and others in the city, often hire their own time, for which they pay various prices per week or month, according to the capacity of the slave. The females who thus hire their time, pursue various modes to procure the money; their masters making no inquiry how they get it, provided the money comes. If it is not regularly paid, they are flogged. Some take in washing, some cook on board vessels, pick oakum, sell peanuts, &c., while others, younger and more sensibly, often resort to the vilest pursuits. I knew a man from the north who, though married to a respectable southern woman, kept two of these mulatto girls in his

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upper room at his store; his wife told some of her friends that he had not lodged at home for two weeks together. I have seen these two *kept misses*, as they are there called, at his store; he was afterwards stabbed in an attempt to arrest a runaway slave, and died in about ten days.

The clergy at the north cringe beneath the corrupting influence of slavery, and their moral courage is borne down by it. Not the hypocritical and unprincipled alone, but even such as can hardly be supposed to be destitute of sincerity.

Going one morning to the Baptist Sunday school, in Wilmington, in which I was engaged, I fell in with the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, who was going to the Presbyterian school. I asked him how he could bear to see the little negro children beating their hoops, hallooing, and running about the streets, as we then saw them, their moral condition entirely neglected, while the whites were so carefully gathered into the schools. His reply was substantially this:—"I can't bear it, Mr. Caulkins. I feel as deeply as any one can on this subject, but what can I do? MY HANDS ARE TIED."

Now, if Mr. Hunt was guilty of neglecting his duty, as a servant of HIM who never failed to rebuke sin in high places; what shall be said of those clergymen at the north, where the power that closed his mouth is comparatively unfelt, who refuse to tell their people how God abhors oppression, and who seldom open their mouths on this subject, but to denounce the friends of emancipation, thus giving the strongest support to the accursed system of slavery. I believe Mr. Hunt has since become an agent of the Temperance Society.

In stating the foregoing facts, my object has been to show the practical workings of the system of slavery, and if possible to correct the misapprehension on this subject, so common at the north. In doing this I am not at war with slave-holders. No, my soul is moved for them, as well as for the poor slaves. May God send them repentance to the acknowledgement of the truth! Principle,

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on a subject of this nature, is dearer to me than the applause of men, and should not be sacrificed on any subject, even though the ties of friendship may be broken. We have too long been silent on this subject, the slave has been too much considered, by our northern states, as being kept by necessity in his present condition.—Were we to ask, in the language of Pilate, “ what evil have they done ”—we may search their history, we cannot find that they have taken up arms against our government, nor insulted us as a nation—that they are thus compelled to drag out a life in chains, subjected to the most terrible inflictions if in any way they manifest a wish to be released.—Let us reverse the question. What evil has been done to them by those who call themselves masters ? First let us look at their persons, “ neither clothed nor naked ”—I have seen instances where this phrase would not apply to boys and girls, and that too in winter. I knew one young man seventeen years of age, by the name of Dave, on Mr. J. Swan’s plantation, worked day after day in the rice machine as naked as when he was born. The reason of his being so, his master said in my hearing, was, that he could not keep clothes on him—he would get into the fire and burn them off.

Follow them next to their huts ; some with and some without floors :—Go at night, view their means of lodging, see them lying on benches, some on the floor or ground, some sitting on stools, dozing away the night ;—others, of younger age, with a bare blanket wrapped about them ; and one or two lying in the ashes. These things *I have often seen with my own eyes.*

Examine their means of subsistence, which consists generally of seven quarts of meal or eight quarts of small rice for one week ; then follow them to their work, with driver and overseer pushing them to the utmost of their strength, by threatening and whipping.

If they are sick from fatigue and exposure, go to their huts, as I have often been, and see them groaning under a burning fever or pleurisy, lying on some straw, their

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feet to the fire, with barely a blanket to cover them; or on some boards nailed together in form of a bedstead.

And after seeing all this, and hearing them tell of their sufferings, need I ask, is there any evil connected with their condition? and if so; upon whom is it to be charged? I answer for myself, and the reader can do the same. Our government stands first chargeable for allowing slavery to exist, under its own jurisdiction. Second, the states for enacting laws to secure their victims. Third, the slave-holder for carrying out such enactments, in horrid form enough to chill the blood. Fourth, every person who knows what slavery is, and does not raise his voice against this crying sin, but by silence gives consent to its continuance, is chargeable with guilt in the sight of God. "The blood of Zacharias who was slain between the temple and altar," says Christ, "WILL I REQUIRE OF THIS GENERATION."

Look at the slave: his condition is but little, if at all, better than that of the brute; chained down by the law, and the will of his master; and every avenue closed against relief; and the names of those who plead for him, cast out as evil;—must not humanity let its voice be heard, and tell Israel their transgressions and Judah their sins?

May God look upon their afflictions, and deliver them from their cruel task-masters! I verily believe he will, if there be any efficacy in prayer. I have been to their prayer-meetings, and with them offered prayer in their behalf. I have heard some of them in their huts before day-light praying in their simple broken language, telling their heavenly Father of their trials, in the following and similar language.

"Fader in heaven, look upon de poor slave, dat have to work all de day long, dat cant have de time to pray only in de night, and den massa mus not know it.* Fader have mercy on massa and missus. Fader, when shall poor slave get through de world! when will death come,

* At this time there was some fear of insurrection, and the slaves were forbidden to hold meetings.

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and de poor slave go to heaven ;" and in their meetings they frequently add, "Fader, bless de white man dat come to hear de slave pray, bless his family," and so on. They uniformly begin their meetings by singing the following—

"And are we yet alive
To see each other's face," &c.

Is the ear of the Most High deaf to the prayer of the slave? I do firmly believe that their deliverance will come, and that the prayer of this poor afflicted people will be answered.

Emancipation would be safe. I have had eleven winters to learn the disposition of the slaves, and am satisfied that they would peaceably and cheerfully work for pay. Give them education, equal and just laws, and they will become a most interesting people. Oh, let a cry be raised which shall awaken the conscience of this guilty nation, to demand for the slaves immediate and unconditional emancipation.

NEHEMIAH CAULKINS.

NARRATIVE AND TESTIMONY OF REV. HORACE MOULTON.

Mr. MOULTON is an esteemed minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Marlborough, Massachusetts. He spent five years in Georgia, between 1817 and 1824. The following communication has been recently received from him.

MARLBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS, Feb. 18, 1839

DEAR BROTHER—

Yours of Feb. 2nd. requesting me to write out a few facts on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the south, has come to hand. I hasten to comply with your request. Were it not, however, for the claims of those "who are drawn unto death," and the responsibility resting upon me, in consequence of this request, I should

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for ever hold my peace. For I well know that I shall bring upon myself a flood of persecution, for attempting to speak out for the dumb. But I am willing to be set at nought by men, if I can be the means of promoting the welfare of the oppressed of our land. I shall not relate many particular cases of cruelty, though I might a great number; but shall give some general information as to their mode of treatment, their food, clothing, dwellings, deprivations, &c.

Let me say, in the first place, that I spent nearly five years in Savannah, Georgia, and in its vicinity, between the years 1817 and 1824. My object in going to the south, was to engage in making and burning brick; but not immediately succeeding, I engaged in no business of much profit until late in the winter, when I took charge of a set of hands and went to work. During my leisure, however, I was an observer, at the auctions, upon the plantations, and in almost every department of business. The next year, during the cold months, I had several two-horse teams under my care, with which we used to haul brick, boards, and other articles from the wharf into the city, and cotton, rice, corn, and wood from the country. This gave me an extensive acquaintance with merchants, mechanics, and planters. I had slaves under my control some portions of every year when at the south. All the brick yards, except one, on which I was engaged, were connected either with a corn field, potatoe patch, rice field, cotton field, tan works, or with a wood lot. My business, usually, was to take charge of the brick-making department. At those jobs I have sometimes taken in charge both the field and brick-yard hands. I have been on the plantations in South Carolina, but have never been an overseer of slaves in that state, as has been said in the public papers.

I think the above facts and explanations are necessary to be connected with the account I may give of slavery, that the reader may have some knowledge of my acquaintance with *practical* slavery: for many mechanics and merchants, who go to the South, and stay there for

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years, know but little of the dark side of slavery. My account of slavery will apply to *field hands*, who compose much the largest portion of the black population, (probably nine-tenths,) and not to those who are kept for kitchen maids, nurses, waiters, &c., about the houses of the planters and public hotels, where persons from the north obtain most of their knowledge of the evils of slavery. I will now proceed to take up specific points.

THE LABOR OF THE SLAVES

Males and females work together promiscuously on all the plantations. On many plantations *tasks* are given them. The best working hands can have some leisure time; but the feeble and unskilful ones, together with slender females, have indeed a hard time of it, and very often answer for non-performance of tasks at the *whipping-posts*. None who worked with me had tasks at any time. The rule was to work them from sun to sun. But when I was burning brick, they were obliged to take turns, and *sit up all night* about every other night, and work all day. On one plantation, where I spent a few weeks, the slaves were called up to work long before daylight, when business pressed, and worked until late at night; and sometimes some of them *all night*. A large portion of the slaves are owned by masters who keep them on purpose to hire out—and they usually let them to those who will give the highest wages for them, irrespective of their mode of treatment; and those who hire them, will of course try to get the greatest possible amount of work performed, with the least possible expense. Women are seen bringing their infants into the field to their work, and leading others who are not old enough to stay at the cabins with safety. When they get there, they must set them down in the dirt, and go to work. Sometimes they are left to cry until they fall asleep. Others are left at home, shut up in their huts. Now, is it not barbarous, that the mother, with her child or children around her, half starved, must be whipped at night if she does not perform her task? But so it is

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Some who have very young ones, fix a little sack on their backs, and place the infants in it, and work. One reason, I presume is, that they will not cry so much when they can hear their mothers voice. Another is, the mother's fear that the poisonous vipers and snakes will bite them. Truly, I never knew any place where the land is so infested with all kinds of the most venomous snakes, as in the low lands round about Savannah. The mocassin snakes, so called, and water rattle-snakes—the bites of both of which are as poisonous as our upland rattle-snakes at the North,—are found in myriads about the stagnant waters and swamps of the South. The females, in order to secure their infants from these poisonous snakes, do, as I have said, often work with their infants on their backs. Females are sometimes called to take the hardest part of the work. On some brick yards where I have been, the women have been selected as the *moulders* of brick, instead of the men.

II. THE FOOD OF THE SLAVES

It was a general custom, wherever I have been, for the masters to give each of his slaves, male and female, *one peck of corn per week* for their food. This at fifty cents per bushel, which was all that it was worth when I was there, would amount to twelve and a half cents per week for board per head, or sixpence half-penny.

It cost me upon an average, when at the South, one dollar per day for board. The price of fourteen bushels of corn per week. This would make my board equal in amount to the board of *forty-six slaves*? This is all that good or bad masters allow their slaves round about Savannah on the plantations. One peck of gourd-seed corn is to be measured out to each slave once every week. One man with whom I labored, however, being desirous to get all the work out of his hands he could, before I left, (about fifty in number,) bought for them every week, or twice a week, a beef's head from market. With this, they made a soup in a large iron kettle, around which the hands came at meal-time, and dipping out the soup,

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would mix it with their hommony, and eat it as though it were a feast. This man permitted his slaves to eat twice a day while I was doing a job for him. He promised me a beaver hat, and as good a suit of clothes as could be bought in the city, if I would accomplish so much for him before I returned to the north ; giving me the entire control over his slaves. Thus you may see the temptations overseers sometimes have, to get all the work they can out of the poor slaves. The above is an exception to the general rule of feeding. For in all other places where I worked and visited ; the slaves had *nothing from their masters but the corn*, or its equivalent in potatoes or rice, and to this, they were not permitted to come but *once a day*. The custom was to blow the horn early in the morning, as a signal for the hands to rise and go to work ; when commenced, they continued work until about eleven o'clock, A. M., when, at the signal, all hands left off and went into their huts, made their fires, made their corn-meal into hommony or cake, ate it, and went to work again at the signal of the horn, and worked until night, or until their tasks were done. Some cooked their breakfast in the field while at work. Each slave must grind his own corn in a hand-mill after he has done his work at night. There is generally one hand-mill on every plantation for the use of the slaves.

Some of the planters have no corn, others often get out. The substitute for it is, the equivalent of one peck of corn, either in rice or sweet potatoes ; neither of which is as good for the slaves as corn. They complain more of being faint, when fed on rice or potatoes, than when fed on corn. I was with one man a few weeks who gave me his hands to do a job of work, and to save time one cooked for all the rest. The following course was taken, — Twocrotched sticks were driven down at one end of the yard, and a small pole being laid on the crotches, they swung a large iron kettle on the middle of the pole ; then made up a fire under the kettle and boiled the hommony ; when ready, the hands were called around this kettle with their wooden plates and spoons. They dipped

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out and ate standing around the kettle, or sitting upon the ground, as best suited their convenience. When they had potatoes they took them out with their hands, and ate them. As soon as it was thought they had had sufficient time to swallow their food, they were called to their work again. *This was the only meal they ate through the day.* Now think of the little, almost naked, and half-starved children, nibbling upon a piece of cold Indian cake, or a potatoe ! Think of the poor female, just ready to be confined, without any thing that can be called convenient or comfortable ! Think of the old toil-worn father and mother, without anything to eat but the coarsest of food, and not half enough of that ! then think of *home*. When sick, their physicians are their masters and overseers, in most cases, whose skill consists in bleeding, and in administering large potions of Epsom salts, when the whip and *cursing* will not start them from their cabins.

III. HOUSES.

The huts of the slaves are mostly of the poorest kind. They are not as good as those temporary shanties which are thrown up beside railroads. They are erected with posts and crotches, with but little or no frame-work about them. They have no stoves or chimneys ; some of them have something like a fire-place at one end, and a board or two off at that side, or on the roof, to let off the smoke. Others have nothing like a fire-place in them ; in these the fire is sometimes made in the middle of the hut. These buildings have but one apartment in them ; the places where they pass in and out, serve both for doors and windows ; the sides and roofs are covered with coarse, and in many instances with refuse boards. In warm weather, especially in the spring, the slaves keep up a smoke, or fire and smoke, all night, to drive away the gnats and musketoes, which are very troublesome in all the low country of the south ; so much so that the whites sleep under frames with nets over them, knit so fine, that the musketoes cannot fly through them.

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Some of the slaves have rugs to cover them in the coldest weather, but I should think *more have not*. During driving storms they frequently have to run from one hut to another for shelter. In the coldest weather, where they can get wood or stumps, they keep up fires all night in their huts, and lay around them, with their feet towards the blaze. Men, women, and children all lie down together, in most instances. There may be exceptions to the above statements in regard to their houses, but so far as my observations have extended, I have given a fair description, and I have been on a large number of plantations in Georgia and S. Carolina, up and down the Savannah river. Their huts are generally built compactly on the plantations, forming villages of huts, their size proportioned to the number of slaves on them. In these miserable huts the poor blacks are herded at night like swine, *without any conveniences of bedsteads, tables, or chairs*. O misery to the full ! to see the aged sire beating off the swarms of gnats and musketoes in the warm weather, and shivering in the straw, or bending over a few coals in the winter, clothed in rags. I should think males and females, both lie down at night with their working clothes on them. God alone knows how much the poor slaves suffer for the want of convenient houses to secure them from the piercing winds and howling storms of winter, especially the aged, sick, and dying. Although it is much warmer there than here, yet I suffered for a number of weeks in the winter, almost as much in Georgia as I do in Massachusetts.

IV. CLOTHING.

The masters [in Georgia] make a practice of getting two suits of clothes for each slave per year, a thick suit for winter, and a thin one for summer. They provide also one pair of northern made sale shoes for each slave in *winter*. These shoes usually begin to rip in a few weeks. The negroes' mode of mending them is, to *wire* them together, in many instances. Do our northern shoemakers know that they are augmenting the sufferings

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of the poor slaves with their almost good-for nothing sale shoes ? Inasmuch as it is done unto one of those poor sufferers it is done unto our Saviour. The above practice of clothing the slave is customary to some extent. How many, however, fail of this, God only knows. The children and old slaves are, I should think, *exceptions* to the above rule. The males and females have their suits from the same cloth for their winter dresses. These winter garments appear to be made of a mixture of cotton and wool, very coarse and *sleazy*. The whole suit for the men consists of a pair of pantaloons and a short sailor jacket, *without shirt, vest, hat, stockings, or any kind of loose garments ?* These, if worn steadily when at work, would not probably last more than one or two months ; therefore, for the sake of saving them, many of them work, especially in the summer, with no clothing on them except a cloth tied round their waist, and *almost all* with nothing more on them than pantaloons, and these frequently so torn that they do not serve the purposes of common decency. The women have for clothing a short petticoat, and a short loose gown, something like the male's sailor-jacket, *without any under garment, stockings, bonnets, hoods, caps, or any kind of over-clothes.* When at work in warm weather, they usually strip off the loose gown, and have nothing on but a short petticoat with some kind of covering over their breasts. Many children may be seen in the summer months *as naked as they came into the world.* I think, as a whole, they suffer more for the want of comfortable bed-clothes, than they do for wearing apparel. It is true, that some by begging or buying, have more clothes than above described, but the *masters provide them with no more.* They are miserable objects of pity. It may be said of many of them, "I was naked and ye clothed me not." It is enough to melt the hardest heart, to see the ragged mothers nursing their almost naked children, with but a morsel of the coarsest food to eat. The Southern horses and dogs have enough to eat, and good care taken of them, but Southern negroes, who can describe their misery !

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V PUNISHMENTS.

The ordinary mode of punishing the slaves is both cruel and barbarous. The masters seldom, if ever, try to govern their slaves by moral influence, but by whipping, kicking, beating, starving, branding, *cat-hauling*, loading with irons, imprisoning, or by some other cruel mode of torturing. They often boast of having invented some new mode of torture, by which they have "tamed the rascals." What is called a moderate flogging at the south is horribly cruel. Should we whip our horses for any offence as they whip their slaves for small offences, we should expose ourselves to the penalty of the law. The masters whip for the smallest offences, such as not performing their tasks, being caught by the guard or patrol by night, or for taking anything from the master's yard without leave. For these, and the like crimes, the slaves are whipped thirty-nine lashes, and sometimes seventy or a hundred, on the bare back. One slave, who was under my care, was whipped, I think one hundred lashes, for getting a small handfull of wood from his master's yard without leave. I heard an overseer boasting to this same master that he gave one of the boys seventy lashes, for not doing a job of work just as he thought it ought to be done. The owner of the slave appeared to be pleased that the overseer had been so faithful. The apology they make for whipping so cruelly is, that it is to frighten the rest of the gang. The masters say, that what we call an ordinary flogging will not subdue the slaves; hence the most cruel and barbarous scourgings ever witnessed by man are daily and *hourly* inflicted upon the naked bodies of those miserable bondmen; not by masters and negro-drivers only, but by the constables in the common markets and jailors in their yards.

When the slaves are whipped, either in public or private, they have their hands fastened by the wrists, with a rope or cord prepared for the purpose: this being thrown over a beam, a limb of a tree, or something else, the culprit is drawn up and stretched by the arms as high as possible, without raising his feet from the ground or

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floor : and sometimes they are made to stand on tip-toe ; then the feet are made fast to something prepared for them. In this distorted posture the monster flies at them, sometimes in great rage, with his implements of torture, and cuts on with all his might, over the shoulders, under the arms, and sometimes over the head and ears, or on parts of the body where he can inflict the greatest torment. Occasionally the whipper, especially if his victim does not beg enough to suit him, while under the lash, will fly into a passion, uttering the most horrid oaths ; while the victim of his rage is crying, at every stroke, " Lord have mercy ! Lord have mercy !" The scenes exhibited at the whipping post are awfully terrific and frightful to one whose heart has not turned to stone ; I never could look on for a moment. While under the lash, the bleeding victim writhes in agony, convulsed with torture. Thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, which tear the skin at almost every stroke, is what the South calls a very *moderate punishment* ! Many masters whip until they are tired—until the back is a gore of blood—then rest upon it : after a short cessation, get up and go at it again ; and after having satiated their revenge in the blood of their victims, they sometimes *leave them tied, for hours together, bleeding at every wound.*—Sometimes, after being whipped, they are bathed with a brine of salt and water. Now and then a master, but more frequently a mistress who has no husband, will send them to jail a few days, giving orders to have them whipped, so many lashes, once or twice a day. Sometimes, after being whipped, some have been shut up in a dark place and deprived of food, in order to increase their torments : and I have heard of some who have, in such circumstances, died of their wounds and starvation.

Such scenes of horror as above described are so common in Georgia that they attract no attention. To threaten them with death, or with breaking in their teeth or jaws, or cracking their heads, is *common talk*, when scolding at the slaves.—Those who run away from their masters and are caught again generally fare the worst.

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They are generally lodged in jail, with instructions from the owner to have them cruelly whipped. Some order the constables to whip them publicly in the market. Constables at the south are generally savage, brutal men. They have become so accustomed to catching and whipping negroes, that they are as fierce as tigers. Slaves who are absent from their yards or plantations after eight o'clock, P. M., and are taken by the guard in the cities, or by the patrols in the country, are, if not called for before nine o'clock, A. M., the next day, secured in prisons; and hardly ever escape, until their backs are torn up by the cow-hide. On plantations, the *evenings* usually present scenes of horror. Those slaves against whom charges are preferred for not having performed their tasks, and for various faults, must, after work-hours at night, undergo their torments. I have often heard the sound of the lash, the curses of the whipper, and the cries of the poor negro rending the air, late in the evening, and long before day-light in the morning.

It is very common for masters to say to the overseers or drivers, "put it on to them," "don't spare that fellow," "give that scoundrel one hundred lashes," &c. Whipping the women when in delicate circumstances, as they sometimes do, without any regard to their entreaties or the entreaties of their nearest friends, is truly barbarous. If negroes could testify, they would tell you of instances of women being whipped until they have miscarried at the whipping-post. I heard of such things at the south—they are undoubtedly facts. Children are whipped unmercifully for the smallest offences, and that before their mothers. A large proportion of the blacks have their shoulders, backs, and arms all scarred up, and not a few of them have had their heads laid open with clubs, stones, and brick-bats, and with the butt-end of whips and canes—some have had their jaws broken, others their teeth knocked in or out; while others have had their ears cropped and the sides of their cheeks gashed out. Some of the poor creatures have lost the sight of

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one of their eyes by the careless blows of the whipper, or by some other violence.

But punishing of slaves as above described, is not the only mode of torture. Some tie them up in a very uneasy posture, where they must stand *all night*, and they will then work them hard all day—that is, work them hard all day and torment them all night. Others punish by fastening them down on a log, or something else, and strike them on the bare skin with a board paddle full of holes. This breaks the skin, in many cases, at every hole where it comes in contact with it. Others, when other modes of punishment will not subdue them, *cat-haul* them—that is, take a cat by the nape of the neck and tail, or by the hind legs, and drag the claws across the back until satisfied. This kind of punishment poisons the flesh much worse than the whip, and is more dreaded by the slave. Some are branded by a hot iron, others have their flesh cut out in large gashes, to mark them. Some who are prone to run away, have iron fetters riveted around their ankles, sometimes they are put only on one foot, and are dragged on the ground. Others have large iron collars or yokes upon their necks, or clogs riveted upon their wrists or ankles. Some have bells put upon them, hung upon a sort of frame to an iron collar. Some masters fly into a rage at trifles and knock down their negroes with their fists, or with the first thing that they can get hold of. The whip-lash-knots, or raw hide, have sometimes, by a reckless stroke, reached round to the front of the body and cut through to the bowels. One slave-holder with whom I lived, whipped one of his slaves one day, as many, I should think, as one hundred lashes, and then turned the *butt-end* and went to beating him over the head and ears, and truly I was amazed that the slave was not killed on the spot. Not a few slave-holders whip their slaves to death, and then say that they died under a “moderate correction.” I wonder that ten are not killed where one is! Were they not much harder than the whites, many more of them must die than do. One young mulatto man, with whom I was well ac-

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quainted, was killed by his master in his yard with impunity. I boarded at the same time near the place where this glaring murder was committed, and knew the master well. He had a plantation, on which he enacted, almost daily, cruel barbarities, some of them, I was informed, more terrific, if possible, than death itself. Little notice was taken of this murder, and it all passed off without any action being taken against the murderer. The masters used to try to make me whip their negroes. They said I could not get along with them without flogging them—but I found I could get along better with them by coaxing and encouraging them than by beating and flogging them. I had not a heart to beat and kick about those beings. I never was guilty of having but one whipped, and he was whipped but eight or nine blows. The circumstances were as follows: Several negroes were put under my care, one spring, *who were fresh from Congo and Guinea*. I could not understand them, neither could they me, in one word I spoke. I therefore pointed to them to go to work; all obeyed me willingly but one—he refused. I told the driver that he must tie him up and whip him. After he had tied him, by the help of some others, we struck him eight or nine blows, and he yielded. I told the driver not to strike him another blow. We untied him, and he went to work, and continued faithful all the time he was with me. This one was not a sample, however—many of them have such exalted views of freedom that it is hard work for the masters to whip them into brutes, that is, to subdue their noble spirits. The negroes being put under my care, did not prevent the masters from whipping them when they pleased. But they never whipped much in my presence. This work was usually left until I had dismissed the hands. On the plantations, the masters chose to have the slaves whipped in the presence of all the hands, to strike them with terror.

VI. RUNAWAYS.

Numbers of poor slaves run away from their masters; some of whom doubtless perish in the swamps and other

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secret places, rather than return back again to their masters ; others stay away until they almost famish with hunger, and then return home rather than die, while others who abscond are caught by the negro-hunters, in various ways. Sometimes the master will hire some of his most-trusty negroes to secure any stray negroes, who come on to their plantations, for many come at night to beg food of their friends on the plantations. The slaves assist one another usually when they can, and not be found out in it. The master can now and then, however, get some of his hands to betray the runaways. Some obtain their living by hunting after lost slaves. The most common way is to train up young dogs to follow them. This can easily be done by obliging a slave to go out into the woods, and climb a tree, and then put the young dog on his track, and with a little assistance he can be taught to follow him to the tree, and when found, of course the dog would bark at such game as a poor negro on a tree. There was a man living in Savannah when I was there, who kept a large number of dogs for no other purpose than to hunt runaway negroes. And he always had enough of this work to do, for hundreds of runaways are never found, but could he get news soon after one had fled, he was almost sure to catch him. And this fear of the dogs restrains multitudes from running off.

When he went out on a hunting excursion, to be gone several days, he took several persons with him, armed generally with rifles and followed by the dogs. The dogs were as true to the track of a negro, if one had passed recently, as a hound is to the track of a fox when he has found it. When the dogs draw near to their game, the slave must turn and fight them or climb a tree. If the latter, the dogs will stay and bark until the pursuers come. The blacks frequently deceive the dogs by crossing and recrossing the creeks. Should the hunters who have no dogs, start a slave from his hiding-place, and the slave not to stop at the hunter's call, he will shoot at him, as soon as he would at a deer. Some masters advertise so much for a runaway slave, dead or alive.

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It undoubtedly gives such more satisfaction to know that their property is dead, than to know that it is alive without being able to get it. Some slaves run away who never mean to be taken alive. I will mention one. He ran off and was pursued by the dogs, but having a weapon with him he succeeded in killing two or three of the dogs ; but was afterwards shot. He had declared, that he never would be taken alive. The people rejoiced at the death of the slave, but lamented the death of the dogs, they were such ravenous hunters. Poor fellow, he fought for life and liberty like a hero ; but the bullets brought him down. A negro can hardly walk unmolested at the south.—Every colored stranger that walks the streets is suspected of being a runaway slave, hence he must be interrogated by every negro-hater whom he meets, and should he not have a pass, he must be arrested and hurried off to jail. Some masters boast that their slaves would not be free if they could. How little they know of their slaves ! They are all sighing and groaning for freedom. May God hasten the time !

VII. CONFINEMENT AT NIGHT.

When the slaves have done their day's work, they must be herded together like sheep in their yards, or on their plantations. They have not as much liberty as northern men have, who are sent to jail for debt, for they have liberty to walk a larger yard than the slaves have. The slaves must all be at their homes precisely at eight o'clock, P. M. At this hour the drums beat in the cities, as a signal for every slave to be in his den. In the country, the signal is given by firing guns, or some other way by which they may know the hour when to be at home. After this hour, the guard in the cities, and patrols in the country, being well armed, are on duty until daylight in the morning. If they catch any negroes during the night without a pass, they are immediately seized and hurried away to the guard-house, or if in the country to some place of confinement, where they are kept until nine o'clock, A. M., the next day ; if not called for by

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that time, they are hurried off to jail, and there remain until called for by their master, and his jail and guard-house fees are paid. The guards and patrols receive one dollar extra for every one they can catch, who has not a pass from his master, or overseer, but few masters will give their slaves passes to be out at night unless on some special business: notwithstanding, many venture out, watching every step they take for the guard or patrol: the consequence is, some are caught almost every night, and some nights many are taken; some, fleeing after being hailed by the watch, are shot down in attempting their escape, others are crippled for life.

HORACE MOULTON.

NARRATIVE AND TESTIMONY OF SARAH M. GRIMKE.

Miss Grimke is a daughter of the late Judge Grimke, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimke. The following is her testimony.

As I left my native state on account of slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the lash and the shrieks of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar; but this may not, cannot be; they come over my memory like gory spectres, and implore me with resistless power, in the name of a God of mercy, in the name of a crucified Saviour, in the name of humanity; for the sake of the slave-holder, as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison house. I feel impelled by a sacred sense of duty, by my obligations to my country, by sympathy for the bleeding victims of tyranny and lust, to give my testimony respecting the system of American slavery,—to detail a few facts, most of which came under my *personal observation*. And here I may premise, that the actors in these tragedies were all men and women of the highest respectability, and of the first families in South

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Carolina, and, with one exception, citizens of Charleston ; and that their cruelties did not in the slightest degree affect their standing in society.

A handsome mulatto woman, about eighteen or twenty years of age, whose independent spirit could not brook the degradation of slavery, was in the habit of running away : for this offence she had been repeatedly sent by her master and mistress to be whipped by the keeper of the Charleston work-house. This had been done with such inhuman severity, as to lacerate her back in a most shocking manner ; a finger could not be laid between the cuts. But the love of liberty was too strong to be annihilated by torture : and, as a last resort, she was whipped at several different times, and kept a close prisoner. A heavy iron collar, with three long prongs projecting from it, was placed round her neck, and a strong and sound front tooth was extracted, to serve as a mark to describe her in case of escape. Her sufferings at this time were agonizing ; she could lie in no position but on her back, which was sore from scourgings, as I can testify, from personal inspection, and her only place of rest was the floor, on a blanket. These outrages were committed in a family where the mistress daily read the Scriptures, and assembled her children for family worship. She was accounted, and was really, so far as alms-giving was concerned, a charitable woman, and tender-hearted to the poor ; and yet this suffering slave, who was the seamstress of the family, was continually in her presence, sitting in her chamber to sew, or engaged in her other household work, with her lacerated and bleeding back, her mutilated mouth, and heavy iron collar, without, so far as appeared, exciting any feelings of compassion.

A highly intelligent slave, who panted after freedom with ceaseless longings, made many attempts to get possession of himself. For every offence he was punished with extreme severity. At one time he was tied up by his hands to a tree, and whipped until his back was one gore of blood. To this terrible infliction he was subjected at intervals for several weeks, and kept heavily

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ironed while at his work. His master one day accused him of a fault, in the usual terms dictated by passion and arbitrary power; the man protested his innocence, but was not credited. He again repelled the charge with honest indignation. His master's temper rose almost to frenzy; and seizing a fork, he made a deadly plunge at the breast of the slave. The man being far his superior in strength, caught his arm, and dashed the weapon on the floor. His master grasped at his throat, but the slave disengaged himself, and rushed from the apartment. Having made his escape, he fled to the woods; and after wandering about for many months, living on roots and berries, and enduring every hardship, he was arrested and committed to jail. Here he lay for a considerable time, allowed scarcely food enough to sustain life, whipped in the most shocking manner, and confined in a cell so loathsome, that when his master visited him, he said the stench was enough to knock a man down. The filth had never been removed from the apartment since the poor creature had been immured in it. Although a black man, such had been the effect of starvation and suffering, that his master declared he hardly recognized him—his complexion was so yellow, and his hair, naturally thick and black, had become red and scanty; an infallible sign of long continued living on bad and insufficient food. Stripes, imprisonment, and the gnawings of hunger, had broken his lofty spirit for a season; and, to use his master's own exulting expression, "he was as humble as a dog." After a time he made another attempt to escape, and was absent so long, that a reward was offered for him, *dead or alive*. He eluded every attempt to take him, and his master, despairing of ever getting him again, offered to pardon him if he would return home. It is always understood that such intelligence will reach the runaway; and accordingly, at the entreaties of his wife and mother, the fugitive once more consented to return to his bitter bondage. I believe this was the last effort to obtain his liberty. His heart became touched with the power of the gospel; and the spirit, which no inflictions could subdue,

bowed at the cross of Jesus, and with the language on his lips—"the cup that my father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" submitted to the yoke of the oppressor, and wore his chains in un murmuring patience till death released him. The master who perpetrated these wrongs upon his slave, was one of the most influential and honoured citizens of South Carolina, and to his equals was bland, and courteous, and benevolent even to a proverb.

A slave who had been separated from his wife, because it best suited the convenience of his owner, ran away. He was taken up on the plantation where his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, then lived. His only object in running away was to return to her—no other fault was attributed to him. For this offence he was confined in the stocks six weeks, in a miserable hovel, not weather-tight. He received fifty lashes weekly during that time, was allowed food barely sufficient to sustain him, and when released from confinement, was not permitted to return to his wife. His master, although himself a husband and a father, was unmoved by the touching appeals of the slave, who entreated that he might only remain with his wife, promising to discharge his duties faithfully; his master continued inexorable, and he was torn from his wife and family. The owner of this slave was a professing Christian, in full membership with the church, and this circumstance occurred when he was confined to his chamber during his last illness.

A punishment dreaded more by the slaves than whipping, unless it is unusually severe, is one which was invented by a female acquaintance of mine in Charleston—I heard her say so with much satisfaction. It is standing on one foot and holding the other in the hand. Afterwards it was improved upon, a strap was contrived to fasten around the ankle, and pass around the neck; so that the least weight of the foot resting on the strap would choke the person. The pain occasioned by this unnatural position was great; and when continued, as it sometimes was, for an hour or more, produced intense agony. I heard this same woman say, that she had the ears of her

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waiting maid *did* for some petty theft. This she told me in the presence of the girl, who was standing in the room. She often had the helpless victims of her cruelty severely whipped, not scrupling herself to wield the instrument of torture, and with her own hands inflict severe chastisement. Her husband was less inhuman than his wife, but he was often goaded on by her to acts of great severity. In his last illness I was sent for, and watched beside his death couch. The girl on whom he had so often inflicted punishment, haunted his dying hours; and when at length the king of terrors approached, he shrieked in utter agony of spirit, "Oh, the blackness of darkness, the black imps, I can see them all around me—take them away!" and amid such exclamations he expired. These persons were of one of the first families in Charleston.

A friend of mine, in whose veracity I have entire confidence, told me that about two years ago, a woman in Charleston, with whom I was well acquainted, had starved a female slave to death. She was confined in a solitary apartment, kept constantly tied, and condemned to the slow and horrible death of starvation. This woman was notoriously cruel. To those who have read the narrative of James Williams I need only say, that the character of young Larimore's wife is an exact description of this female tyrant, whose countenance was ever dressed in smiles when in the presence of strangers, but whose heart was as the nether millstone toward her slaves.

As I was travelling in the lower country in South Carolina, a number of years since, my attention was suddenly arrested by an exclamation of horror from the coachman, who called out, "Look there, Miss Sarah, don't you see?"—I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a human head stuck up on a high pole. On inquiry, I found that a runaway slave, who was outlawed, had been shot there, his head severed from his body, and put upon the public highway, as a terror to deter slaves from running away.

On a plantation in North Carolina, where I was visiting, I happened one day, in my rambles, to step into a

negro cabin ; my compassion was instantly called forth by the object which presented itself. A slave, whose head was white with age, was lying in one corner of the hovel ; he had under his head a few filthy rags, but the boards were his only bed : it was the depth of winter, and the wind whistled through every part of the dilapidated building—he opened his languid eyes when I spoke, and in reply to my question, “ What is the matter ? ” he said, “ I am dying of a cancer in my side.”— As he removed the rags which covered the sore, I found that it extended half round the body, and was shockingly neglected. I inquired if he had any nurse. “ No, Missey,” was his answer, “ but de people (the slaves) very kind to me, dey often steal time to run and see me and fetch me someting to eat ; if dey did not, I might starve.” The master and mistress of this man, who had been worn out in their service, were remarkable for their intelligence, and their hospitality knew no bounds towards those who were of their own grade in society : the master had for some time held the highest military office in North Carolina, and not long previous to the time of which I speak, was the Governor of the State.

On a plantation in South Carolina, I witnessed a similar case of suffering—an aged woman suffering under an incurable disease in the same miserably neglected situation. The “ owner ” of this slave was proverbially kind to her negroes ; so much so, that the planters in the neighbourhood said she spoiled them, and set a bad example, which might produce discontent among the surrounding slaves ; yet I have seen this woman tremble with rage, when her slaves displeased her, and heard her use language to them which could only be expected from an inmate of Bridewell ; and have known her in a gust of passion send a favorite slave to the work-house to be severely whipped.

Another fact occurs to me. A young woman about eighteen, stated some circumstances relative to her young master, which were thought derogatory to his character ; whether true or false, I am unable to say ; she was

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threatened with punishment, but persisted in affirming that she had only spoken the truth. Finding her incorrigible, it was concluded to send her to the Charleston work-house and have her whipt; she pleaded in vain for a commutation of her sentence, not so much because she dreaded the actual suffering, as because her delicate mind shrunk from the shocking exposure of her person to the eyes of brutal and licentious men: she declared to me that death would be preferable; but her entreaties were vain, and as there were no means of escaping but by running away, she resorted to it as a desperate remedy, for her timid nature never could have braved the perils necessarily encountered by fugitive slaves, had not her mind been thrown into a state of despair.—She was apprehended after a few weeks, by two slave-catchers, in a deserted house, and as it was late in the evening they concluded to spend the night there. What inhuman treatment she received from them has never been revealed. They tied her with cords to their bodies, and supposing they had secured their victim, soon fell into a deep sleep, probably rendered more profound by intoxication and fatigue; but the miserable captive slumbered not: by some means she disengaged herself from her bonds, and again fled through the lone wilderness. After a few days she was discovered in a wretched hut, which seemed to have been long uninhabited; she was speechless; a raging fever had consumed her vitals, and when a physician saw her, he said, she was dying of a disease brought on by over fatigue; her mother was permitted to visit her, but ere she reached her, the damps of death stood upon her brow, and she had only the sad consolation of looking on the death-struck form and convulsive agonies of her child.

A beloved friend in South Carolina, the wife of a slaveholder, with whom I often mingled my tears, when helpless and hopeless we deplored together the horrors of slavery, related to me some years since the following circumstance.

On the plantation adjoining her husband's, there was a

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slave of pre-eminent piety. His master was not a professor of religion, but the superior excellence of this disciple of Christ was not unmarked by him, and I believe he was so sensible of the good influence of his piety, that he did not deprive him of the few religious privileges within his reach. A planter was one day dining with the owner of this slave, and in the course of conversation observed, that all profession of religion among slaves was mere hypocrisy. The other asserted a contrary opinion, adding, I have a slave, who I believe would rather die than deny his Saviour. This was ridiculed, and the master urged to prove the assertion. He accordingly sent for this man of God, and peremptorily ordered him to deny his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The slave pleaded to be excused, constantly affirming that he would rather die than deny the Redeemer, whose blood was shed for him. His master, after vainly trying to induce obedience by threats, had him terribly whipped. The fortitude of the sufferer was not to be shaken; he nobly rejected the offer of exemption from further chastisement at the expense of destroying his soul, and this blessed martyr *died in consequence of this severe infliction*. Oh, how bright a gem will this victim of irresponsible power be, in that crown which sparkles on the Redeemer's brow; and that many such will cluster there, I have not the shadow of a doubt,

SARAH M. GRIMKE.

*Fort Lee, Bergen County,
New Jersey, 3rd Month, 26th, 1830.*

TESTIMONY OF THE LATE REV. JOHN GRAHAM,

of Townsend, Mass., who resided in South Carolina, from 1831, to the latter part of 1833. Mr. Graham graduated at Amherst College in 1829, spent some time at the Theological Seminary, in New Haven, Ct., and went to South Carolina for his health in 1830. He resided principally on the island of St. Helena, S. C., and most of the time in the family of James Tripp, Esq., a wealthy slave-holding planter. During his residence at St. Helena,

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he was engaged as an instructor, and was most of the time the stated preacher on the island. Mr. G. was extensively known in Massachusetts; and his fellow students and instructors, at Amherst College, and at Yale Theological Seminary, can bear testimony to his integrity and moral worth. The following are extracts of letters, which he wrote while in South Carolina, to an intimate friend in Concord, Massachusetts, who has kindly furnished them for publication.

EXTRACTS.

Springfield, St. Helena Isl., S. C., Oct. 22, 1832.

"Last night, about one o'clock, I was awakened by the report of a musket. I was out of bed almost instantly. On opening my window, I found the report proceeded from my host's chamber. He had let off his pistol, which he usually keeps by him night and day, at a slave, who had come into the yard, and as it appears, had been with one of his house servants. He did not hit him. The ball, taken from a pine tree the next morning, I will show you, should I be spared by Providence ever to return to you. The house-servant was called to the master's chamber, where he received seventy-five lashes, very severe too; and I could not only hear every lash, but each groan which succeeded very distinctly as I lay in my bed. What was then done with the servant I know not. Nothing was said of this to me in the morning, and I presume it will ever be kept from me with care, if I may judge of kindred acts. I shall make no comment."

In the same letter, Mr. Graham says:—

"You ask me of my hostess"—then after giving an idea of her character, he says;—"To-day, she has I verily believe laid, in a very severe manner too, more than three hundred stripes, upon the house servants," (seventeen in number.)

Darlington, Court House, S. C. March 28th, 1838.

"I walked up to the Court House to-day, where I heard one of the most interesting cases I ever heard. I say interesting, on account of its novelty to me, though it had no novelty for the people, as such cases are of fre-

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quent occurrence. The case was this ; To know whether two ladies, present in court, were *white* or *black*. The ladies were dressed well, seemed modest, and were retiring and neat in their look, having blue eyes, black hair, and appeared to understand much of the etiquette of southern behaviour.

"A man, more avaricious than humane, as is the case with most of the rich planters, laid a remote claim to those two modest, unassuming, innocent and free young ladies as his property, with the design of putting them into the field, and thus increasing his STOCK ! As well as the people of Concord are known for their peaceful disposition, and for their love of good order, I verily believe if a similar trial should be brought forward there, and conducted as this was, the good people would drive the lawyers out of the house. Such would be their indignation at their language, and at the mean under-handed manner of trying to ruin those young ladies, as to their standing in society in this district, if they could not succeed in dooming them for life to the degraded condition of slavery, and all its intolerable cruelties. Oh slavery ! if statues of marble could curse you, they would speak. If bricks could speak, they would all surely thunder out their anathemas against you, accursed thing ! How many white sons and daughters, have bled and groaned under the lash in this sultry climate," &c.

Under the date of March, 1832, Mr. G. writes, "I have been doing what I hope never to be called to do again, and what I fear I have badly done, though performed to the best of my ability, namely, sewing up a very bad wound made by a wild hog. The slave was hunting wild hogs, when one, being closely pursued, turned upon his pursuer, who, turning to run, was caught by the animal, thrown down, and badly wounded in the thigh. The wound is about five inches long and very deep. It was made by the tusk of the animal. The slaves brought him to one of the huts, on Mr. Tripp's plantation, and made every exertion to stop the blood by filling the wound with ashes; (their remedy for stopping

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blood,) but finding this to fail, they came to me (there being no other white person on the plantation, as it is now holidays) to know if I could stop the blood. I went and found that the poor creature must bleed to death unless it could be stopped soon. I called for a needle and succeeded in sewing it up as well as I could, and in stopping the blood. In a short time his master, who had been sent for, came; and oh, you would have shuddered if you had heard the awful oaths that fell from his lips, threatening in the same breath, "*to pay him for that.*" I left him as soon as decency would permit, with his hearty thanks that I had saved him five hundred dollars! Oh, may heaven protect the poor, suffering, fainting slave, and show his master his wanton cruelty—oh slavery! slavery!"

Under date of July, 1832, Mr. G. writes, "I wish you could have been at the breakfast table with me this morning to have seen and heard what I saw and heard, not that I wish your ear and heart and soul pained as mine is, 'with every day's' observation 'of wrong and outrage' with which this place is filled, but that you might have auricular and ocular evidence of the cruelty of slavery, of cruelties that mortal language can never describe—that you might see the tender mercies of a hardened slave-holder, one who bears the name of being *one of the mildest and most merciful masters of which this island can boast.* Oh, my friend, another is screaming under the lash, in the shed-room, but for what I know not. The scene this morning was truly distressing to me. It was this:—*After the blessing was asked at the breakfast table, one of the servants, a woman grown, in giving one of the children some molasses, happened to pour out a little more than usual, though not more than the child usually eats.* Her master was angry at the petty and indifferent mistake, or slip of the hand. He rose from the table, took both of her hands in one of his, and with the other began to beat her, first on one side of her head and then on the other, and repeating this, till, as he said on sitting down at table, it hurt his hand too much to con-

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tinue it longer. He then took off his shoe, and with the heel began in the same manner as with his hand, till the poor creature could no longer endure it without screeches and raising her elbow as it is natural to ward off the blows. He then called a great overgrown negro to *hold her hands behind her* while he should wreak his vengeance upon the poor servant. In this position he began again to beat the poor suffering wretch. It now became intolerable to bear; she fell, screaming to me for help. After she fell, he beat her until I thought she would have died in his hands. She got up, however, went out and washed off the blood, and came in before we rose from the table, one of the most pitiable objects I ever saw till I came to the South. Her ears were almost as thick as my hand, and her eyes awfully blood-shotten, her lips, nose, cheeks, chin, and whole head swollen so that no one would have known it was Etta—and for all this, she had to turn round as she was going out and *thank her master*! Now, all this was done while I was sitting at breakfast with the rest of the family. Think you not I wished myself sitting with the peaceful and happy circle around your table? Think of my feelings, but pity the poor negro slave, who not only fans his cruel master when he eats and sleeps, but bears the stripes his caprice may inflict. Think of this, and let heaven hear your prayers."

In a letter dated St. Helena Island, S. C., Dec. 3, 1832, Mr. G. writes, "If a slave here complains to his master, that his task is too great, his master at once calls him a scoundrel and tells him it is only because he has not enough to do, and orders the driver to increase his task, however unable he may be for the performance of it. I saw TWENTY-SEVEN whipped at one time just because they did not do more, when the poor creatures were so tired that they could scarcely drag one foot after the other."

TESTIMONY OF MR. WILLIAM POE.

Mr. Poe is a native of Richmond, Virginia, and was

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formerly a slave-holder. He was for several years a merchant in Richmond, and subsequently in Lynchburg, Virginia. A few years since, he emancipated his slaves, and removed to Hamilton County, Ohio, near Cincinnati; where he is a highly respected ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. He says,—

“I am pained exceedingly, and nothing but my duty to God, to the oppressors, and to the poor down-trodden slaves, who go mourning all their days, could move me to say a word. I will state to you a *few* cases of the abuse of the slaves, but time would fail, if I had language to tell how many and great are the inflictions of slavery, even in its mildest form.

Benjamin James Harris, a wealthy tobacconist of Richmond, Virginia, whipped a slave girl fifteen years old to death. While he was whipping her, his wife heated a smoothing iron, put it on her body in various places, and burned her severely. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was, “Died of excessive whipping.” He was tried in Richmond, and acquitted. I attended the trial. Some years after, this same Harris whipped another slave to death. The man had not done so much work as was required of him. After a number of protracted and violent scourgings, with short intervals between, the slave died under the lash. Harris was tried, and again acquitted, because none but blacks saw it done. The same man afterwards whipped another slave severely, for not doing work to please him. After repeated and severe floggings in quick succession, for the same cause, the slave, in despair of pleasing him, cut off his own hand. Harris soon after became a bankrupt, went to New Orleans to recruit his finances, failed, returned to Kentucky, became a maniac, and died.

A captain in the United States' navy, who married a daughter of the collector of the port of Richmond, and resided there, became offended with his negro boy, took him into the meat-house, put him upon a stool, crossed his hands before him, tied a rope to them, threw it over a joist in the building, drew the boy up so that he could

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just stand on the stool with his toes, and kept him in that position, flogging him severely at intervals, until the boy became so exhausted that he reeled off the stool, and swung by his hands until he died. The master was tried and acquitted.

In Goochland County, Virginia, an overseer tied a slave to a tree, flogged him again and again with great severity, then piled brush round him, set it on fire, and burned him to death. The overseer was tried and imprisoned. The whole transaction may be found on the records of the court.

In travelling, one day, from Petersburg to Richmond, Virginia, I heard cries of distress at a distance, on the road. I rode up, and found two white men beating a slave. One of them had hold of a rope, which was passed under the bottom of a fence; the other end was fastened around the neck of the slave, who was thrown flat on the ground, on his face, with his back bared. The other was beating him furiously with a large hickory.

A slave-holder in Henrico County, Virginia, had a slave who used frequently to work for my father. One morning he came into the field with his back completely *cut up*, and mangled from his head to his heels. The man was so stiff and sore he could scarcely walk. This same person got offended with another of his slaves, knocked him down, and struck out one of his eyes with a maul. The eyes of several of his slaves were injured by similar violence.

In Richmond, Virginia, a company occupied as a dwelling a large warehouse. They got angry with a negro lad, one of their slaves, took him into the cellar, tied his hands with a rope, bored a hole through the floor, and passed the rope up through it. Some of the family drew up the boy, while others whipped. This they continued until the boy died. The warehouse was owned by a Mr. Whitlock, on the site of one formerly owned by a Mr. Philpot.

Joseph Chilton, a resident of Campbell County, Virginia, purchased a quart of tanners' oil, for the purpose,

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as he said, of putting it on one of his negro's head, that he had sometime previous pitched or tarred over for running away.

In the town of Lynchburg, Virginia, there was a negro man put in prison, charged with having pillaged some packages of goods, which he, as head man of a boat, received at Richmond, to be delivered at Lynchburg. The goods belonged to A. B. Nichols, of Liberty, Bedford County, Virginia. He came to Lynchburg, and desired the jailer to permit him to whip the negro, to make him confess, as there was *no proof against him*. Mr. Williams, (I think that is his name,) a pious Methodist man, a great stickler for law and good order, professedly a great friend to the black man, delivered the negro into the hands of Nichols. Nichols told me that he took the slave, tied his wrists together, then drew his arms down so far below his knees as to permit a staff to pass above the arms under the knees, thereby placing the slave in a situation that he could not move hand or foot. He then commenced his bloody work, and continued at intervals, until five hundred blows were inflicted. I received this statement from Nichols himself.

FURTHER PROOFS OF THE PARTICULAR PRIVATIONS OF THE SLAVES.

I. FOOD.

We begin with the *food* of the slaves, because if they are ill treated in this respect, we may be sure that they will be ill treated in other respects, and generally in a greater degree. For a man habitually to stint his dependents in their food, is the extreme of meanness and cruelty, and the greatest evidence he can give of utter indifference to their comfort. The father who stints his children or domestics, or the master his apprentices, or the employer his laborers, or the officer his soldiers, or the captain his crew, when able to furnish them with sufficient food, is every where looked upon as unfeeling and cruel. All mankind agree to call such a character inhuman.

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If any thing can move a hard heart, it is the appeal of hunger. The Arab robber whose whole life is a prowl for plunder, will freely divide his camel's milk with the hungry stranger who halts at his tent door, though he may have just waylaid him and stripped him of his money. Even savages take pity on hunger. Who ever went famishing from an Indian's wigwam? As much as hunger craves, is the Indian's free gift even to an enemy. The necessity for food is such a universal want, so constant, manifest, and imperative, that the heart is more touched with pity by the plea of hunger, and more ready to supply that want than any other. He who can habitually inflict on others the pain of hunger by giving them insufficient food, can habitually inflict on them any other pain. He can kick and cuff and flog and brand them, put them in irons or the stocks, can overwork them, deprive them of sleep, lacerate their backs, make them work without clothing, and sleep without covering.

Other cruelties may be perpetrated in hot blood and the acts regretted as soon as done—the feeling that prompts them is not a permanent state of mind, but a violent impulse stung up by sudden provocation. But he who habitually withholds from his dependents sufficient sustenance, can plead no such palliation. The fact itself shows, that his permanent state of mind toward them is a brutal indifference to their wants and sufferings—a state of mind which will naturally, necessarily, show itself in innumerable privations and inflictions upon them, when it can be done with impunity.

If, therefore, we find upon examination, that the slaveholders do not furnish their slaves with sufficient food, and do thus habitually inflict upon them the pain of hunger; we have a clue furnished to their treatment in other respects, and may fairly infer habitual and severe privations and inflictions; not merely from the fact that men are quick to feel for those who suffer from hunger, and perhaps more ready to relieve that want than any other; but also, because it is more for the interest of the slaveholder to supply that want than any other; consequently,

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if the slave suffer in this respect, he must, as the general rule, suffer *more* in other respects. We now proceed to show that the slaves have insufficient food. This will be shown first from the express declarations of slave-holders, and other competent witnesses who are, or have been residents of slave states, that the slaves generally *underfed*. And then, by the laws of slave states, and by the testimony of slave-holders and others, the *kind, quantity, and quality*, of their allowance will be given, and the reader left to judge for himself whether the slave *must* not be a sufferer.

THE SLAVES SUFFER FROM HUNGER—DECLARATIONS OF SLAVE-HOLDERS, AND OTHERS.

WITNESSES AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

Hon. Alexander Smyth, a slave-holder, and for ten years, Member of Congress from Virginia.—“By confining the slaves to the Southern states, where crops are raised for exportation, and bread and meat are purchased, you *doom them to scarcity and hunger*. It is proposed to hem in the blacks where they are *ILL FED*.”

Rev. George Whitefield.—“My blood has frequently run cold within me, to think how many of your slaves *have not sufficient food to eat*; they are scarcely permitted to *pick up the crumbs* that fall from their master's table.”

Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, Ohio.—“Thousands of the slaves are pressed with the gnawings of cruel hunger during their whole lives.”

Report of the Gradual Emancipation Society, of North Carolina, 1826. Signed Moses Swain, President, and William Swain, Secretary.—Speaking of the condition of slaves, in the eastern part of that state, the report says,—“The master puts the unfortunate wretches upon short allowances, scarcely sufficient for their sustenance, so that a *great part* of them go *half-starved* much of the time.”

Mr. Asa. A. Stone, a Theological Student.—“On almost every plantation, the hands suffer more or less from

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hunger at some seasons of almost every year. There is always a *good deal of suffering* from hunger. On many plantations, and particularly in Louisiana, the slaves are in a condition of *almost utter famishment*, during a great portion of the year."

Mr. Tobias Boudinot, St. Albans, Ohio, a member of the Methodist Church.—"The slaves down the Mississippi, are *half-starved*: the boats, when they stop at night, are constantly boarded by slaves, begging for something to eat."

II. KINDS OF FOOD.

Hon. Robert Turnbull.—"The subsistence of the slaves consist, from March until August, of corn ground into grits, or meal, made into what is called *hominy*, or baked into corn bread. The other six months, they are fed upon the sweet potatoe. Meat, when given, is only by way of *indulgence or favor*."

Mr. Eleazar Powell, Chippewa, Beaver Co., Penn.—"The food of the slaves was generally corn bread, and *sometimes meat or molasses*."

Reuben G. Macy, a member of the Society of Friends, Hudson, N. Y.—"The slaves had no food allowed them besides *corn*, excepting at Christmas, when they had beef."

William Ladd, Esq., of Minot, Me., president of the American Peace Society, and formerly a slave-holder of Florida, gives the following testimony as to the allowance of food to slaves.

"The usual food of the slaves was *corn*, with a modicum of salt. In some cases the master allowed no salt, but the slaves boiled the sea water for salt, in their little pots. For about eight days near Christmas, i. e., from the Saturday evening before, to the Sunday evening after Christmas day, they were allowed some *meat*. They always, with one single exception, ground their corn in a hand-mill, and cooked their food themselves."

Extract of a letter from Rev. D. C. EASTMAN, a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, in Fayette county, Ohio.

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"In March, 1838, Mr. Thomas Larrimer, a deacon of the Presbyterian church, in Bloomingbury, Fayette county, Ohio, Mr. G. S. Fullerton, merchant, and member of the same church, and Mr. William A. Ustick, an elder of the same church, spent a night with a Mr. Shepherd, about 80 miles North of Charleston, S. C., on the Monk's corner road. He owned five families of negroes, who, he said, were fed from the same meal and meat tubs as himself, but that 99 out of 100 of all the slaves in that county *saw meat but once a year*, which was on Christmas holidays."

As an illustration of the inhuman experiments sometimes tried upon slaves, in respect to the *kind* as well as the quality and quantity of their food, we solicit the attention of the reader to the testimony of the late General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. General Hampton was for some time commander in chief of the army on the Canada frontier during the last war, and at the time of his death, about three years since, was the largest slave-holder in the United States. The General's testimony is contained in the following extract of a letter, just received from a distinguished clergyman in the west, extensively known both as a preacher and a writer. His name is with the executive committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

"You refer in your letter to a statement made to you while in this place, respecting the late General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and task me to write out for you the circumstances of the case—considering them well calculated to illustrate two points in the history of slavery: 1st, That the habit of slave-holding dreadfully blunts the feelings toward the slave, producing such insensibility that his sufferings and death are regarded with indifference. 2nd. That the slave often has insufficient food, both in quantity and quality.

"I received my information from a lady in the west, of high respectability and great moral worth,—but think it best to withhold her name, although the statement was not made in confidence.

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"My informant stated that she sat at dinner once in company with General Wade Hampton, and several others; that the conversation turned upon the treatment of their servants, &c.; when the General undertook to entertain the company with the relation of an experiment he had made in the feeding of his slaves on cotton seed. He said that he first mingled one-fourth cotton seed with three-fourths corn, on which they seemed to thrive tolerably well; that he then had measured out to them equal quantities of each, which did not seem to produce any important change; afterwards he increased the quantity of cotton seed to three-fourths, mingled with one-fourth corn, and then he declared, with an oath, that 'they died like rotten sheep!!' It is but justice to the lady to state that she spoke of his conduct with the utmost indignation; and she mentioned also that he received no countenance from the company present, but that all seemed to look at each other with astonishment. I give it to you just as I received it from one who was present, and whose character for veracity is unquestionable.

"It is proper to add that I had previously formed an acquaintance with Dr. Witherspoon, now of Alabama, if alive; whose former residence was in South Carolina; from whom I received a particular account of the manner of feeding and treating slaves on the plantations of General Wade Hampton, and others in the same part of the State; and certainly no one could listen to the recital without concluding that such masters and overseers as he described must have hearts like the nether millstone. The cotton seed experiment I had heard of before, also, as having been made in other parts of the south; consequently, I was prepared to receive as true the above statement, even if I had not been so well acquainted with the high character of my informant."

II. QUANTITY OF FOOD.

The legal allowance of food for slaves in North Carolina, is in the words of the law, "a quart of corn per day." See Haywood's manual, 525. The legal allowance in

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Louisiana is more, a barrel [flour barrel] of corn, [in the ear,] or its equivalent in other grain, and a pint of salt a month. In the other slave states the amount of food for the slaves is left to the option of the master.

WITNESSES AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

Mr. F. C. Macy, Nantucket, Mass.,—"The food of the slaves was three pecks of potatoes a week during the potatoe season, and *one peck of corn*, during the remainder of the year."

Mr. Nehemiah Caulkins, a member of the Baptist Church in Waterford, Conn.—"The subsistence of the slaves consists of *seven quarts of meal*, or *eight quarts of small rice for one week* !

Richard Macy, Hudson, N. Y., a member of the Society of Friends.—"Their usual allowance of food was one peck of corn per week, which was dealt out to them every first day of the week. They had nothing allowed them besides the corn, except one quarter of beef at Christmas."

Rev. C. S. Renshaw, of Quincy, Ill., (the testimony of a Virginian.)—"The slaves are generally allowed: a pint of corn meal and a salt herring is the allowance, or in lieu of the herring a "dab" of fat meat of about the same value. I have known the sour milk, and clauber to be served out to the hands, when there was an abundance of milk on the plantation. This is a luxury not often afforded."

Testimony of *Mr. George W. Westgate*, member of the Congregational Church, of Quincy, Illinois. Mr. W. has been engaged in the low country trade for twelve years, more than half of each year, principally on the Mississippi, and its tributary streams in the south-western slave states.

"*Feeding is not sufficient.*—let facts speak. On the coast, i. e., Natchez and the Gulf of Mexico, the allowance was one barrel of ears of corn, and a pint of salt per month. They may cook this in what manner they please, but it must be done after dark ; they have no daylight to

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prepare it by. Some few planters, but only a few, let them prepare their corn on Saturday afternoon. Planters, overseers,* and negroes, have told me, that in *pinching times*, i. e., when corn is high, they did not get near that quantity. In Miss., I know some planters who allowed their hands three and a half pounds of meat per week, when it was cheap. Many prepare their corn on the Sabbath, when they are not worked on that day, which however, is frequently the case on sugar plantations. There are very many masters on "the coast" who will not suffer their slaves to come to the boats, because they steal molasses to barter for meat; indeed they generally trade more or less with stolen property. But it is impossible to find out what and when, as their articles of barter are of such trifling importance. They would often come on board our boats to beg a bone, and would tell how badly they were fed, that they were almost starved; many a time I have set up all night, to prevent them from stealing something to eat."

III. QUALITY OF FOOD.

Having ascertained the kind and quantity of food allowed to the slaves, it is important to know something of its *quality*, that we may judge of the amount of sustenance which it contains. For, if their provisions are of an inferior quality, or in a damaged state, their power to sustain labor must be greatly diminished.

WITNESSES AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

Thomas Clay, Esq., of Georgia, in an address to the Georgia Presbytery, 1834, speaking of the quality of corn given to the slaves, says,—"*There is often a defect here.*"

Rev. Horace Moulton, a Methodist clergyman at Marlboro', Mass.—"*The food, or 'feed' of slaves is generally of the poorest kind.*"

The "*Western Medical Reformer.*"—"They live on a coarse, crude, unwholesome diet."

Professor A. G. Smith, of the New York Medical College.—"*I have myself known numerous instances of large families of badly fed negroes swept off by a prevail-*

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ing epidemic ; and it is well known to many intelligent planters in the south, that the best method of preventing that horrible malady, *Chachetia Africana*, is to feed the negroes with *nutritious* food.

IV. NUMBER AND TIME OF MEALS EACH DAY.

In determining whether or not the slaves suffer for want of food, the number of hours intervening, and the labor performed between their meals, and the number of meals each day, should be taken into consideration.

WITNESSES AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

Philemon Bliss, Esq., a lawyer in Elyria, Ohio.—“The slaves go to the field in the morning ; they carry with them corn meal wet with water, and at *noon* build a fire on the ground and bake it in the ashes. After the labors of the day are over, they take their *second* meal of ash-cake.”

Mr. Eleazar Powell, Chippewa, Beaver county, Penn.—“The slaves received *two* meals during the day. Those who have their food cooked for them get their breakfast about eleven o'clock, and their other meal *after night*.”

The preceding testimony establishes the following points.

1st. That the slaves are allowed, in general, *no meat*. This appears from the fact, that in the *only* slave states which regulate the slaves' rations *by law*, (North Carolina and Louisiana,) the *legal ration* contains *no meat*. Besides, the late Hon. B. J. Turnbull, one of the largest planters in South Carolina, says expressly, “meat, when given, is only by the way of indulgence or favor.” It is shown also by the direct testimony recorded above, of slave-holders and others, in all parts of the slave-holding south and west, that the *general* allowance on plantations is corn or meal and salt merely. To this there are doubtless many exceptions, but they are *only* exceptions ; the number of slave-holders who furnish meat for their *field-hands*, is small, in comparison with the number of those who do not. The house slaves, that is, the cooks,

chambermaids, waiters, &c., generally get some meat every day; the remainder bits and bones of their masters' tables. But that the great body of the slaves, those that compose the field gangs, whose labor and exposure, and consequent exhaustion, are vastly greater than those of house slaves, toiling as they do from day light till dark, in the fogs of the early morning, under the scorplings of mid-day, and amid the damps of evening, are *in general* provided with *no meat*, is abundantly established by the preceding testimony.

Now we do not say that meat *is necessary* to sustain men under hard and long continued labor, nor that it is *not*. This is not a treatise on dietetics; but it is a notorious fact, that the medical faculty in this country, with very few exceptions, do most strenuously insist that it is necessary; and that working men in all parts of the country do *believe* that meat is indispensable to sustain them, even those who work within doors, and only ten hours a day, every one knows. Further, it is notorious, that the slave-holders themselves *believe* the daily use of meat to be absolutely necessary to the comfort, not merely of those who labor, but of those who are idle, as is proved by the fact of meat being a part of the daily ration of food provided for convicts in the prisons, in every one of the slave states, except in those rare cases where meat is expressly prohibited, and the convict is, by *way of extra punishment* confined to bread and water; he is occasionally, and for a little time only, confined to bread and water; that is, to the *ordinary diet* of slaves, with this difference in favor of the convict, his bread is made for him, whereas the slave is forced to pound or grind his own corn and make his own bread, when exhausted with toil.

The preceding testimony shows also, that *vegetables* form generally no part of the slaves' allowance. The *sole* food of the majority is *corn*: at every meal—from day to day—from week to week—from month to month, *corn*. In South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, the sweet pota-

toe is, to a considerable extent, substituted for corn during a part of the year.

2nd. The preceding testimony proves conclusively, that the *quantity of food* generally allowed to a full-grown field-hand, is a peck of corn a week, or a fraction over a quart and a gill of corn a day. The legal ration of North Carolina is *less*—in Louisiana it is *more*. Of the slaveholders and other witnesses, who give the foregoing testimony, the reader will perceive that no one testifies to a larger allowance of corn than a peck for a week ; though a number testify, that within the circle of their knowledge, *seven* quarts was the usual allowance. Frequently a small quantity of meat is added ; but this, as has already been shown, is not the general rule for *field-hands*. We may add, also, that in the season of "pumpkins," "cimblins," "cabbages," "greens," &c., the slaves, on small plantations, are, to some extent, furnished with those articles.

Now, without entering upon the vexed question of how much food is necessary to sustain the human system, under severe toil and exposure, and without giving the opinions of physiologists as to the insufficiency or sufficiency of the slaves' allowance, we affirm that all civilized nations have, in all ages, and in the most emphatic manner, declared, that *eight quarts of corn a week*, (the usual allowance of our slaves,) is utterly insufficient to sustain the human body, under such toil and exposure as that to which the slaves are subjected.

To show this fully, it will be necessary to make some estimates, and present some statistics. And first, the northern reader must bear in mind, that the corn furnished to the slaves at the south, is almost invariably the *white gourd seed* corn, and that a quart of this kind of corn weighs five or six ounces *less* than a quart of "flint corn," the kind generally raised in the northern and eastern states ; consequently a peck of the corn generally given to the slaves, would be only equivalent to a fraction more than six quarts and a pint of the corn commonly raised in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, &c.

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Now, what would be said of the northern capitalist, who should allow his laborers but six quarts and five gills of corn for a week's provisions ?

Further, it appears in evidence, that the corn given to the slaves is often *defective*. This, the reader will recollect, is the voluntary testimony of Thomas Clay, Esq., the Georgia planter, whose testimony is given above. When this is the case, the amount of actual nutriment contained in a peck of the "gourd seed," may not be more than in five, or four, or even three quarts of "fint corn."

As a quart of southern corn weighs at least five ounces less than a quart of northern corn, it requires little arithmetic to perceive, that the daily allowance of the slave fed upon that kind of corn, would contain about one-third of a pound less nutriment than though his daily ration were the same quantity of northern corn, which would amount, in a year, to more than a hundred and twenty pounds of human sustenance ! which would furnish the slave with his full allowance of a peck of corn a week for two months ! It is unnecessary to add, that this difference in the weight of the two kinds of corn, is an item too important to be overlooked. As one quart of the southern corn weighs one pound and eleven-sixteenths of a pound, it follows that it would be about one pound and six-eighths of a pound. We now solicit the attention of the reader to the following unanimous testimony, of the civilized world, to the utter insufficiency of this amount of food to sustain human beings under labor. This testimony is to be found in the laws of all civilized nations, which regulate the rations of soldiers and sailors, disbursement made by governments for the support of citizens in times of public calamity, the allowance to convicts in prisons &c. . We will begin with the United States.

The daily ration for each United States' soldier, established by act of Congress, May 30, 1796, was the following : one pound of beef, one pound of bread, half a gill of spirits ; and at the rate of one quart of salt, two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of soap, and one pound of

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candles to every hundred rations. To those soldiers "who were on the frontiers," (where the labor and exposure were greater,) the ration was one pound two ounces of beef and one pound two ounces of bread. Laws U. S. vol. 3rd, sec. 10, p. 431.

After an experiment of two years, the preceding ration being found *insufficient*, it was increased, by act of Congress, July 16, 1798, and was as follows: beef one pound and a quarter, bread one pound two ounces; salt two quarts, vinegar four quarts, soap four pounds, and candles one and a half pounds to the hundred rations. The preceding allowance was afterwards still further increased.

The present daily ration for the United States' soldiers, is, as we learn from an advertisement of Captain Fulton, of the United States' army, in a late number of the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, as follows: one and a quarter pounds of beef, one and three-sixths pounds of bread; and at the rate of *eight quarts of beans, eight pounds of sugar*, four pounds of coffee, two quarts of salt, four pounds of candles, and four pounds of soap, to every hundred rations.

We have before us the daily rations provided for the emigrating Ottawa Indians, two years since, and for the emigrating Cherokees last fall. They were the same—one pound of fresh beef, one pound of flour, &c.

The daily ration for the United States' navy, is fourteen ounces of bread, half a pound of beef, six ounces of pork, three ounces of rice, three ounces of peas, one ounce of cheese, one ounce of sugar, half an ounce of tea, one-third of a gill molasses.

The daily ration in the British army is one and a quarter pounds of beef, one pound of bread, &c.

The daily ration in the French army is one pound of beef, and one and a half pounds of bread, one pint of wine, &c.

The common daily ration for foot soldiers on the continent, is one pound of meat, and one and a half pounds of bread.

The sea ration among the Portuguese, has become the

usual ration in the navies of European powers generally. It is as follows : " one and a half pounds of biscuit, one pound of salt meat, one pint of wine, with some dried fish and onions.

PRISON RATIONS.—Before giving the usual daily rations of food allowed to convicts, in the principal prisons in the United States, we will quote the testimony of the " American Prison Discipline Society," which is as follows :

" The common allowance of food in the penitentiaries, is equivalent to ONE POUND OF MEAT, ONE POUND OF BREAD, AND ONE POUND OF VEGETABLES PER DAY. It varies a little from this in some of them, but it is generally equivalent to it." First Report of American Prison Discipline Society, page 13.

The daily ration of food to each convict, in the principal prisons in this country, is as follows :

In the New Hampshire State Prison, one and a quarter pounds of meal, and fourteen ounces of beef, for *breakfast and dinner* ; and for supper, a soup or porridge of potatoes and beans, or peas, the *quantity not limited*.

In the Vermont prison, the convicts are allowed to eat *as much as they wish*.

In the Massachusetts' penitentiary, one and a half pounds of bread, fourteen ounces of meat, half a pint of potatoes, and one gill of molasses, or one pint of milk.

In the Connecticut State Prison, one pound of beef, one pound of bread, two and a half pounds of potatoes, half a gill of molasses, with salt, pepper, and vinegar.

In the New York State Prison at Auburn, one pound of beef, twenty-two ounces of flour and meal, half a gill of molasses ; with two quarts of rye, four quarts of salt, with two quarts of vinegar, one and a half ounces of pepper, and two and a half bushels of potatoes to every hundred rations.

In the New York State Prison at Sing Sing, one pound of beef, eighteen ounces of flour and meal, besides potatoes, rye, coffee, and molasses.

In the New York City Prison, one pound of beef,

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one pound of flour, and three pecks of potatoes to every hundred rations, with other small articles.

In the New Jersey State Prison, one pound of bread, half a pound of beef, with potatoes and cabbage, (quantity not specified,) one gill of molasses, and a bowl of mush for supper.

In the late Walnut Street Prison, Philadelphia, one and a half pounds of bread and meat, half a pound of beef, one pint of potatoes, one gill of molasses, and half a gill of rye, for coffee.

In the Baltimore prison, we believe the ration is the same with the preceding.

In the Pennsylvania Eastern Penitentiary, one pound of bread and one pint of coffee for breakfast, one pint of meat soup, with potatoes without limit, for dinner, and mush and molasses for supper.

In the Penitentiary for the district of Columbia, Washington city, one pound of beef, twelve ounces of Indian meal, ten ounces of wheat flour, half a gill of molasses; with two quarts of rye, four quarts of salt, four quarts of vinegar, and two and a half bushels of potatoes to every hundred rations.

RATIONS IN ENGLISH PRISONS.—The daily ration of food in the Bedfordshire Penitentiary, is *two pounds of bread*; and if at hard labor, *a quart of soup for dinner*.

In the Cambridge County House of Correction, three pounds of bread, and one pint of beer.

In the Millbank General Penitentiary, one and a half pounds of bread, one pound of potatoes, six ounces of beef, with half a pint of broth therefrom.

In the Gloucestershire Penitentiary, one and a half pounds of bread, three-fourths of a pint of peas, made into soup, with beef, quantity not stated. Also gruel, made of vegetables, quantity not stated, and one and a half ounces of oatmeal mixed with it.

In the Leicestershire House of Correction, two pounds of bread, and three pints of gruel; and when at hard labor, one pint of milk in addition, and twice a week a pint of meat soup at dinner, instead of gruel.

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In the Buxton House of Correction, one and a half pounds of bread, one and a half pints of gruel, one and a half pints of soup, four-fifths of a pound of potatoes, and two-sevenths of an ounce of beef.

Notwithstanding the preceding daily ration in the Buxton prison is about double the usual daily allowance of our slaves, yet the visiting physicians decided, that for those prisoners who were required to work the tread-mill it was entirely insufficient. This question was considered at length, and publicly discussed at the sessions of the Surry magistrates, with the benefit of medical advice ; which resulted in large additions to the rations of those who worked on the tread-mill. See London Morning Chronicle, Jan. 13, 1830.

To the preceding we add "the ration of the Roman slaves." The monthly allowance of food to slaves in Rome was called "Dimensum." The "Dimensum" was an allowance of wheat or of other grain, which consisted of five "modii" a month to each slave. Ainsworth, in his Latin Dictionary estimates the "modius," when used for the measurement of grain, at a peck and a half our measure, which would make the Roman slave's allowance two quarts of grain a day, just double the allowance provided for the slave by *law* in North Carolina, and six quarts more per week, than the ordinary allowance of slaves in the slave states generally, as already established by the testimony of slave-holders themselves. But it must by no means be overlooked that this "Dimensum," or monthly allowance, was far from being the sole allowance of food to Roman slaves. In addition to this, they had a stated daily allowance ("diarium") besides a monthly allowance of money, amounting to about a cent a day.

Now without further trenching on the reader's time, we add, compare the preceding daily allowances of food to soldiers and sailors in this and other countries ; to convicts in this and other countries ; to bodies of emigrants rationed at public expense ; and finally, with the fixed allowance given to the Roman slaves, and we find the

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states of this Union, the slave states as well as the free, the United States' government, the different European governments, the old Roman empire, in fine, we may add, the *world*, ancient and modern, uniting in the testimony that to furnish men at hard labor from day-light till dark with but one seven-eighths of a pound of corn per day, their sole sustenance, is to MURDER THEM BY PIECE-MEAL. The reader will perceive by examining the preceding statistics that the average daily ration throughout this country and Europe exceeds the usual slave's allowance at least a pound a day ; also that one-third of this ration for soldiers and convicts in the United States, and for soldiers and sailors in Europe, is meat, generally beef ; whereas the allowance of the mass of our slaves is corn, only. Further, the convicts in our prisons are sheltered from the heat of the sun, and from the damps of the early morning and evening, from cold rain, &c. ; whereas, the great body of the slaves are exposed to all of these, in their season from day-light till dark ; besides this, they labor more hours in the day than convicts, as will be shown under another head, and are obliged to prepare and cook their own food after they have finished the labor of the day, while the convicts have theirs prepared for them. These, with other circumstances, necessarily make larger and longer draughts upon the strength of the slave, produce consequently greater exhaustion, and demand a larger amount of food to restore and sustain the laborer than is required by the convict in his briefer, less exposed, and less exhausting toils.

That the slave-holders themselves regard the usual allowance of food to slaves as insufficient, both in kind and quantity, for hard-working men is shown by the fact, that all the slave states, we believe without exception, white convicts at hard labor, have a much larger allowance of food than the usual one of slaves ; and generally more than one-third of this daily allowance is meat. This conviction of slave-holders shows itself in various forms. When persons wish to hire slaves to labor on public works, in addition to the inducement of

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high wages held out to masters to hire out their slaves, the contractors pledge themselves that a certain amount of food shall be given the slaves, taking care to specify a larger amount than the usual allowance, and a part of it meat.

The following advertisement is an illustration. We copy it from the "Daily Georgian," Savannah, December 14th, 1838.

NEGROES WANTED.

The Contractors upon the Brunswick and Alatomaha Canal, are desirous to hire a number of prime Negro Men, from the 1st October next, for fifteen months, until the 1st January, 1840. They will pay at the rate of eighteen dollars per month for each prime hand.

These negroes will be employed in the excavation of the Canal. They will be provided with "three and a half pounds of pork or bacon, and ten quarts of gourd seed corn per week," lodged in comfortable shantees, and attended constantly by a skilful physician.

J. H. COWPER,

P. M. NIGHTINGALE.

But we have direct testimony to this point. The late Hon. John Taylor, of Caroline Co. Virginia, for a long time Senator in Congress, and for many years president of the Agricultural Society of the State, says in his "Agricultural Essays," No. 30, page 97, "BREAD ALONE OUGHT NEVER TO BE CONSIDERED A SUFFICIENT DIET FOR SLAVES EXCEPT AS A PUNISHMENT." He urges upon the planters of Virginia to give their slaves, in addition to bread, "salt meat and vegetables," and adds, "we shall be ASTONISHED to discover upon trial, that this great comfort to them is a profit to the master."

The managers of the American Prison Discipline Society, in their third Report, page 58, say, "In the Penitentiaries generally, in the United States, the animal food is equal to one pound of meat per day for each convict."

Most of the actual suffering from hunger on the part of

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the slaves, is in the sugar and cotton-growing region, where the crops are exported and the corn generally purchased from the upper country. Where this is the case there cannot but be suffering. The contingencies of bad crops, difficult transportation, high prices, &c., &c., naturally occasion short and often precarious allowances. The following extract from a New Orleans paper of April 26, 1837, affords an illustration. The writer in describing the effects of the money pressure in Mississippi, says :

" They, (the planters) are now left without provisions, and the means of living and using their industry, for the present year. In this dilemma, planters whose crops have been from one hundred to seven hundred bales, find themselves forced to sacrifice many of their slaves in order to get the common necessities of life for the support of themselves and the rest of their negroes. In many places, heavy planters compel their slaves to fish for the means of subsistence rather than sell them at such ruinous rates. There are at this moment THOUSANDS OF SLAVES, in Mississippi, that KNOW NOT WHERE THE NEXT MORSEL IS TO COME FROM. The master must be ruined to save the wretches from being STARVED."

II. LABOR.

THE SLAVES ARE OVERWORKED.

This is abundantly proved by the number of hours that the slaves are obliged to be in the field. But before furnishing testimony as to their hours of labor and rest, we will present the express declarations of slave-holders and others, that the slaves are severely driven in the field.

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The Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina—" Many owners of slaves, and others who have the management of slaves, do confine them so closely at hard labor that they have not sufficient time for natural rest.—See 2 Brevard's Digest of the Laws of South Carolina, 243."

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History of Carolina.—*Vol. 1, page 120.*—"So laborious is the task of raising, beating, and cleaning rice, that had it been possible to obtain European servants in sufficient numbers, *thousands and tens of thousands must have perished.*"

"*Travels in Louisiana,*"—"At the rolling of sugars, an interval of from two to three months, they work both night and day. Abridged of their sleep, they scarce retire to rest during the whole period."

The Western Review.—"The work is admitted to be severe for the hands, (slaves,) requiring when the process is commenced to be pushed night and day."

Mr. Asa A. Stone.—"Every body here knows *over-driving* to be one of the most common occurrences, the planters do not deny it, except, perhaps, to *northerners.*"

Philemon Bliss, Esq.—"During the cotton-picking season they usually labor in the field during the whole of the day-light, and then spend a good part of the night in ginning and baling. The labor required is very frequently *excessive*, and speedily impairs the constitution."

Hon. R. J. Turnbull of South Carolina, a slave-holder, speaking of the harvesting of cotton, says:—"All the pregnant women even, on the plantation, and weak and *sickly* negroes incapable of other labor are then in requisition."

HOURS OF LABOR AND REST.

Mr. Cornelius Johnson, of Farmington, Ohio.—"It is the common rule for the slaves to be kept at work fifteen hours in the day, and in the time of picking cotton a certain number of pounds is required of each. If this amount is not brought in at night, the slave is whipped, and the number of pounds lacking is added to the next day's job; this course is often repeated from day to day."

W. C. Gildersleeve, Esq., Wilkesbarre Penn.—"It was customary for the overseers to call out the gangs long before day, say three o'clock, in the winter, while dressing out the crops; such work as could be done by fire-light (pitch pine was abundant,) was provided."

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Mr. Henry E. Knapp.—"The slaves were made to work, from as soon as they could see in the morning, till as late as they could see at night. Sometimes they were made to work till nine o'clock at night, in such work as they could do, as burning cotton stalks, &c."

Mr. George W. Westgate, a member of the Congregational Church at Quincy, Illinois, who lived in the south western slave states a number of years, says, "The slaves are driven to the field in the morning about four o'clock, the general calculation is to get them at work by daylight; the time for breakfast is between nine and ten o'clock: this meal is sometimes eaten '*bite and work,*' others allow fifteen minutes, and this is the only rest the slave has while in the field. I have never known a case of stopping an hour, in Louisiana; in Mississippi the rule is milder, though entirely subject to the will of the master. On cotton plantations, in cotton picking time, that is from October to Christmas, each hand has a certain quantity to pick, and is flogged if his task is not accomplished; their tasks are such as to keep them all the while busy."

The preceding testimony under this head has sole reference to the actual labor of the slaves in the field. In order to determine how many hours are left for sleep, we must take into the account, the time spent in going to and from the field, which is often at a distance of one, two and sometimes three miles; also the time necessary for pounding, or grinding their corn, and preparing, over night, their food for the next day; also the preparation of tools, getting fuel and preparing it, making fires and cooking their suppers, if they have any, the occasional mending and washing of their clothes, &c. Besides this, as every one knows who has lived on a southern plantation, many little errands and *chores* are to be done for their masters and mistresses, old and young, which have accumulated during the day and been kept in reserve till the slaves return from the field at night. To this we may add that the slaves are *social* beings, and that during the day, silence is generally enforced by the whip of the

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overseer or driver.* When they return at night, their pent up social feelings will seek vent : it is a law of nature, and though the body may be greatly worn with toil, this law cannot be wholly stifled. Sharers of the same woes, they are drawn together by strong affinities, and seek the society and sympathy of their fellows ; even "*tired nature*" will joyfully forego for a time needful rest, to minister to a want equally permanent and imperative as the want of sleep, and as much more profound, as the yearnings of the higher nature surpass the instincts of its animal appendage.

All these things make drafts upon *time*. To show how much of the slave's time, which is absolutely indispensable for rest and sleep, is necessarily spent in various labors after his return from the field at night, we subjoin a few testimonies.

Mr Cornelius Johnson, Farmington, Ohio, who lived in Mississippi in the years 1837 and 1838, says :

" On all the plantations where I was acquainted, the slaves were kept in the field till dark ; after which, those who had to grind their own corn, had that to attend to, get their supper, attend to other family affairs of their own and of their master, such as bringing water, washing clothes, &c. &c., and be in the field as soon as it was sufficiently light to commence work in the morning."

Mr. George W. Westgate, of Quincy, Illinois, who has spent several years in the south western slave states, says :

" Their time, after full dark until four o'clock in the morning is their own ; this fact alone would seem to say they have sufficient rest, but there are other things to be considered ; much of their making, mending and washing of clothes, preparing and cooking food, hauling and chopping wood, fixing and preparing tools, and a variety of little nameless jobs must be done between those hours."

* We do not mean that they are not suffered to speak, but that, as conversation would be a hindrance to labour, they are generally permitted to indulge in it but little.

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Philemon Bliss, Esq., of Elyria, Ohio, who resided in Florida, in 1834 and 5, gives the following testimony :

"After having finished their field labors, they are occupied till nine or ten o'clock in doing *chores*, such as grinding corn, (as all the corn in the vicinity is ground by hand,) chopping wood, taking care of horses, mules, &c., and a thousand things necessary to be done on a large plantation. If any extra job is to be done, it must not hinder the 'niggers' from their work, but must be done in the night."

W. C. Gildersleeve, Esq., a native of Georgia, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, at Wilkesbarre, Pa. says :

"The corn is ground in a handmill by the slave *after his task is done*—generally there is but one mill on a plantation, and as but one can grind at a time, the mill is going sometimes *very late at night*."

The following testimony of Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, who resided some time in Virginia, shows that the over-working of slaves, to such an extent as to abridge life, and cause a decrease of population, is not confined to the far south and south-west.

"I heard of an estate managed by an individual who was considered as singularly successful, and who was able to govern the slaves without the use of the whip. I was anxious to see him, and trusted that some discovery had been made favourable to humanity. I asked him how he was able to dispense with corporal punishment. He replied to me, with a very determined look, 'The slaves know that the work *must* be done, and that it is better to do it without punishment than with it.' In other words, the certainty and dread of chastisement were so impressed on them, that they never incurred it.

'I then found that the slaves on this well-managed estate, *decreased* in number. I asked the cause. He replied, with perfect frankness and ease, 'The gang is not large enough for the estate.' In other words, they were not equal to the work of the plantation, and yet were *made to do it*, though with the certainty of abridging life.

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‘On this plantation the huts were uncommonly convenient. There was an unusual air of neatness. A superficial observer would have called the slaves happy. Yet they were living under a severe, subduing discipline, and were *over-worked* to a degree that *shortened life*.’—*Channing on Slavery*, page 162, first edition.

Philemon Bliss, Esq., a lawyer of Elyria, Ohio, who spent some time in Florida, gives the following testimony to the over-working of the slaves :

“It is not uncommon for hands, in hurrying times, beside working all day, to labor half the night. This is usually the case on sugar plantations, during the sugar-boiling season ; and on cotton, during its gathering. Beside the regular task of picking cotton, averaging of the short staple, when the crop is good, 100 pounds a day to the hand, the ginning (extracting the seed,) and baling was done in the night. Said Mr. ——— to me, while conversing upon the customary labor of slaves, ‘I work my niggers in a hurrying time till 11 or 12 o’clock at night, and have them up by four in the morning.’

Beside the common inducement, the desire of gain, to make a large crop, the desire is increased by that spirit of gambling, so common at the south. It is very common to *bet* on the issue of a crop, A. lays a wager that, from a given number of hands, he will make more cotton than B. The wager is accepted, and then begins the contest ; and who bears the burden of it ? How many tears, yea, how many broken constitutions, and premature deaths, have been the effect of this spirit ? From the desperate energy of purpose with which the gambler pursues his object, from the passions which the practice calls into exercise, we might conjecture many. Such is the fact. In Middle Florida, a *broken-winded* negro is more common than a *broken-winded* horse ; though usually, when they are declared unsound, or when their constitution is so broken that their recovery is despaired of, they are exported to New Orleans, to drag out the remainder of their days in the cane-field and sugar-house. I would

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not insinuate that all planters gamble upon their crops ; but I mention the practice as one of the common inducements to 'push niggers.' Neither would I assert that all planters drive the hands to the injury of their health. I give it as a *general rule* in the district of Middle Florida, and I have no reason to think that negroes are driven worse there than in other fertile sections. People there told me that the situation of the slaves was far better than in Mississippi and Louisiana. And from comparing the crops with those made in the latter states, and for other reasons, I am convinced of the truth of their statements.'

III. CLOTHING.

We propose to show under this head, that the clothing of the slaves by day, and their covering by night are inadequate, either for comfort or decency.

WITNESSES AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

Hon. T. T. Bouldin.—Mr. Bouldin said, "he knew that many negroes had died from exposure to weather," and added, "they are clad in a flimsy fabric, that will turn neither wind nor water."

George Buchanan, M. D., of Baltimore.—"The slaves, naked and starved, often fall victims to the inclemencies of the weather."

Rev. Phineas Smith, Centreville, Allegany, Co., N. Y.—"The apparel of the slaves is of the coarsest sort, and exceedingly deficient in quantity. I have been on many plantations, where children of eight and ten years old, were in a state of perfect nudity. Slaves are in general wretchedly clad."

Richard Macy, a member of the Society of Friends, Hudson, N. Y.—"For bedding each slave was allowed one blanket, in which they rolled themselves up. I examined their houses, but could not find any thing like a bed."

W. C. Gildersleeve, Esq., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"It is an every day sight to see women as well as men, with no

other covering than a few filthy rags fastened above the hips, reaching midway to the ancles. I never knew any kind of covering for the head given. Children of both sexes, from infancy to ten years, are seen in companies on the plantations, in a state of perfect nudity. This was so common that the most refined and delicate beheld them unmoved."

Mr. George A. Avery, an elder in the fourth Congregational Church, Rochester, N. Y., who spent four years in Virginia, says, "The slave children, very commonly of both sexes, up to the ages of eight and ten years, and I think in some instances beyond this age, go in a state of disgusting nudity. I have often seen them with their tow shirt (their only article of summer clothing) which, to all human appearance, had not been taken off from the time it was first put on, worn off from the bottom upwards, shred by shred, until nothing remained but the straps which passed over their shoulders, and the less exposed portions extending a very little way below the arms, leaving the principal part of the chest, as well as the limbs, entirely uncovered."

Samuel Ellison, a member of the Society of Friends, formerly of Southampton Co., Virginia, now of Marlborough, Stark Co., Ohio, says, "I knew a Methodist who was the owner of a number of slaves. The children of both sexes, belonging to him, under twelve years of age, were entirely destitute of clothing. I have seen an old man compelled to labor in the fields, not having rags enough to cover his nakedness."

Rev. H. Lyman, late pastor of the Free Presbyterian Church, in Buffalo, N. Y., in describing a tour down and up the Mississippi river in the winter of 1832-3, says, "At the wood yards where the boats stop, it is not uncommon to see female slaves employed in carrying wood. Their dress which was quite uniform was provided without any reference to comfort. They had no covering for their heads; the stuff which constituted the outer garment was sackcloth, similar to that in which brown domestic goods are done up. It was then December, and

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I thought that in such a dress, and being as they were, without stockings, they must suffer from the cold."

Mr. Benjamin Clendenon, Colerain, Lancaster Co., Pa., a member of the Society of Friends, in a recent letter describing a short tour through the northern part of Maryland in the winter of 1836, thus speaks of a place a few miles from Chestertown. "About this place there were a number of slaves; very few, if any, had either stockings or shoes; the weather was intensely cold, and the ground covered with snow."

IV. DWELLINGS.

THE SLAVES ARE WRETCHEDLY SHELTERED AND LODGED.

Mr. Steven E. Maltby.—"The huts where the slaves slept, generally contained but one apartment, and that without floor."

Mr. George A. Avery, elder of the 4th Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y.—"Amongst all the negro cabins which I saw in Va., I cannot call to mind one in which there was any other floor than the earth; any thing that a northern laborer, or mechanic, white or colored, would call a bed, nor a solitary partition, to separate the sexes."

Mr. William Leftwich, a native of Virginia.—"The dwellings of the slaves are log huts, from ten to twelve feet square, often without windows, doors, or floors: they have neither chairs, table, nor bedstead."

Reuben L. Macy, of Hudson, N. Y.—"The houses for the field slaves were about 14 feet square, built in the coarsest manner, with one room, without any chimney or flooring, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out."

V. TREATMENT OF THE SICK.

THE SLAVES SUFFER FROM INHUMAN NEGLECT WHEN SICK.

In proof of this we subjoin the following testimony:

Rev. Dr. Channing of Boston, who once resided in Virginia in his work on slavery, page 163, 1st edition.

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"I cannot forget my feelings on visiting a hospital belonging to the plantation of a gentleman highly esteemed for his virtues, and whose manners and conversation expressed much benevolence and conscientiousness. When I entered with him the hospital, the first object on which my eye fell was a young woman, very ill, probably approaching death. She was stretched on the floor. Her head rested on something like a pillow; but her body and limbs were extended on the hard boards. The owner, I doubt not, had at least as much kindness as myself; but he was so used to see the slaves living without common comforts, that the idea of unkindness in the present instance did not enter his mind."

This dying young woman "was stretched on the floor"—"her body and limbs extended upon the hard boards,"—and yet her master "was highly esteemed for his virtues," and his general demeanor produced upon Dr. Channing the impression of "benevolence and conscientiousness." If the sick and dying female slaves of *such* a master, suffer such barbarous neglect, whose heart does not fail him, at the thought of that inhumanity, exercised by the majority of slave-holders, towards their aged, sick, and dying victims.

The following testimony is furnished by Sarah M. Grimke, a sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, of Charleston, South Carolina.

"When the Ladies' Benevolent Society in Charleston, S. C., of which I was a visiting commissioner, first went into operation, we were applied to for the relief of several sick and aged colored persons; one case I particularly remember, of an aged woman who was dreadfully burnt from having fallen into the fire; she was living with some free blacks who had taken her out of compassion. On inquiry, we found that nearly all the colored persons who had solicited aid, were slaves, who being no longer able to work for their "owners," were thus inhumanly cast out in their sickness and old age, and must have perished, but for the kindness of their friends.

I was once visiting a sick slave in whose spiritual wel-

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fare peculiar circumstances had led me to be deeply interested. I knew that she had been early seduced from the path of virtue, as nearly all the female slaves are. I knew also that her mistress, though a professor of religion, had never taught her a single precept of Christianity, yet that she had had her severely punished for this departure from them, and that the poor girl was then ill of an incurable disease, occasioned partly by her own misconduct, and partly by the cruel treatment she had received, in a situation that called for tenderness and care. Her heart seemed truly touched with repentance for her sins, and she was inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?" I was sitting by her as she lay on the floor upon a blanket, and was trying to establish her trembling spirit in the fulness of Jesus, when I heard the voice of her mistress in loud and angry tones, as she approached the door. I read in the countenance of the prostrate sufferer, the terror which she felt at the prospect of seeing her mistress. I knew my presence would be very unwelcome, but staid, hoping that it might restrain, in some measure, the passions of the mistress. In this, however, I was mistaken; she passed me without apparently observing that I was there, and seated herself on the other side of the sick slave. She made no inquiry how she was, but in a tone of anger commenced a tirade of abuse, violently reproaching her with her past misconduct, and telling her in the most unfeeling manner, that eternal destruction awaited her. No word of kindness escaped her. What had then roused her temper I do not know. She continued in this strain several minutes, when I attempted to soften her by remarking, that the girl was very ill, and she ought not thus to torment her, and that I believed Jesus had granted her forgiveness. But I might as well have tried to stop the tempest in its career, as to calm the infuriated passions nurtured by the exercise of arbitrary power. She looked at me with ineffable scorn, and continued to pour forth a torrent of abuse and reproach. Her helpless victim listened in terrified silence, until nature could endure no more, when she uttered a wild

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shriek, and casting on her tormentor a look of unutterable agony, exclaimed, 'Oh, mistress, I am dying!' This appeal arrested her attention, and she soon left the room, but in the same spirit with which she entered it. The girl survived but a few days, and, I believe, saw her mistress no more."

Rev. William T. Allan, son of Rev. Dr. Allan, a slaveholder, of Huntsville, Alabama, says in a letter now before us :

"Colonel Robert H. Watkins, of Laurence county, Alabama, who owned about three-hundred slaves, after employing a physician among them for some time, ceased to do so, alleging as the reason, that it was cheaper to lose a few negroes every year than to pay a physician. This Colonel Watkins was a Presidential elector in 1836."

A. A. Guthrie, Esq., elder in the Presbyterian church at Putnam, Muskingum county, Ohio, furnishes the testimony which follows.

"A near female friend of mine in company with another young lady, in attempting to visit a sick woman on Washington's Bottom, Wood county, Virginia, missed the way, and stopping to ask directions of a group of colored children on the outskirts of the plantation of Francis Keen, Sen., they were told to ask 'aunty, in the house.' On entering the hut, says my informant, I beheld such a sight as I hope never to see again ; its sole occupant was a female slave of the said Keen—her whole wearing apparel consisted of a frock, made of the coarsest tow cloth, and so scanty, that it could not have been made more tight around her person. In the hut there was neither table, chair, nor chest—a stool and a rude fixture in one corner, were all its furniture. On this last were a little straw and a few old remnants of what had been bedding—all exceedingly filthy.

The woman thus situated had been for more than a day in travail, without any assistance, any nurse, or any kind of proper provision—during the night she said some fellow slave women would stay with her, and the aforesaid children through the day. From a woman, who was

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a slave of Keen's at the same time, my informant learned, that this poor woman suffered for three days, and then died—when too late to save her life her master sent assistance. It was understood to be a rule of his, to neglect his women entirely in such times of trial, unless they previously came and informed him, and asked for aid."

THE WAY IN WHICH AMERICANS USE
THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE,
AS SHOWN
IN THE TRIAL AND IMPRISONMENT
OF
JONATHAN WALKER.

AT PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, FOR AIDING SLAVES TO ESCAPE FROM
BONDAGE.

PREFACE.

On his return from Florida, after his release, Captain Walker called on me with the manuscript narrative of his trial and imprisonment. In common with very many of the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I had long known his character as a man of the strictest veracity and the highest conscientiousness: and his narrative seemed to me to cast so strong a light upon the religious, the moral, and the political condition of the United States, from the practical workings of their great organic law—the constitution—down to the minutest of the territorial usages and enactments which result from that law; and to exhibit in so clear a view the contrast between the principles and ideas which at present govern the public mind, and those which are beginning to struggle for the mastery, that I could not but warmly urge this publication.

There are those who doubt whether the North is as guilty as the South with respect to slavery: whether the system is degrading to the slave and disgraceful to the master; whether the slave is cruelly treated; whether the system is injurious to the reputation of this country; a reproach to its Christianity, and ruinous to the character of its people.

There are also those who, while they condemn slavery, at the same time assert that its extinction may be best promoted by studied silence, and by a quiet waiting for the gradual operations of a moral and religious system which declares that it is not in

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its nature sinful, and justifies it from the Scriptures; and of a political and governmental system which is a solemn guaranty in its favor.

There are those, too, who believe the abolitionists to be instigated by a bitter, unkind, fanatical, and insurrectionary spirit; hostile to law and order, sectional in their views, and possessed by one idea.

And there are others, who, honoring the holy cause, and respecting the disinterestedness of abolitionists, yet justify themselves in standing aloof from the movement under the idea of being better able to befriend the cause by refusing to be numbered among its adherents, and suffering themselves to be numbered among the ranks of the opponents.

It was for the sake of all these classes that I most earnestly urged Captain Walker to give to the public, whose great majority they compose, the manuscript which he had prepared for the satisfaction of his friends.

When they see in its unstudied pages, the good, forgiving, self-denying spirit of the Christian, the indomitable determination of the Freeman, and the severe devotedness of the Puritan, all uniting in an unconscious exhibition of the uncompromising Abolitionist, I cannot but hope that their hearts will be touched by the excellence of the example.

It is to be lamented that many interesting and illustrative incidents must be suppressed, out of regard to the safety of individuals, whose liberties and lives their publication would endanger; yet what could, better than such a fact, illustrate the condition of slaves and free-men in the United States of North America; or better plead the cause of those few of the inhabitants who are pronounced by the rest to be over zealous, because they have been the first to perceive what all will soon be obliged to acknowledge—that the liberties of our land are gone! It was a deep observation of facts that led Montesquieu to say, "A republic may lose its liberties in a day, and not find it out for a century." The day that sunk ours, was that of the adoption of the Federal Constitution—the day when we perpetrated, as a nation, an eternal wrong for the sake of guilty prosperity and peace. But it now begins to be very plainly discerned, that between slavery and freedom there can be no covenant. The futile hope of our fathers, in attempting such a one, was peace; after the lapse of sixty years, their descendants hear from that guilty past,

"Ancestral voices, prophesying WAR!"

The narrative of Frederick Douglass gives a picture of the condition of a slave in the land that their folly and their fear betrayed. That of Jonathan Walker shows the condition of the freeman whose lot is cast in the same land little more than half a century only after the perpetration of that treason to humanity.

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The most ignominious tortures are now the lot of him who, in the United States of America, determines to be truly a free-man, nor lose his own liberties with the sinking ones of the republic; of him whose liberty it is to choose his part with the enslaved, and not with the slave-holder.

It may but prove, in the language of those old puritans whose blood yet floods a Massachusetts's heart so strongly, "a greater liberty to suffer, a more freedom to die." Yet whatever be the result, God grant, throughout the land, a continual outpouring of that free, devoted spirit to us and to our children; a spirit which, by the might of its good will, by the strength of its sense of duty, shall overcome tyranny, prejudice, and cruelty; bigotry, avarice, and knavery; and the whole array of sins of which slavery is at once the cause and the effect.

This is a painful tale for an American to read, and think, meanwhile, that it is circulating through the civilized world; but, if worthy of the name, he will find comfort in the thought that it is confirming the abolitionist and confuting the slave-holder, showing an example to both of the dutiful obedience to right, which is mighty to save a nation from utter reproach and destruction.

It will be a painful tale for all, to whom the carefully concealed features and inevitable consequences of the slave-system have never before been exhibited. Such are to be found at the South as well as at the North; and both will do well, in the intensity of their pain and disgust, to remember the words of GARRISON.

"Let us not sentimentally shrink from such knowledge; we will know what we have to do, that we may more surely do it. We go forth to take off chains; and there is need that our virtue should be robust."

Very consoling is the reflection that this uprising of the heart against wrong is not a sectional one, but felt at the south as well as at the north, by men of all parties and of all sects.

Very exalting is the idea that the virtual slave-holder of the north, not merely reproaching the planter, the overseer and the driver, has begun the work of self-sacrificing reform with his own heart, by refusing all political and ecclesiastical participation in their deed. The abolition of slavery is sure, since these most guilty and efficient slave-holders begin to make abolitionism not only an ethical statement, but a Christian life.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Boston, August, 1845.

CHAPTER I.

HAVING been arraigned before the public by providen-

tial circumstances of a somewhat unusual nature, and having been the subject of much remark and ridicule ; passing "through evil report and good report," throughout the United States, and having received tokens of sympathy from abroad in consequence of the treatment I received from the tribunals of my own country for an attempted act of kindness towards some of the down-trodden of my own countrymen ; and confident that but a scanty and imperfect knowledge of the case has found its way to the people, who have a right to know the real facts ; it appears to be a matter of duty to them and the cause for which I have suffered, that I should relate the substance of the whole transaction as it actually occurred. This I have endeavoured to do with much carefulness, avoiding all false coloring, or deviation from the simple truth.

Having never been favored with an education, and laboring under the disadvantage of writing hastily, on my passage home, as I found opportunity, the narrative will not be so attractive as it otherwise might be. But such readers as desire a simple, ungarnished statement of the case, will, I hope, find their minds led by it to a subject of the first consideration to every American citizen.

I look upon the Southern States as naturally the most favored part of my country, which Providence seems to have done, and to be doing much more for, than for the northern states. Their soft and genial climate, their rich and luxuriant soil, their long and uniform summers, their short and mild winters, their beautiful timber-forests and great water-privileges, all far exceed those of New England, in my opinion ; and I am fully under the impression that I could support my family at the south for less than half the labor and exertions than I can at the north. Neither are the customs of the people there more repugnant to my feelings than the customs of the northern people generally, with the exception of what belongs to the system of slavery. I have long since cast into oblivion all sectional and hostile feelings toward my fellow-men. I have no ill-will to the slave-holders, or the advocates of

slavery ; but I pity them for their awful depravity in regarding as property those who are, by the rules of right and the laws of God, entitled to the same privileges and benefits as themselves. It is the system of slavery that sheds mildew upon the fair prospects of our country—blasting its social, political, moral, and religious prosperity—which I do unhesitatingly contend against ; since the master's true interests and rights do not suffer in consequence of his slaves becoming free laborers ; for they cannot, I say it emphatically, be his property, nor can his rights consist in other people's wrongs.

I have spent a good deal of time in the southern States, and have closely and carefully observed the mode and operation of the slave system in several of them ; and have lived five or six years with my family in Pensacola, Florida ; being known by the people generally to be hostile to the system of slavery. Twice, while living there, I was called upon by different persons, the chief executive officers or mayors for the time being,—in consequence of the reports in circulation that I was on good terms with the colored people ; and it was intimated that there was danger in regard to my peace and safety, for should the people be excited in consequence of my discontinuance of some of their rules and customs respecting the association of white with colored men, it would be out of their power to shield me from *violence*.

CHAPTER II.

LATE in the fall of 1843, I left my home in Harwich, Massachusetts, and took passage on board of a vessel bound for Mobile, where I spent the winter and spring—mostly in working at the ship-wright business, which is my trade.

I left Mobile on the 2nd June, 1844, for Pensacola, in a boat belonging to myself ; chiefly for the purpose of raising a part of the wreck of a vessel sunk near the latter place, for the sake of getting the copper that was attached to it. I arrived on the 4th, made some exami-

ntaion and some inquiry about the wreck, and was informed that it was claimed by a citizen of the place. Although it had been sunk there more than thirty years, no effort had been made to raise it. I called on the person who claimed it, but we could not agree on terms. I passed up the bay thirty or forty miles, to see an old friend or two, stayed a few days, and returned to Pensacola again. Soon after, I had an interview with three or four persons that were disposed to leave the place. I gave them to understand that if they chose to go to the Bahama Islands in my boat, I would share the risk with them. Preparations were made, and on the evening of the 22nd, seven men came on board the boat, and we left the place, went out of the harbour, and followed in the direction of the coast to the eastward. We had for several days strong head winds, with frequent squalls and rain. I had for two days been somewhat unwell, having been much exposed to the violence of the sun, and had been what is called, sun-struck, and was now exposed to the sudden changing elements night and day in an open boat. On the 26th, we arrived at St. Andre's harbor, where we stopped part of the day, dried our clothing, cooked some provisions, recruited the water-barrel, and I took an emetic. In the evening we left, and the next day run up St. Joseph's Bay, with the intention of taking the boat across into St. George's Sound, to avoid going round Cape St. Blass ; but we found the distance too great, abandoned the idea, and passed out of the bay again, and went round the cape. On the 28-9th, went through St. George's Sound, stopping a few hours at St. George's Island to cook a little, and recruit our water. We passed Apalacha Bay, following somewhat the direction of the coast, and on the 1st of July were in the vicinity of Cedar Keys.* Up to this time my sickness had still increased, and I was so unwell as to be obliged to leave the management of the boat pretty much entirely

* From the shore of the west and south part of the peninsula of Florida, shoal ground extends to a considerable distance, on which are numerous small islands, denominated Keys, each having its own separate name.

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to those that were with me, for at times I was somewhat delirious. I remember looking at the red horizon in the west, soon after sun-down, as I thought for the last time in this world, not expecting to behold that glorious luminary shedding its scorching rays on me more.

While using the remaining faculties which I possessed, in aid of the slave's escape from his master, the reader may be anxious to know the state of my mind at that time, when in prospect of speedy dissolution, on the subject of slavery; or, more properly, of my anti-slavery feeling. Among other things, my mind was occupied on that subject also, and I calmly and deliberately thought it over; and, as on other occasions, came to the conclusion that slavery was evil and only evil, and that continually; and that any mode or process of emancipation, short of blood-shed, or the sacrifice of principle, would not be in violation of right or duty, but the contrary; and therefore calculated to secure the approbation of that great "Judge of all the earth, who doeth right," and before whose presence I soon expected to appear.

After passing this night, I scarcely know how, the next morning I found myself more comfortable, and felt some relief. In a day or two after, (for I was now unable to keep the run of time,) we landed on one of St. Martin's Keys, and cooked provisions, but could get no water. For several days nature and my disease seemed to be about on a balance, and it was doubtful which would rule the day; I took another emetic, made free use of cayenne pepper and bitters, which appeared to have a good effect, and in a few days my face was nearly covered with sores, and my whole system, which had been so much oppressed that I could with difficulty respire, felt much relieved. But my strength and flesh were nearly gone, and the system so much reduced, that it is a wonder to me how, after undergoing so much privation, exposure, and the treatment that followed, I was enabled to recover at all.

We continued down the coast, landing several times in search of water, without being able to get any, but

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being confident that we should find some at Cape Florida, where we intended to stop before crossing the gulf. But fortunately, or unfortunately, which, I cannot tell, at day-break on the morning of July the 8th, we saw two sloops* within a short distance, standing towards us. In a few moments they came within hail, and inquired, "Where are you from, and where are you bound?" I answered, "From St. Joseph's, bound to Cape Florida.†" The captain of one of the sloops said, "I am going that way, and will give you a tow;" at the same time he ran alongside of the boat and made a rope fast to it, and invited us on board the sloop. The men were going on board when I advised them to stay in the boat. Four of them had stepped on board, but one immediately returned. The others were not allowed to return. The sloop directly reversed her course, and ran back where she had come from, and anchored. I requested the captain to allow the men to return in the boat; he made no reply, but took his boat and went on board of the other sloop, which had followed him back to the anchorage. Soon after he returned, and requested me to come on board the vessel. I, being then exposed to the violent heat of the sun, thought it prudent to comply, confident that we should be detained at all events. While on board I was treated with civility, and permitted to pass the time in the cabin or on deck, as I chose for my convenience or comfort. We were then forty or fifty miles from Cape Florida, and if we had not been detained, would have got there before night, and been ready to cross the gulph

* The sloops were wrecking vessels of eighty or ninety tons, manned with fifteen or twenty men each, and sailed very fast. They are employed for the sake of saving or getting what they can from vessels wrecked on the coast. They hailed from Key West.

† The reader has seen that St. Joseph's was the last port we left, and we intended to call at Cape Florida. This has been used to make it appear that I resorted to falsehood, because we had started from Pensacola, and were bound, ultimately, to Nassau, New Providence.

the next morning. But our voyage was up, and we had other prospects now before us.

We had now been fourteen days on our passage, and had sailed and rowed more than seven hundred miles; but for the last eight or ten days the weather had proved more uniform and mild, and the winds favourable but light. Had I been well, it is probable we should not have been more than ten or twelve days to this place, and saved much distance by running more direct courses. If we had been one hour sooner or later in passing this place, we should not have come in contact with those vessels. Since leaving St. Martin's Keys, whenever we landed, we were harassed with swarms of mosquitoes, each anxious to have his bill entered without examination or delay. The sloop lay at anchor until night, then got under way and run for Key West, with the boat in tow, where she arrived the next day afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

I was now taken before a magistrate, borne by two men, not being able to walk alone. There I was required to give bail in the sum of one thousand dollars, for my appearance at the next November court; but being unable to do so, I was committed to jail, or rather to the house in which the constable lived. I was placed in a small room on the second floor, with three other prisoners, but slept in the room with the constable and family; the prisoners eat at the same table the family did, after they had eaten. I was handcuffed one night, but was permitted to use my hands the rest of the time while there, in fighting mosquitoes, which were very annoying at all times.

Most of my things which I had in the boat, were brought from the vessel by the sheriff, and placed in charge of the constable, with the exception of a trunk and bundle of clothing which I was allowed to retain for my own use. I begged to be allowed to retain a small trunk of botanic medicine which I had, but was refused.

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After remaining at this place three days, it was said there was much excitement in the village, and I was escorted by the constable, sheriff, esquire, and district attorney, to the soldiers' barracks, and confined in a room with another prisoner, where I stayed but one night, and the next day was put on board the steamboat General Taylor, in the United States' employ, to be taken to Pensacola. I requested that my effects, which were in charge of the constable, might be taken with me, but it was not complied with ; and I have not been able to learn anything of them since, except that they were sold. I subsequently wrote twice to the sheriff, but received no answer. They were of no great value, but to one in my circumstances, it was a good deal. I had an excellent spy-glass, for which I paid twenty dollars, and a chest of carpenter's tools, and several other articles, besides some things that the sheriff said he could not find on board of the sloop. My boat and the seven men were put on board of another sloop, (named the Reform,) and sent to Pensacola, previous to my leaving Key West.

I was placed down in the hold of the steamboat, on the ceiling, where it was very filthy, and put in double irons, (both hands and feet,) where I was kept for six days, with the exception of being permitted to come on deck a few hours in a day, and sit or lie upon the hatches. The food given me was salt beef, pork, and navy-bread, with a slight exception. We left Key West on the 13th, went to Tampa Bay, took in some wood, and on the night of the 18th arrived at Pensacola navy-yard. The next day I was conducted to Pensacola by the deputy-marshal, in a small boat, and in a rain storm, (distance eight miles.) On landing at the wharf, there was a large collection of people, who appeared to be very talkative, and some were noisy ; but no violence was attempted. By summoning all the strength I could muster, I succeeded in walking to the court-house. The court was already convened, whether solely on my account or not, I do not know. My trunk and bundle were searched, but nothing taken therefrom. I was required to give bail in the sum

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of ten thousand dollars, or be committed to prison to await my trial whenever it should take place: with me there was no alternative but to comply with the latter. I attempted to walk to the jail in company with the marshal and constable, but gave up by the way, and was carried there in a cart, placed in a room by myself, and secured to a ring-bolt by a large size log chain, and a shackle of round iron, weighing about five pounds, round the ankle. The marshal searched my person, found on me about fifteen dollars in money, which he took, but afterwards gave me again. The floor was my bed, seat, and table; and it was nearly a month before I could procure anything to lie upon, other than a few clothes which I had with me. But I finally succeeded in getting a chair, small table, and some straw, of which I made a pallet on the floor, and it served for my bed during my imprisonment.

Although the rage of my disease had much abated, I was still kept low, and suffered from alternate chills and fever, attended with much pain in the head and distress at the stomach; but I gradually gained strength, and by eating a large quantity of red-peppers got rid of the chills, and in about three months was nearly restored to health again.

In three or four days after I had arrived in Pensacola, the sloop Reform arrived with the other men and my boat. Soon after, Robert C. Caldwell called to see me, and appeared very friendly, saying that he did not intend to punish his servants for going away with me; and intimated that the custom-house and the wreckers both had claims on the boat, and it was very doubtful whether I should be able to realize anything for her; and as he had lost a good deal by his servants' going away with me, if I would consent for him to have the boat, he would try to compromise with the claimants and might get something for it. Placing some confidence in what he said, and thinking that a refusal might excite a spirit of revenge, and that if disposed, he could make my situation more desperate than it was already, and being of the opinion

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that I should not be able to realize anything from it if I refused him, I consented for him to get what he could from it; and so put an end to what I had there in the shape of property. I should be no further harassed on that point.

The jail is a brick building of two stories, about eighteen by thirty-six feet, having upon each floor two rooms, the lower part for the occupation of the prisoners, and the upper part for the jailor's family. The rooms for the prisoners are fifteen to sixteen feet square, with double doors, and two small grated windows, from six to eight feet from the lower floor. Overhead is a single board floor, which but little obstructs the noise of the upper part from being distinctly heard below, and *vice versa*.

About twenty feet from the jail, and fronting the windows, was a wooden building denominated the kitchen. Its door having previously taken refuge in the fire, and the wooden windows shutting only as the wind blew them to, I had a pretty fair view of what was transacted there from the only window which I could look out of, and from which I was often compelled to turn away, for the scene was too disgusting to look upon. There was scolding and cowhiding dealt out without measure, and the filthiness far exceeded anything I ever saw before connected with cooking. The place was a common resort for all the lank and starving domestics about the premises, seeking to pacify their hungry rage where the cook performed: and one might truly say that

The cook and the hens for the kitchen went snacks,

With two horses, three dogs, and five cats;

for there the cook, the poultry, and the horse might be seen helping themselves from the same meal barrel, and the dogs cleaning the cooking utensils, and sometimes taking a favourite bit from the market basket, before its contents had been otherwise disposed of. The board on which the food was prepared for cooking, was common to the tread of the cats and the poultry. The cook was a ~~slave~~ woman, and had a small straight-haired child, whose lungs were the strongest of any human being. I

ever saw of its size, and it made the freest use of them. For hours and hours of each day, for months, my ears rang with its tormenting screams, for it could not be called crying. And to make the matter still worse, there were three more small children of the family, all, alas ! having the same habits ; and no reasonable means or effort appeared to be put forth to reduce their noise. The young band were allowed to continue or to cease their music at their pleasure.

For many years I have been in the habit of being much among children, and am passionately fond of them, and delight to mingle in their company and sports ; and I well know that children will cry, and that to stop them entirely, could only be done by stopping their breath. But there is a vast difference between crying naturally and occasionally, and screaming at the top of one's voice with rage and passion, trying at each breath to exceed the previous note, for hours together. I do not wish to exaggerate, but to speak within bounds, I honestly think that for the first three months I was there, crying would occupy six hours per day ; and frequently two or three would be under way at a time.

The reader may imagine me worn down by exposure and disease almost to a skelton ; and that delicate organ, the brain, which is the seat of the nerves, having been powerfully affected by violent action upon it, was now rendered much more susceptible to the least impression. My stomach, from weakness and loss of digestive powers, rejected and loathed most of the common food of life ; and, while the system was harassed with violent chills and fever, I was chained to the sleepers of a solitary cell, rolling from side to side, and shifting from one position to another on the floor to relieve my aching bones, which were covered with little more than the skin wrapped over them. Let the reader imagine him or herself in this situation, and it will be clearly seen that these, with other things of a kindred nature, must have had a very sensible effect to aggravate the misery and sufferings of imprisonment.

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One of my first objects after I was incarcerated, was to procure such nourishment as would not quarrel with nature, and this I found rather difficult at first ; a part of the jail-feed I could not relish, and if I attempted to eat it, it would sicken and distress me. The bread, a dish of soup once a day, and sometimes a little fish, was all that I could eat of my rations, and it was difficult to get any one to bring me any thing for two or three weeks. But I finally succeeded in getting a Dane, who kept a grocery, to let his boy bring me such things as I needed, and by this means I obtained much relief and accommodation throughout my confinement ; and both the father and his little son, who was very attentive to my wants, are entitled to my grateful and warmest thanks.

For several months my feet and legs were much swelled, and the first irons I had on were partly buried in the flesh, but after some weeks' entreaty they were taken off and replaced by others larger. On the 4th September I was moved to the adjoining room ; and here were two objects which attracted my attention. On one side of the room, much of the floor was stained with the blood of a slave, who had three days before committed suicide by cutting open his belly and throat with a razor ; he had been committed that morning, charged with stealing, but it was subsequently ascertained that the article which he was accused of stealing had only been removed by some other person to another place, and nothing had the appearance of dishonesty in the case. But life had gone, and neither innocence nor skill could restore it. I have no doubt but his miserable condition as a slave to a severe master, and the expectation of undergoing severe punishment for the alleged offence, was the cause of his putting an end to his degraded existence. This was one of the seven slaves whom I had vainly endeavored to save from bondage, and on whose account I was now imprisoned.

The other object was the chain to which I was attached, it being the same which I had noticed fastened to the leg of Isaac, a slave man under sentence of death, nearly three years previous. The day before he was executed, I

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called to see him. He had undergone three trials, charged with committing a rape upon a woman of doubtful character. The two first juries did not agree, but the third rendered a verdict of guilty, and consequently he was sentenced to be hung the day following my visit. He still persisted in his innocence, forgiving his accusers, and appeared much resigned to his expected fate. His mind appeared calm, and he manifested confidence in the mercy of God as revealed through his Son. A petition, numerously signed, had been forwarded to the governor of the territory, but as yet no intelligence had arrived. I had conversed with the prisoner a few moments, and we had knelt together in supplication, to Him who is able to take away the sting of death, and smooth its rough passage, rendering it safe to all who truly and faithfully trust in Him for divine aid. We had scarcely risen, when the marshal entered, and read a letter from the governor containing the full pardon of the condemned man, and ordered his irons to be taken off, and delivered him up to his master ; and I saw him no more. But while I am writing this, I can see and feel the same chain attached to my leg. But few, if any, believed Isaac to be guilty of the charge against him, but that the prosecution was raised, on pecuniary considerations, out of revenge towards his master. And what is my crime ? What have I done ? I have attempted to assist a few of my fellow-beings to escape from bondage, to which they were subjected for no cause over which they or their ancestors had any control ; but because they were of the weaker party, and had not the power to assert their rights among men.

From about the year 1822, I began to go amongst slavery, and from that time, on all occasions which presented, I tried to inform myself of its mode of operation, and have, in several of the slave states, scrutinized it in the parlor and in the kitchen, in the cottage and in the field, in the city and in the country ; and have long since made up my mind that it ranked with the highest wrongs and crimes that ever were invented by the enemy of man,

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and ingeniously contrived to destroy the social and kind feelings existing between man and man, and the virtue and morals of both the master and the slave ; subjecting one to the deepest degradation and misery, and the other to dissipation, and contempt of the laws and government of God. It is a family, community, political, and national poison ;—obstructing the circulation of friendly and Christian sympathy, and giving vent to the worst passions and most debasing and corroding feelings that human nature can experience.

CHAPTER IV.

In addition to what has been already said respecting the jail, and what was transacted there, I will make a short abstract from a journal I kept while there, and in so doing, shall have to be somewhat personal—which I should be glad to avoid if I could do justice to the subject ; but shall be careful to avoid every thing which is not strictly true, and void of false coloring ; and if some individuals find their names here brought in juxtaposition with some improper transactions, they will have no occasion to charge me with falsehood or malignity. I had scarcely been secured in my cage like some rabid, dangerous animal, before I found I had to encounter a species of torment which I had not counted on, in the terrible amount of noise from the domestics about the premises ; for I was continually afflicted with a severe headache, and now it was brought in contact with circumstances directly calculated to increase it.

The family consisted of F. T. the jailer—L. T. his wife, and six children ; a mulatto woman and her child, five or six months old. Of course the work about the yard and kitchen devolved on the slave woman, who, by the bye, was not without her faults. She had been brought up in the family under the lash, as the only stimulant, which, as a natural consequence, had instilled the most bitter hatred and carelessness, with other kindred qualifications.

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July 19. When I was committed, there was one slave man in the adjoining room, for what I know not.

22. L. T. whipped the cook.*

24. L. T. whipped the cook.

25. I wrote to Benj. D. Wright, counsellor at law, requesting an interview. L. T. whipped the cook twice

28 Four of the slaves who had left with me were brought here and put in the adjoining room. L. T. whipped the cook.

29. My health a little improved ; could sit up half the day, wrote to my wife.

Aug. 1. L. T. whipped the cook.

4. L. T. whipped the cook.

5. The four fugitive slaves in the adjoining room whipped fifty blows each, with a paddle.

8. Were taken out ; with much difficulty could walk, being very sore. Cook whipped twice, once by L. T. and once by F. T.

12. A fugitive slave man caught and committed. L. T. whipped the cook.

14. L. T. whipped the cook.

17. L. T. whipped the cook four times. Mistress dreadfully cross.

19. L. T. whipped the cook.

21. L. T. whipped the cook twice.

22. The slave man committed on the 12th, taken out and sent to Alabama.

28. L. T. whipped the cook ; children got some too ; lots of scolding dealt out, in both English and French. Slave woman committed ; had been brought from New Orleans by mistake on board steam boat.

30. L. T. whipped the cook. L. T. confined ; brought forth a fine boy.

31. The slave woman, put in on the 28th, was taken out and sent back.

* Whenever the cook was whipped, it was done, with a few exceptions, with a raw-hide switch, about three feet in length, generally from twenty to fifty strokes at a time.

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Sept. 1. A slave man was committed on suspicion of larceny; he committed suicide same day by cutting his throat and belly open, and lived but two or three hours after.

2. I received a letter from my wife, parent, and children, and another from J. P. Nickerson, of Harwich; also one from S. Underwood and E. Nickerson, Junr.

3. Received twenty-five dollars cash, from an old ship-mate, by remittance from New York.

4. I was shifted to the adjoining room; received a letter from B. D. Wright, counsellor at law, in answer to a note I sent him the 25th July.

6. Wrote to my wife, S. Underwood, and E. Nickerson, Junr. A white man committed; had difficulty with his wife.

9. Let out again. We have had quite still times since the 30th of August, but scolding revives again.

11. A slave man brought to jail—whipped twenty blows with a paddle, and sent back.

If the reader is not acquainted with paddle-whipping, he may form some idea of it from the following description.

The paddles which I have seen, are about twenty inches in length, made of pitch-pine board, from an inch to an inch and a quarter thick, and seven or eight inches of one end is three and a half, or four inches wide, having from ten to fifteen holes through it the size of a large nail gimblet, and the other part is made round for the handle. The unfortunate subjects who are to feel the effects of this inhuman drabbing, are first tied, his or her wrists together, then made to sit down on the floor or ground, and put the knees through between the arms, then a stick or broom-handle is inserted through the angle of the legs, directly under the knees and over the arms, which confines them in a doubled and helpless condition. Previous to this arrangement, the victims are made naked from the waist down. The operator now takes hold with one hand of one end of the stick which has been inserted to confine the legs and arms together, and casts them on

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one side, and in the other hand holds the before mentioned paddle, which he applies to the backside of his helpless fellow-creature ; stopping at short intervals to allow the sufferer to answer such questions as are asked, or make such promises as it is thought best to extort ; and to give the numbness which has been excited by repeated blows, time to subside, which renders the next blows more acute and painful. After a requisite number of blows with the paddle are given, which is generally from ten to fifty, as the master or mistress may dictate, the raw-hide switch is next applied to the bruised and blistered parts, with as many or more blows laid on ; after which the sufferer is loosed and suffered to get over it the best way he can. Not only men but women are subject to the same mode of punishment. There is no precise rule to be observed in regard to punishment, but the masters or mistresses are the sole judges as to method and quantity ; and whenever the paddle is brought in requisition, it means that the raw-hide (more commonly called cow-hide) is not equal to the offence.

The reader will pardon me for this digression, while I return to the memorandum again.

Sept. 12. A U. S. seaman committed for not being down to the boat in time to go on board.

13. He was taken out and sent on board steamer Union. Cook whipped severely by L. T.'s brother, at her request.

15. A white man from the navy-yard committed ; he had come to the city without permission.

16. He was taken out and sent back. Received a letter from J. P. Nickerson, Esq., of Harwich.

17. I wrote to the same.

18. A white man committed for being noisy in the streets.

20. He was let out again, and another committed for being too drunk to take care of himself.

23. I wrote to the sheriff at Key West.

24. L. T. whipped the cook.

25. A large fire in the city. A number of houses



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burnt. A white man committed on suspicion of setting the fire. He was examined and discharged. Another white man committed, charged with larceny.

26. He was examined and discharged. A slave man committed, charged with attempting to steal fruit. He was whipped four blows with a paddle, and twenty-four with the cow-hide, and let out. A white man committed, charged with larceny.

27. The white man committed on the 20th, discharged. Tremendous scolding about this time.

29. Slave man committed; did not stay at home enough on the Sabbath to do chores; next morning let out. The noisy white man, mentioned the 18th, committed again for the like offence.

Oct. 1. L. T. whipped the cook; children cry by wholesale.

2. L. T. whipped the cook. A slave man committed for debt.

3. Two sailors from brig Wetomka committed; they were intoxicated, and quarrelled. Three sailors committed, who had taken French leave from U. S. steamer Union. The whole number now confined in the adjoining room is seven.

4. The slave man, put in on the 29th, discharged. A sailor belonging to U. S. vessel Vandalia, committed, and taken out the same day.

7. Three men, attached to the U. S. steamer, taken out and sent on board.

8. L. T. whipped the cook severely, with both ends of the cow-hide.

9. A white man committed on suspicion of participating in murder. Three seamen from the U. S. steamer General Taylor, committed for having some difficulty with the clerk on shore.

13. Two of them taken out and sent on board. The two seamen from brig Wetomka, committed on the 3rd, were let out.

11. The white man committed the 9th, on suspicion, discharged.

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14. The other man, (the boatswain,) belonging to the U. S. steamer General Taylor, let out. He went on board, and made me a present of a pair of blankets. One white man in the adjoining room and myself are the only remaining prisoners.

15. L. T.'s mother whipped the cook.

17. A sailor, a deserter from the U. S. service, caught and committed.

19. L. T. whipped the cook.

20. The other prisoner discharged.

25. Rather squally overhead and about the kitchen. L. T. whipped the cook twice, and another servant once; the children got some, scolding dealt out unsparingly.

27. A white man committed for fighting.

28. Discharged. At night the prisoner in the adjoining room broke out and went off.

Nov. 3. L. T. whipped the cook severely with a broomstick; scolds tremendously; gives unlimited scope to passion, and tapers off by crying herself.

5. White man committed for quarrelling with his wife.

7. Received a letter from A. B. Merrill, of Boston, counsellor at law. L. T. whipped the cook.

9. A slave man committed for leaving wood at the wrong place.

10. The white man, committed on the 5th, discharged. Received a visit from the district attorney, Walker Anderson.

11. The slave man, committed on the 7th, discharged, and a free colored woman put in for allowing the slave man to put wood in her yard. I was taken to court for trial; had it put off till the 14th; remanded again.

12. The colored woman, committed yesterday, discharged, and another committed for attempting to defend herself when about to be flogged by a naval officer, but discharged same day.

14. I was again conducted to court; tried; jury rendered a verdict of guilty on four indictments, viz., aiding and inducing two slaves to run away, and stealing two others.

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15. F. T. whipped the cook.

16. I was again taken to court, sentenced, placed in the pillory one hour, pelted with rotten eggs, branded in the right hand, and remanded to prison again ; the sheriff called soon after and served three writs upon me for trespass and damage, to the amount of one-hundred and six thousand dollars ; I was not put in irons as before. Received a visit and some money from a naval officer, who had witnessed the acts of attempted degradation which I had undergone, and expressed his sympathy in my behalf.

19. Slave man committed for being out too late.

20. Was flogged twenty-four blows with paddle and discharged. Received a letter from A. Chase ; also one from J. P. Nicholson, Esq., of South Harwich.

CHAPTER V.

The following are the particulars of my trial. On the 11th Nov., between 10 and 11, A. M., I was taken from prison, conducted to the court-house, and placed in the prisoner's box, and was asked by the judge if I had counsel. I replied that I had not, and that my means were too limited to provide counsel ; but that I was daily expecting advice from friends in regard to that point ; and I requested that my trial might be put off a few days. The judge informed me that if I was not able to provide counsel for myself, he would furnish me with counsel, and that I could have any one from the bar that I chose, to defend me, (there being three, besides the prosecuting attorney.) I said, that I would be glad to have my trial deferred a few days ; and that if I was not then provided with counsel, I would avail myself of his honor's proffer. So the trial was postponed until the 14th, and I was again placed in jail. Soon after 10, A. M., on the 14th, I was again conducted to court, and, not having any more information from my friends, chose Benjamin D. Wright, a member of the bar, to defend me.

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The district attorney, who was the prosecuting officer, presented four indictments against me, which were as follows—omitting the forms of the three last, being the same, and beginning at 1844 :

[1st.]

In the Superior Court of Escambia County, in the District of West Florida, November Term, 1844. Territory of Florida.

Escambia County, to wit :

The Grand Jurors of and for the Territory of Florida summoned and sworn to inquire in and for the body of the County of Escambia, upon their oaths present that Jonathan Walker, late of the County of Escambia, laborer, on the first day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four, with force and arms, in the county aforesaid, one negro man slave, named Silas Scott, of the value of six hundred dollars, of the goods and chattels of one Robert C. Caldwell, then and there being found, feloniously and unlawfully did aid and assist to run away, thereby wilfully causing a loss of labor of the said slave to the said Robert C. Caldwell, against the dignity of the Territory of Florida, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

WALKER ANDERSON,

U. S. Attorney for West Florida, and Prosecuting Officer for the Territory of Florida.

[2nd.]

— In the county aforesaid, one negro man slave, known by the name of Anthony Catlett, of the value of six hundred dollars, of the goods and chattels of one Byrd C. Willis, then and there being found, feloniously, unlawfully, and with force and arms, did steal, take, and carry away, against the peace and dignity of the Territory of Florida, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

WALKER ANDERSON,

U. S. Attorney, &c.

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[3rd.]

— With force and arms, in the county aforesaid, forcibly, wilfully, and unlawfully did steal and carry away a certain negro slave, named Moses Johnson, of the goods and chattels of one Robert C. Caldwell, then and there being found, of the value of six hundred dollars, against the peace and dignity of the Territory of Florida, and the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

WALKER ANDERSON,
U. S. Attorney, &c.

[4th.]

— With force and arms, in the county aforesaid, one negro man slave, named Charles Johnson, of the value of six hundred dollars, of the goods and chattels of one George Willis, then and there being found, feloniously and unlawfully did entice to run away, thereby wilfully causing the loss of the labor of the said slave to the said George Willis; to the great damage of the said Willis, against the peace and the dignity of the Territory of Florida, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

WALKER ANDERSON,
U. S. Attorney, &c.

My counsel objected to four indictments being arrayed against me for one act of offence, if it was an act at all. On this point, a discussion of some length took place between him and the prosecuting attorney; but the judge decided, that in order to come at the subject properly, one case should be tried. Accordingly, the jury were selected and sworn, and took their seats.

Robert C. Caldwell, being qualified as witness, testified that he accompanied the district marshal to the steam-boat Gen. Taylor, at the navy-yard, to conduct the prisoner to Pensacola, and in conversation with him, prisoner said that Silas came to his boat a little below the city, and got in with some others, but that he did not know him, and did not recollect ever seeing him before. This

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he (witness, believed to be correct, for it agreed with what the boy (Silas) had told him ; and that prisoner also said that he had for a long time been of the opinion that he would aid slaves to secure their liberty, if opportunity offered.

Richard Roberts, called and sworn, testified, that at day-break, on the morning of the 8th of July, about five leagues to the westward of the light ship on Carryfut's reef, he fell in with the prisoner and seven black men in a boat. He was suspicious that the black men were runaway slaves ; he went alongside of the boat with his vessel, and told his mate to make fast to the boat, and requested prisoner and the black men to come on board his sloop, and said that he was bound the same way, and would give them a tow ; but he found out, by some of the black men, that they were runaway slaves ; consequently, he took them all to Key West, and delivered them up to the authorities at that place. The prisoner was very sick at the time, but requested that he might be allowed to have his boat and proceed on, saying that he had a family that were dependent on him for support, and, if deprived of his services, would suffer in consequence.

The jury were charged, in a few formal words, and the first indictment handed to them. They retired to their room, and in about half an hour returned with the verdict, that they had found the prisoner guilty, and awarded him to be branded on the right hand with the letters S S.

The same jury was sworn again, and by the judge charged on the other three indictments. They withdrew, and were out between two and three hours, and returned with the following verdict : that they had found the prisoner guilty of all the charges preferred against him in the other three indictments, and awarded him to stand in the pillory one hour, to be imprisoned fifteen days, and to pay a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars.

I was again remanded to prison, until the 16th, at 10, A. M. ; when I was conducted to court, and on arriving at the court-house, (in front of which was the pillory,) the

marshal proceeded to place me in the pillory. I told him that I had not yet received sentence. The marshal replied that this was sentence enough—referring to the pillory. But before I was properly secured, the deputy marshal ordered me to be brought into court. This order was obeyed ; and I was again arraigned before the court, to receive the following sentence :—To be placed in the pillory for one hour ; then brought into court, and branded in the right hand with the letters SS. ; and then remanded to prison for fifteen days, and remain there until the fine (one hundred and fifty dollars) and the costs of prosecution should be paid.* I was then placed in the pillory, and when I had been there about half an hour, George Willis, mentioned in the fourth indictment, stepped from the crowd of spectators, who were standing by, (quietly beholding the inhuman administration of the laws of Florida,) and snatched from my head a handkerchief, which had been placed there by the deputy marshal, to screen me from the sun ; saying, that he had offered a dollar to any person that would do it ; but, as no one else would, he would do it himself. He then took from his coat pocket two rotten eggs, and hurled them very spitefully at my head, which took effect, and excited a burst of indignation from the bystanders. The said Willis was heard to offer the boys a great price for rotten eggs ; but he could find none vile enough to accommodate him. He was indicted, and appealed to the December court in Saint Rosa (adjoining) county, and was there tried, and fined six and a quarter cents. (*Threepence.*)

After the expiration of the hour, I was taken back to the court-house, and water given me to wash with, and then conducted into court again, to receive the remainder of my sentence. When about to be branded, I was placed in the prisoner's box. The marshal, Ebenezer Dorr, formerly of Maine, proceeded to tie my hand to a part of the railing in front. I remarked that there was

* After repeated solicitations, I was able to get at the amount of the costs, the 6th of December, twenty-one days after my trial.

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no need of tying it, for I would hold it still. He observed that it was best to make sure, and tied it firmly to the post, in fair view ; he then took from the fire the branding-iron, of a slight red heat, and applied it to the ball of my hand, and pressed it on firmly, for fifteen or twenty seconds. It made a spattering noise, like a handful of salt in the fire, as the skin seared and gave way to the hot iron. The pain was severe while the iron was on, and for some time afterwards. There appeared to be but few that wished to witness the scene ; but my friend, George Willis, placed himself where he could have a fair view, and feasted his eyes upon it, apparently with great delight.

I was then remanded to prison, but not put in irons as before. A few hours after my re-commitment, the marshal called and served three writs upon me, for trespass and damage, to the amount of one hundred and six thousand dollars, on the property of Robert C. Caldwell, Byrd C. Willis, and George Willis.

The territory of Florida was established by a law of the *United States*, passed March 30, 1822.

The fifth section of this act provides, "that the legislative power shall be vested in the governor, and in thirteen of the most fit and discreet persons of the territory, to be called the Legislative Council," &c.; that "their legislative power shall also extend to all the *rightful* subjects of legislation ; *but no law shall be valid which is inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the United States*, or which shall lay any person under restraint, burthen, or disability, on account of his religious opinions, professions or worship, in all which he shall be free to maintain his own and not burthened with those of another."

The tenth section of the same act provides, "That to the end that the inhabitants may be protected in their liberty, property, and the exercise of their religion; no law shall ever be valid which shall impair, or in any way restrain, the freedom of religious opinions, professions, or worship ; they shall be entitled to the benefit of the

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writ of *habeas corpus* ; they shall be bailable in all cases, except for capital offences, where the proof is evident, or the presumption great ; all fines shall be moderate and proportioned to the offence, and excessive bail shall not be required, *nor cruel nor unusual punishments inflicted.*"

The Act of March 3rd, 1823, contains the *same* provisions.

The law under which I was indicted, was enacted by the territorial government, and provides as the punishment for the crime therein recited, imprisonment not exceeding six months ; standing in the pillory ; *branding*, or a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, at the discretion of the jury.

It seems plain, that the law of the United States having prohibited *cruel and unusual punishments*, and having declared that no law of the territorial government, inconsistent with the United States' laws, shall ever be *valid* ; this territorial law, under which I was punished, is therefore void.

CHAPTER VI.

Nov. 26. I will conclude my memorandum. L. T. and mother whipped the cook, alternately, *spell and spell*. F. T. whipped the cook severely.

Dec. 2. Received a visit from T. M. Blunt, of New York. He had been in the city thirteen days.

5. A slave woman committed for not staying at home enough, and taken out next day.

8. Received a letter from John Scoble, London, and a resolution adopted by a committee of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society in regard to Charles T. Torrey and myself.

9. A slave man committed for being in liquor and quarrelsome, and let out next day.

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16. A slave man committed for disobedience ; whipped ten blows with a paddle, and let out next day.

25. Two seamen committed from brig Hazard, of Portland, for attempting to obtain their discharge. They had refused to do duty on board.

27. A slave man committed, He was intoxicated.

28. He was let out again ; and one of the seamen put in on the 25th, was discharged.

29. L. T. whipped the cook.

Jan. 3. 1845. L. T. whipped the cook twice.

9. Two white men committed for debt, and discharged. Received a letter from J. P. Nickerson, Esq.

10. L. T. whipped the cook. A slave man committed for going out of town at Christmas, and staying too long. A slave boy put in with me. He had played truant. He was let out next morning.

13. A white man committed, on suspicion of plotting to rob the mail.

14. L. T. whipped the cook.

15. A white man put in with me, to get sober, to use in evidence. He was taken out next day.

16. L. T. whipped the cook twice.

20. The white man committed the 13th, on suspicion, was discharged.

21. A slave boy committed for running away.

24. The other seaman, put in from brig Hazard, on the 25th ult., was discharged. A deserting soldier caught, committed, taken out, and sent to the navy-yard.

26. The slave man put in on the 10th, taken out, and sent to New Orleans, to be sold.

27. A slave woman committed for attempting to defend herself when about to be whipped by her mistress. The next day she was flogged twenty-four blows with the paddle, and twelve with the cow-hide, and sent home.

Feb. 6. I will detail the following circumstances, for which I have been almost censured by warm friends. My readers can make their own comments. While est-

ing my dinner, I was informed, by what I thought good authority, that the marshal would take me, at 4, P. M., before a magistrate, to be examined on other charges—what, my informant would not, or could not tell; but said that he heard the marshal say he was coming for me at four o'clock. I was somewhat apprehensive that it was a device of some persons ill-disposed towards me, and not satisfied with the course which the law had taken, and who were disposed to make use of other than legal means. I hinted this to my informant. His reply was, "They are going to play the devil with you." My suspicion was strengthened by the district attorney and judge being abroad at the time, and by the lateness of the hour selected for taking me from prison; so I did not think it prudent for me to leave the prison, except I could be convinced that I should be subject to no illegal dealings. At the above mentioned time, the marshal called, and requested me to go with him before a magistrate. I declined going, and gave him some reasons why; and told him, that whatever examination I was to undergo, I preferred it should take place where I was. The marshal left, and some time after returned, saying that the magistrate refused to come to the jail; and again requested me to go with him. I still declined. He then started to leave, when the jailer spoke to him a few minutes. He then returned, and read to me a letter from the district judge, who was then at Talahassee, (Middle Florida,) with instructions to take me before a magisrrate for examination, on a charge of inducing three slaves to leave the service of their masters. The marshal then left me; and the reader may picture to his mind my feelings, as well as he can; for I have no faculty to express them on paper.

I had for several weeks been expecting to be liberated from my disagreeable situation, through the liberality of friends who had been imposed upon in regard to my true situation, and prevented from doing for me what they had attempted, by supplying the pecuniary means to satisfy the demands of the court; and had been twice disappointed; but now it seemed that the most favourable

issue which I could expect, was to be chained up for three or four months longer in that woman whipping-shop, and go through another trial for the same offence ; with the continual accumulation of obstacles to my release ; and for my family to remain objects of charity ; my aged parents and other near friends, suffering affliction ; and all to gratify a few God-haters and man-haters, who were feasting their rage upon one helpless object, whom Providence had in some measure placed where they could wreak their vengeance on him. These were some of the most favourable considerations which occurred to my mind ; and which have since been realized.

Knowing that my enemies would spare no pains in doing me all the injury in their power, I thought it no harm to use some pacific means to place myself beyond their power ; feeling confident that right did not demand the punishment my persecutors intended for me. Neither had I much time to reflect on the subject ; for I was confident that the next day I should be put in irons again, and then about all chance to rescue myself would be cut off. Seeing that it required but little effort or ingenuity to open the doors myself, I gave way to the impulse of present feeling, and without any difficulty succeeded in opening the doors, without doing them one dollar's worth of injury ; although I was charged ten dollars for repairing the door, including a new lock. For what purpose the lock was used I know not. I am sure it was not used on any of the jail doors, for the same locks that were on the doors when I went there, were on the doors when I left. But, as a very slight noise could be heard in the rooms above, the family took the alarm, and prevented my departure. I was made secure till next day, when the marshal called, and without any ceremony, took me before three magistrates. Satisfactory evidence against me was produced to insure my committal until the next term of court in May, unless I gave bail in the sum of three thousand dollars. So I was remanded to prison again and put in irons, to await the result of what might follow.

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I shall mention but a few more items from my memorandum, and then, briefly notice some other points.

Feb. 9. A slave man and woman were committed for being out too late, but discharged the next day.

10. The slave boy committed the 21st of last month, taken out, and sent to New Orleans, to sell. None but myself now in jail.

17. Two slave women and one man brought to jail and whipped ten blows each, on the bare back, and discharged. They were accused of using some of their master's money without his permission.

19. L. T. whipped the cook. The jailer's family moved to another house.

25. A slave boy committed, who received twenty blows with the paddle, and was then sent home. He had played the truant.

27. A slave man brought to jail and whipped twenty-five blows with cow-hide. His master was intoxicated; lost some change; the slave picked it up, and attempted to use some of it. A white man committed for being intoxicated and quarrelsome.

March 1. A slave man committed, to gratify a drunken master, and released again the same day.

4. The white man committed on the 27th ult. was released.

16. A slave man brought to jail and flogged twenty-five blows with a paddle, and twenty with a cow-hide. He was charged with not doing work enough.

19. A slave boy committed; flogged for playing truant, and let out the same day.

20. A sick slave man committed, I do not know for what, and let out the next day.

31. A slave man committed for getting intoxicated, and let out the next day.

April 1. A slave man committed; he had been sent to New Orleans for sale, but was returned.

2. A white man committed at his own request; he had been on a drinking spree, and was afraid he should do something to get him into trouble.

7. He was discharged.

12. A slave woman brought to jail and flogged severely. The slave man committed on the 1st, flogged twenty-four blows with the paddle, and thirty with the cow-hide, to gratify his drunken mistress, as they could not sell him to their mind, in New Orleans. The flogging made him quite sick for several days. A white man committed, charged with assault and battery.

15. A slave man committed for allowing a horse to run with him in the street.

16. He was flogged fifteen blows with a cow-hide, and discharged.

19. The slave man flogged on the 12th, was taken from jail and sent to Mobile to be sold.

This is the slave that was committed on the 10th of January, for staying too long with his wife and children at Christmas. His master had a plantation thirty or forty miles from Pensacola, where he had lived for a number of years, but had lately moved to Pensacola and offered his plantation for sale; and, not having employment for his slaves, was desirous to convert some of them into other property. And although the slave was permitted at Christmas to go and see his family, who still lived in the neighbourhood he had formerly lived in, and were claimed as property by another man, yet his staying over his time, gave sufficient cause (as per slave code) for removing him for ever from them, notwithstanding he offered to produce the proof of his inability to return at the time appointed, on account of sickness. Nevertheless, he was kept in jail sixteen days, and then sent to New Orleans. But being too old to meet with a ready sale in that market, he was returned again the 1st of April, and lodged in jail until the 12th, when his mistress came there in a rage, under the influence of liquor, and caused him to be flogged as mentioned above; and during the performance, she stood by and gave directions to the operator, yelping all the while at the mangled victim of her anger. A few days after, he was sent to Mobile for sale. He did not meet with a market, and was sent

back ; but soon after his return escaped from his tormentors, and I have since heard no more of him.

27. I received a letter from B. D. Wright, counsellor at law, enclosing a letter to him from H. I. Bowditch of Boston, relating to my circumstances.

May 1. A fugitive slave apprehended and committed ; he had straight hair, and looked more like an Indian than a negro, and tried to pass himself for one.

CHAPTER VII.

May 8th, soon after 10 A. M., I was conducted to the court-house by the marshal and constable. The judge inquired if I had counsel. I replied that I had not. He then appointed Alfred L. Woodward to defend me, and also W. W. J. Kelly, Esq., assistant counsel. As Mr. Woodward was not duly informed in the case, we thought it best to have the trial put off untill the next day. I had no desire to have counsel to manage my defence, not thinking it would be to my advantage, but to submit the case to the magnanimity of the jury ; but as the judge had appointed counsel, I did not deem it advisable to reject it,—confident that it would excite his displeasure, which would be likely to have an unfavorable effect on my case.

I remarked to my counsel that I consented to a present trial, only on condition, that all relating to the charges preferred against me, should be placed before the court for final action ; and that no part or section be kept back or reserved for a future consideration. I was remanded to jail again, and that afternoon had an interview with Mr. Woodward.

May 9th, between 10 and 11 A. M., I was arraigned before the court, and soon after a jury was called and qualified. The district attorney produced three indictments against me, charging me with assisting as many slaves to escape from their masters, &c. A short discussion followed between the district attorney and counsel for the defendant, respecting the validity of the law in the multiplication of punishments for the same offence and at

different periods ; but the court decided that I was liable to be tried separately for each charge alleged against me, although there was but one act in the commission.

Robert C. Caldwell, the only witness in the case, was sworn, and testified that he accompanied the deputy marshal to and from the steam-boat General Taylor, where he went to conduct the defendant from said steam-boat to the city, about the 20th July last, and on the passage to the city in the boat, he heard defendant say that he took from the shore near the city, the slaves mentioned in the indictments, on board his boat on the evening of the 22nd June last, and went to sea with them, and was taken by a sloop not far from Cape Florida, and carried to Key West, and that defendant told him that he had been for a long time of the opinion that whenever an opportunity offered, he would assist slaves to obtain their freedom.

The district attorney addressed the jury for a few minutes, portraying the magnitude of the offence, the abuse of rights, &c., stating the result of the trials of Charles T. Torrey and Calvin Fairbanks, in Maryland, and Kentucky—not forgetting to direct a few shots at the northern “fanatical abolitionists.”

W. W. J. Kelly next made some very appropriate and feeling remarks upon the administration and severity of the law already inflicted on the prisoner for the same offence, and his long confinement in prison and in chains, and the deprivation entailed upon his deeply afflicted family, &c. He was followed by A. L. Woodward, commenting on the multiplicity of punishments for the same offence when no act of an incendiary, or violent character had appeared, to aggravate the case, but the prisoner had quietly submitted, without a murmur, to the heaviest punishment the law could inflict upon him. He appealed to the magnanimity and humanity of the jury to put a stop to this persecution ; neither the law nor the interest and welfare of the country demanded more ; even common sense forbade it. He requested them to render a verdict which their conscience would approve, and not

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to heap vengeance on the head of their helpless fellow-being, &c., &c.

The judge charged the jury to find the prisoner guilty, and not to allow any sympathy for the accused to sway them from inflicting strict justice on him, for it was not the accused who had a right to complain of the severity of the law, or demand their sympathy; but those that were dead and their friends.* The rights, safety, and honor of the country demanded justice from its courts.

The cases were submitted to the jury at about 12 M., and I was soon after remanded to jail again, and placed in irons as usual. The next day I received a note from W. W. J. Kelly, stating that the jury had that morning returned in court, and rendered a verdict of guilty in each case, and assessed me a fine of five dollars in each case; and that I was to remain in custody until the fines and costs were paid.

The judge, district attorney, and my counsel were slave-holders, and some of the jury also. Surrounded by slave-holders, and in a section of the country where slavery is held one of their most sacred rights, what had I to expect at their hands; well known and thoroughly proved to be hostile in the highest degree to the system of American slavery, and placed in their power, subject to their will, for the commission of an act which is now held to be a capital offence, and punishable with death. In consideration of these, and some other things which might be brought into the account, it shows that vengeance has not yet buried humanity, nor destroyed all the sympathy existing between men and those whose opinion differs from their own upon subjects of great importance.

The jury was an intelligent one, and among them was the city mayor, and I submitted my case cheerfully to their decision, confident that the verdict would be as mild as their responsible situation would admit of; and my expectations were more than realized: for which

* I know not what he meant by this expression, except he had his eye on that old St. Domingo hobby horse so often backed by the advocates of slavery.

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mild and humane verdict they are entitled to my grateful thanks and high consideration, for they have shown themselves to be untrammelled by prejudice, or actuated by revenge toward their helpless fellow-being.

I thought the judge manifested a considerable degree of prejudice against me, especially in this last trial; "Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad." But I saw no display of any unkind feelings from any other persons, in or out of court, except by those who considered themselves so grievously injured and imposed upon by my allowing some of their two-legged chattels to walk off in company with me; or rather, to allow the wind to blow them away from that mill which is constantly grinding the faces of the poor, and whose owner, like the greedy horseleech, thirsts for more, "and saith, it is not enough."

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HAVING gone through with the principal events in relation to my capture, return, imprisonment, and legal dealings, I shall notice a few points which may not be altogether improper or unimportant.

I have before said, that Captain Richard Roberts, of the sloop *Eliza Catherine*, treated me with civility while on board of his vessel. But who delegated to him the right to take charge of me and my boat by force on the high seas, without consent or ceremony, and convey me more than a hundred miles from my course, to a distant island, where I could have no means of self-defence, without any knowledge of my being in any way liable?

Is not this food for scepticism? Here are two individuals brought in contact, both professing the same religious faith, both having privately and publicly declared, before God and man, that they have resolved to be followers of him who taught his disciples to have compassion on, and extend their aid to their suffering fellow-men, and who illustrated the same by numerous precepts and examples of his own life;—one endeavoring to rescue some of those who had fallen among thieves and been cruelly dealt with, and trying to assist them to obtain their lost but natural rights, to which they are entitled by the declaration of American Independence, and by the laws of God given to men; the other, being in possession of superior

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power, not only opposing the efforts of the former, and preventing him from complying with the command of their divine Master, of doing unto others as he would that others would do unto him, were he in similar circumstances,—but placing his helpless brother in a situation where his life would be in jeopardy, and his dependant family and friends made miserable.

I do not wish to cast any undue reflections upon Captain Roberts; but I do lament the lack of moral courage, and the deep depravity of such professors of Christianity; for surely he that hath no pity on those of his fellow-creatures "whom he hath seen, can have no love for God whom he hath not seen." For saith Jesus, "As ye have not done it unto one of these, ye have not done it unto me."

Captain Roberts manifested great seriousness and devotion to the cause of religion. Yet profanity passed freely in the cabin and about his vessel's decks unrebuked. And I could not but think that he did not pay any too strict regard for honesty, as several articles that were taken from my boat on board of his vessel, could not be found by the sheriff, who went on board for them. I tried to have some conversation with him while on board, but that he carefully avoided by keeping at a distance. But Captain Roberts may be assured that I have no unkind feelings toward him; if he acted under the conviction of duty and justice, he has nothing to fear; but if otherwise, his conscience and his Judge will adjust it.

The treatment of Sheriff Page, at Key West, was kind and obliging, and of him I should have no occasion to complain, if he had, as I requested, informed me what disposition was made of my effects which were in his charge.

Esquire Balany (I think that was the name of the magistrate to whom my case was submitted) manifested no unkind feelings towards me, and allowed me as much indulgence as circumstances would admit of. But the district attorney, whom I saw on two occasions, appeared to have "taken pepper in his nose," and soon gave me to understand that I had no favors to expect from that quarter. I also received kind treatment from the jailer at that place—but did not stay long enough at the soldiers' barracks to form any acquaintance there.

As to Commander Ferrand, of the steamboat General Taylor, on board of which I was shipped to Pensacola, he did not make any great display of good feeling in my behalf, he subjected me to a steam bath a considerable part of the passage, by having me placed in the hold of the boat, where the engine and fire were, to my no small discomfort. Also good care was taken that I should neither dance nor play on the fiddle, by closely confining both hands and feet in irons. The lieutenant was a South Carolina chicken, well stuffed with McDuffieism, from whom no answer to any question could be obtained, or any

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reply directly to me. His name, I think, was Anderson. He had got his lesson from the nullification roost, and was prepared to look daggers at every thing in the shape of abolitionism.

Soon after my committal to jail in Pensacola, a printed hand-bill was presented to me, offering a reward of one thousand seven hundred dollars for the apprehension and delivery at Pensacola of seven slaves, at one hundred dollars each, if taken out of the territory; and if within its limits, fifty dollars each; and after giving some description of each, it goes on at a considerable length in detailing some truths and some falsehoods, and concludes in the following words: "From these and other circumstances, the belief exists that said Jonathan Walker has carried these slaves off in his boat. And therefore, for his apprehension and conviction of said offence, the subscribers will pay a further reward of *one thousand dollars*. This explains the zeal of the religious professor, Captain R. Roberts, to secure me.

"R. C. CALDWELL,
GEO. WILLIS, by
JAS. QUIGLES, Agent."

It may not be improper to introduce to the reader John M'Kinlay, editor of the Pensacola Gazette. Although he had no control over me, yet, as he had control over the only paper published in Pensacola, it was in his power to give an unfair statement of the circumstances, which he did not fail to do. In the number for July 27th, he crowded into a part of a column of that small paper, twenty odd *lies* at my expense. Whether that libellous statement was voluntary on the part of its crouching editor, or whether he was dictated to, I know not. His guilt is the same.

I have before stated that I was escorted from the steamboat General Taylor to the court-house by the deputy marshal. Although this officer had but little to do with me, yet so far as he had any thing to do with me, he manifested a kind and friendly feeling. Those who have never been in critical circumstances cannot tell how sensibly every look, action, and word is felt by one in my situation. The name of this officer is James Gonzalez, who is entitled to my thanks for his humane deportment towards me.

The marshal of the district, Ebenezer Dorr, was formerly from the State of Maine, with whom I had been well acquainted for eight or nine years, and we had always been on terms of friendship; but now our mutual feelings were about to be tested; for circumstances having rendered our situations very different, there was no more equality. He was a practical slave-holder and a strong advocate of the system; I an uncompromising opponent of American slavery in all its forms; he holding a high office under the territorial government; I, a prisoner for a violation of the territorial law, placed in his custody, and subject almost

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entirely to his control. I do not pretend that our former acquaintance or friendly intercourse entitled me to any unusual indulgence, or that he should violate any duty, or deviate from the path of justice to accommodate me, or ameliorate my condition; but I did suppose that there should be some consideration made on the score of humanity, towards any one in so feeble a state as I was at the time of my committal, which might aid in the restoration of health, or that would not tend to reduce me still more; for the reader has already been informed that I was placed in heavy irons, without even a handful of straw to lie on, or anything done to provide me with food suitable for a sick person—for it was impossible for me to recover solely on my jail fare. Not but the quantity was sufficient, but the quality was not suitable for one out of health; and I deprived, as was supposed, of what money I had for several days; so that all means were thwarted of providing for myself. But, as I wish not to forget any favour shown me, I pass to his credit a bottle of milk which he gave me, and an occasional call and inquiry after my health, and the loan of some newspapers, &c.

My correspondence had to pass under his inspection, and for one or two words in a private letter to my wife, respecting my situation, I received from him a severe reprimand. But suffice it to say, that he might have made my situation more irksome, or he might have ameliorated it, without infringing upon his official duties. He permitted George Willis to take from my head a handkerchief, which his deputy had placed there to keep off the violence of the sun, and heave rotten eggs at me, whilst standing in the pillory, without interfering other than saying, "Don't, Mr. Willis, for we have got to take him into court,"—as much as to say, "he would appear indecent," or "some one's senses will be offended."

Walker Anderson, the district attorney, who, by the bye, was the prosecuting officer, is entitled to my thanks for his kindness and humanity towards me, both in his private and official capacity. He is a mild, considerate, and intelligent man; and were he not surrounded by a powerful slavery influence, any society might be proud of such a member. I have for a number of years known him, and can say that he is of the most amiable disposition of any person I ever knew in Pensacola—notwithstanding a few misstatements in his letter to the governor of Florida, in reply to a letter from the secretary of Massachusetts to that functionary. For a considerable part of my confinement, he furnished me with reading matter and the news of the day; and in his absence, his kind and amiable wife would supply me with literary food.

It may not be out of place here to make mention of George Willis and Robert C. Caldwell, the claimants of the slaves that went away with me. George Willis claims a high standing in

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society, is considered a man of considerable property; said to be the owner of a considerable number of slaves, with whom he is very severe; he is a haughty, overbearing, and cruel man, and associates with but few. He was marshal of the west district of Florida, two or three years, whilst I lived in Pensacola; during which time he had the honor of hanging three or four colored men. From my previous knowledge of him, I was prepared to expect no favor from that quarter, and had he been at home when I was brought back to Pensacola, I have no doubt he would have sought illegal revenge upon me;—the manner in which he displayed his feelings at the court-house, when undergoing the penalties of my first trial, may be considered a specimen of the man.

R. C. Caldwell was at this time, a second lieutenant in the navy, but has since been promoted to a first lieutenancy. He is from the State of Ohio; and, as I have been credibly informed, had studied for the ministry, but finally entered the navy; and two or three years ago, married a wealthy young woman in Pensacola, who had a number of slaves, and in this way became in possession of property and slaves. Thus he is year after year receiving pay from the United States government, for overseeing his own or his wife's slaves. My first personal acquaintance with this man took place in the boat in which I was brought from the steamboat General Taylor to Pensacola, while in charge of the deputy marshal. He visited me several times soon after my committal, appeared very friendly, and seemed disposed to urge upon my mind some *religious* considerations, and had the politeness to bring me some pound-cake, as he called it; but no sooner had he succeeded in getting possession of what little I had in the shape of *property*, than every friendly and social consideration was abandoned, and he spared no pains to persecute me to the extent of his ability; and was still anxious to gratify his malignant appetite on the victim of his rage, to the very last.

With some reluctance, I introduce to the reader Francis Torward, the jailer, or constable, but more commonly designated by the title of city marshal. The jail is the property of the city, and the jailer (city marshal) is chosen yearly by a vote of the city, and is paid a salary per month. His duty is to look after the peace and quiet of the city; to commit and release all prisoners; to ring the city bell on all proper occasions, especially at the hours of 8, P. M., in winter, and 9, P. M., in summer; and to take up all slaves found in the streets without a pass after the bell has been rung, &c. He provides the prisoners with their food and drink, for which he is allowed thirty-seven and a half cents each, per day. He also inflicts punishment upon slaves sent there by their masters or mistresses to be punished. I know not whether he is under any official obligation to per-

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form this task, or whether custom has made it a rule. For this service, I believe he is entitled to extra pay from the persons who employ him for that purpose. It is by no means a general rule for masters or mistresses to have their slaves flogged by the city marshal, for it frequently costs them some loss of their service or time, besides what they have to pay the marshal; so that but few are disposed to incur the expense, when they can save it by a few minutes' exertion of their own muscular powers, and at the same time feed their rapacious revenge upon their helpless slaves. I am not prepared to say what the compensation is for flogging, or whether it is in all cases the same, or proportioned to the degree of infliction; but I am inclined to think there is a stipulated price, and I had grounds for the conclusion that it is seventy-five cents, each time. There appears to be no amount of punishment fixed by any law or rule, but the kind and quantity is prescribed by the master or mistress, as their feelings or inclination may influence them.

Suppose the slave whom I have so often mentioned as being flogged by her mistress, had cost her master seventy-five cents for each whipping, the amount would have been about thirty dollars from the 19th July, when I was committed, to the 19th February, when the family moved from the jail. The reader will have perceived that those whippings were much more frequent in the warm weather than in the cold, and also before her mistress' confinement, than afterwards. The reader is at liberty to make his comments or conjectures as to the cause of this.

It may be thought that those whippings were of no great severity, and merely administered as a parent would correct a child; but to test the quality let a person be covered only with a *thin cotton frock*, and let a woman, excited to uncontrolled passion, apply a raw-hide switch to the back of the other with her greatest strength from twenty to fifty blows, and they would not need a repetition of it to ascertain its mildness. But some of those floggings were applied by a more powerful arm than that of the mistress; and the marks and scars were visible upon the slave's neck and face from the time I was first committed to the day of my release. My senses have conveyed to my heart inexpressible feelings of disgust and abhorrence for such a mode of discipline or punishment upon rational human beings. Often when these exhibitions have taken place, have I thought of the following lines:

"Hate's quivering lip, the fix'd, the starting eye,
The grin of vengeance, and the forehead pale,
The deep drawn breath, the short hyena cry,
All in connection tell the dreadful tale
Where cow-hide, paddle, chains, and slavery do prevail."

If any parents, guardians or masters, wish their child, minor, or servant, to hate them with a perfect hatred, let them flog

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them! If parents, guardians, or their masters, wish to destroy all good will and ready obedience to superiors, and all self-respect in their children, minors, or servants, let them flog them, and they may be assured that they are in a fair way to obtain that object.

I was somewhat acquainted with the jailer before my incarceration, but not at all with any of his family; but I soon found that what St. Paul called the weaker vessel was the stronger vessel, for none could carry so great a press of sail as my hostess. Her colors were nailed at mast-head, and all about the premises were to be controlled by her undisputed sway.

It may be asked what treatment I received at their hands? I answer, that for the most part of the time, it was better than that which fell to the lot of other prisoners; after being there for some time, by some cause or other, I seemed to get partly into their good grace, and was treated by her with perfect civility and some degree of kindness; and frequently found in my dish some little luxuries, unusual, I presume, for prisoners to receive except at their own expense, or by the kindness of friends. But if I had had no means to provide anything for myself, I should much of the time have gone hungry, as the portion given me which I could eat, was insufficient. My food consisted mostly of bread and fish for breakfast, and bread and a dish of soup or some calavance beans for dinner. The bread was generally good, made of flour, and most of the time raised; and the rest was mixed up and baked in thin cakes without raising. I had the curiosity to weigh it for two weeks, and the result was ten pounds seven ounces for fourteen successive days, two pounds thirteen and one half ounces of which was Johnny-cake, or flour and water kneaded up and baked by the fire as above. Some days I had but little other than bread given me.

The district attorney says in his letter to Governor Branch, Nov. 9th, 1844, that I "informed him that I was in perfect health," and that "I assured him that I had nothing to complain of in the treatment of the jailer and his family." He should have said that I informed him, that my health was as good as my situation would admit of; and that I did not complain of the treatment of the jailer or his family.

It was for my benefit to make as little complaint as possible, and therefore, having a little money, I supplied at my own expense, what was lacking on their part, which amounted to little more than a dollar per week during my imprisonment, for food, washing, and a little clothing.

The reader may not readily understand how I ascertained the weight of the bread I have spoken of. By the use of a small stick and a little paper and twine, I made a balance, and for weights I used silver coin; and in this way I also weighed the chain attached to my leg, by weighing one link of medium size,

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and multiplying the others by that, which product was twenty-two and one-half pounds, beside the shackle which encircled my ankle.

As to the persons, whose names I have here been using, I have no inclination to misrepresent or abuse them, for I delight not in vilifying my fellow-creatures, but would far rather speak well of them; and what I have here said, has been under a sense of deep moral feeling, and I have suppressed much that might have been said with propriety, and in strict accordance with truth. But if any, whose names I have here dealt with, or may deal with, can show in any instance where I have misused them, I will hasten to make public confession, and beg their pardon.

I now introduce some correspondence, and the expressions of others in relation to my case.

Harwich, Aug. 17th, 1844.

My very dear suffering friend Jonathan;—after much concern, we have had a letter from thine own hand; the truth of which we can confide in. Thy family are all in health. Some days after the news of thy capture came, I went over to see thy wife and thy parents, and they expressed much concern about thee. I mentioned to them the well-known passage of Scripture: "if ye suffer for righteousness, happy are ye," &c. "Be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled, but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."

At a meeting, on the first day of August, we made a small collection for thy family. We also chose a committee to see thy family. It was a consolation to many, to have a letter from thee; many sympathize with thee. I think I can see the good hand of God with you, in chastening and afflicting you. I rejoice to see thy integrity and thy confidence in Christ; thy believing that he has stood by thee, and that thou canst not part with him! Yea, let everything else go first! Yea, let life go before Him. Jesus says, "he came not to do his own will, but the will of his Father that sent him!" and he has left us an example that we should walk in his steps; "for he that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin." When liberty, truth, and right, have been trampled upon for a long time; the authority, law, and government of God been disregarded; human inventions set up; the laws, usages, and customs of men been considered paramount to the will, law, or government of God, it will, surely, cost more or less suffering to make a change.

E. NICKERSON.

In a subsequent letter the same person says, "My dear brother, you have a glorious trial; make a right use of it."

Harwich, Aug. 20, 1844.

CAPT. J. WALKER:

DEAR SIR,—When your condition became known here, a

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good deal of interest was excited in your behalf. A meeting of the citizens was held at the congregational meeting-house yesterday, (19th,) agreeably to previous notice, to take into consideration your case; and the undersigned were made a committee, to ascertain through you, your friends, or the authorities of Pensacola, in what way, if at all, your condition may be ameliorated.

We learn that you were committed to prison for want of bail; and we wish to know whether you would be now released from confinement, if the necessary bail should be obtained? Do you wish for bail? or had you rather remain confined until your trial? Have you any counsel? And if not, do you wish for any? And if so, have you the means of employing counsel? Or does the government furnish counsel for you? You state in your letter that you are chained so that you cannot walk your room. This we cannot but regret; as we know that a little exercise would afford you much relief, and we trust that the humanity of those who have you in keeping, will prompt them to afford you some relief in this particular. Is the room in which you are confined, so ventilated, that you can have a supply of fresh air? Are you confined alone, or are there others in the room with you? if so, how many? Will there be a special court for your trial, or shall you wait till the regular term, in November? An early answer to the above inquiries, or so many of them as may be of importance to you, is desired.

From our long acquaintance with you, we are assured, that the act for which you have been arrested, and are now suffering, was done under a high sense of moral obligation. How far that sense has been mistaken, is not for us to determine. We can only regret the occurrence; leaving the adjustment of its morality between you and your own conscience.

Have you a comfortable supply of good and wholesome food? Is there any way in which we can be of any service to you? If so, inform us, and our efforts to render your condition more comfortable shall not be wanting.

SIDNEY UNDERWOOD.
ELKANAH NICKERSON, JR.

Through the kindness of a friend in New York, I received the following resolution and the annexed epistle, just two months from its adoption. But the original paper, with some others, was wrested by force from me, and laid before a committee of the legislative council of the Territory of Florida, for their action, which report I place below. By some exertion I succeeded in obtaining all the papers except the one of which I place a copy here.

British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for the Abolition of Slavery, and the Slave trade throughout the world.

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27, *New Broad Street, London.*

At a meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held at 27, New Broad Street, on Friday, October 4, 1844, George Stacy, Esq., in the chair, it was resolved unanimously,

That, considering the enormous wickedness of American Slavery, whether viewed in relation to the iniquity of its principle, which deprives nearly three millions of human beings of their personal rights, or to the atrocity of its practice, which subjects them to the deepest degradation and misery; this committee feel it to be their duty, publicly and warmly, to express their sympathy with those devoted friends of humanity, the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, and Captain Jonathan Walker—who are now incarcerated in the prisons of Maryland and West Florida, for having aided, or attempted to aid, some of their countrymen in their escape from bondage; and to assure those Christian philanthropists that they consider the cause for which they may hereafter be called to suffer, honorable to them as men, and as Christians; and the laws under which they are to be arraigned, as utterly disgraceful to a civilized community, and in the highest degree repugnant to the spirit and precepts of the gospel.

On behalf of the Committee, THOMAS CLARKSON, *President.*

JOHN SCOBLE, *Secretary.*

To Capt. Jonathan Walker, October 8, 1844.

27, *New Broad Street, London.*

DEAR SIR—The painful circumstances in which you have been placed by your humane and Christian attempt to deliver some of your fellow-men from the sufferings and degradation of slavery, are not, as you will perceive by the accompanying resolution, unknown to the Abolitionists in Great Britain.

They truly sympathize with you in your affliction, and they trust that the efforts which are to be made for your deliverance from the power of evil men and evil laws, will be succeeded by the divine blessing.

Your faith and patience may be greatly tried, but I trust you will be divinely sustained through the conflict, and that you will have a large share in the prayers, as well as in the sympathies and assistance of your friends.

Trusting that you will meet with becoming fortitude your approaching trial, and that whatever may be its issue, you may find the joy of the Lord to be your strength,"

I am, dear sir, with great respect and esteem,

Yours very truly, JOHN SCOBLE, *Secretary.*

To Capt. Jonathan Walker.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY
SOCIETY, LONDON.

New York City, July 12, 1845.

VERY KIND AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIENDS:

I arrived this day in this city, and embrace the earliest con-

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venient opportunity to acknowledge the reception of the kind letter of your worthy secretary, John Scoble, and the accompanying resolution adopted at your meeting in London, on the 4th of October, 1844, expressive of your opinion of, and feelings towards, Charles T. Torrey and myself. The letter was forwarded through the kindness of a friend in New York, and reached me just two months after its date. But it is impossible for me to express upon paper the feelings which the reception of the letter and resolution excited.

I am an American-born citizen, and have lived forty-five years under this republican form of government, but I am ashamed to acknowledge that, while enjoying the greatest social and religious privileges of any nation upon the earth, boasting of our liberal and free institutions, of the inherent right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," of our arts and sciences, civilization, and the dispensation of the gospel; yet we cherish in our midst the most heinous, unjust, oppressive, and God-provoking system that ever cursed the dwellers of earth, nourishing jealousy and discord through the land, poisoning the life-streams of our Union, corroding the vitals of this young and growing nation, and destroying the mental and moral faculties of one portion of its inhabitants, to corrupt and debase the other; and if any one is found among her sons whose humane feelings prompt him to extend an act of sympathy towards his deeply injured fellow-subjects—who have nowhere to look with any earthly hope for the mitigation of their wretchedness but in the hearts of the few, and are denied the privilege of seeking redress from the laws and counsels of their country—such an one is sought out and hunted like a beast of prey, and dealt with as a traitor to his country, and as a slayer of his fellow-men; and this, notwithstanding every precaution has been used to prevent any act of violence on the part of the truly wronged, and none but pacific means are countenanced to obtain relief.

While my mind has been filled with such considerations, and while undergoing the most degrading punishments that human invention has produced, from the hands of my own countrymen, I receive from a high and honorable source in a foreign and monarchical country, the warm and cordial sympathies, and favorable consideration and approbation of the cause for which I suffer, and detestation of the course pursued against me, from entire strangers, whom I never saw, and probably never shall see this side of another world.

I heartily respond, gentlemen, to the declaration in the last clause of the resolution which you adopted, that "the laws under which we were to be arraigned are utterly disgraceful to a civilized community, and in the highest degree repugnant to the spirit and precepts of the gospel."

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You are probably aware ere this, of the result of my first trial in November last, under four indictments. Since that time I have been detained in prison until the 16th of June, when, after having undergone a second trial, on the 9th of May, under three indictments, I was released by the liberality of friends, in paying the fines and costs of prosecution, which were charged against me. With the exception of two and a half months, I was kept in chains during the whole of my imprisonment.

Let me assure you again, my dear friends, of my gratitude for your kind and humane consideration. It is a source of deep regret to me that the original letter and resolution were taken from me while in prison by the authorities, but not however till I had secured a copy of each, which I hold invaluable. They were laid before the legislative council of Florida, and a report made thereon, a copy of which I enclose.

Trusting that all needful blessings from our divine Lord may attend you individually and collectively in all coming time, and enable you to accomplish much in the righteous cause you have espoused for the amelioration of the condition of the deeply injured and oppressed children of men,

I remain, respectfully, your grateful friend,

JONATHAN WALKER.

The reader has already seen that I have repeatedly been stigmatised with the epithet of "slave-stealer;" to which charge I did, and do still plead not guilty—although punished for that offence; neither was it ever my intention to commit it, and God forbid it ever should be.

Have not the fathers of our nation proclaimed to the world, by the declaration of independence, that "all men are born *free and equal*?" and that they "*are endowed by their creator*" "*with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*?" And is peaceably assisting those who have been robbed of these rights, without in any way infringing upon the rights of others, slave-stealing? Was the benevolent and humane conduct of the Samaritan, in assisting the man who had fallen among thieves, and was robbed, to get to the inn where he could be provided for, stealing? Is practising on that invaluable rule, of doing to others as we would they should do unto us under similar circumstances—enjoined upon all Christians, by Jesus Christ himself—slave-stealing?

As to my infringing upon any man's rights, or trespassing upon any man's property, I deny it, *in toto*. Neither Byrd C. Willis, George Willis, nor Robert C. Caldwell had any more right to Anthony Cattel, Charles Johnson, or Silas Scott, than I or any other person had; nor did they ever have a right to those men. Under God, they had a right to themselves, which they had never forfeited: and those who claim them as property or

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chattels, assume authority over the ALMIGHTY CREATOR of all things.

Much has been said about invading the rights of the slaveholder, by opposing the system of slavery. As to any of the honestly gained property of the slave-holder, or any one else, I have nothing to say; but I deny that he has any right or just claim to his fellow-beings, without their forfeiture or consent, in the shape of property or chattels;—one American-born citizen being the property of another American-born citizen is ridiculous in the highest degree, and repugnant to every true republican and Christian feeling, and should never be countenanced for a moment by any one having the least idea of liberty or equal rights. All that can be said in favor of American slavery can be said in support of *robbery* or *piracy*.

I know that many are ready to say, they are guaranteed to their holders by the laws of this government, and so are held by right. But neither this government nor these States have the right to guarantee one part of the home-born citizens to become the property of another part, nor to delegate the inherent rights and liberties of one portion to the absolute control and disposal of another portion. From whence do their rights proceed? I repeat again that they never had such rights.

What the slave-holder calls his right of property in human beings, consists of the slave's wrongs; handed over from the inhuman kidnapper, who stole his human prey, and transferred it to the human flesh-buyer; and how many such flagrant wrongs does it take to make one reasonable right?

If there be a just God, to whom man is accountable, what is our hope for the perpetrators of these repeated wrongs, when they shall have passed on through life down to the oppressor's grave?

"But what beyond that goal may be—
What portion in eternity,
For those who oppress to gain their wealth,
And die without a hope in death
I know not—and I dare not think;
Awhile I shudder o'er the brink
Of that unfathomable deep,
In which heaven's secret judgments sleep."

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."—"Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just,—and he did not resist you."

"Remember that in thy life-time thou hast received thy good things," &c. Luke xvi. 25.

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No community, society, sect, creed, or any persons or individuals, are accountable for, or chargeable with my opinions or conduct, with respect to the system of slavery,—I alone am responsible; and, as I trust, under the influence of the spirit of God. If I have erred through the weakness of human judgment, then be the offence mine, and the mercy-seat my resort for pardon. To those who charge me with having by over-zeal gone too far in aid of suffering humanity, I would say, let none other be charged with participating in what has taken place in my case—I will bear the blame alone.

Be it known to all people, that I made no bargain, contract, or agreement with any of those persons for any pecuniary remuneration for the aid and expense which I devoted to their escape from bondage, other than this: that I remarked to one or two of the men, that if they succeeded in getting where they could be free, and accumulate something for themselves, they might give me what they felt able or disposed to give, in payment of the expense of their passage, as it might suit their convenience or circumstances; and when we arrived at New Providence, they would be at liberty to go where they pleased, or remain there.

It seems to have been a matter of wonder to many here at the north, to know what I expected to gain by aiding those slaves to escape from their masters. In reply, I will also ask what did the good Samaritan expect to gain by helping the man who had fallen among thieves, and was robbed and wounded, to a place of refuge and health?

In Pensacola, and in the south generally, I believe there is but one opinion in regard to my motive—that it was to aid the slaves in obtaining their freedom, because I considered it their right.

The following is the bill of costs brought against me by the territory of Florida:—

TERRITORY OF FLORIDA		Abducting Seven Slaves.	
vs.		Verdict,	
JONATHAN WALKER.		Guilty.	
		£	s. d.
Cost of Court, and fines in seven suits,	...	58	4 2
Paid Witness from Key West,	...	11	11 1
do. R. C. Caldwell,	...	0	15 1
do. R. C. Caldwell,	...	0	10 1
do. Deputy for travelling to navy-yard, to arrest,	...	0	12 0
Paid Lock for gaol,	...	0	3 7
do. Blacksmith, repairing gaol,	...	1	16 6
do. D. Quind, for guarding gaol, &c.,	...	17	10 1
do. City of Pensacola for use of gaol,	...	5	0 0
do. City gaoler, for board up to May 23rd, 1845,	...	23	2 1

119 4 8

(Signed)

E. DORE, U. S. Marshal.

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REMARKS.

"City of Pensacola, to use of Jail, twenty five dollars." This to me, I confess, is rather a singular charge to bring against a prisoner.

"City marshal's bill for board," was at the rate of thirty seven and a half cents per day; but a small part of which was expended for me, as I was under the necessity of using about forty dollars, to provide myself with food, which consisted mostly of bread and molasses.

"Cost of court and fines, in seven suits, two hundred and ninety-five dollars and five cents."

The fines were one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and the cost of court consisted of the district attorney's, marshal's, and clerk's fees, and the evidence before the grand jury.

There were other charges in the case, and I suppose they were brought against the United States; and the whole cost and expense would have been charged to the United States, if my friends had not paid it, in order to my release.

It may not be improper to remark here that I had no witness, nor asked for any; and those whose fees are charged in the bill are—Richard Roberts, of Key West, master of the vessel that took me, near Cape Florida, and the other, Robert C. Caldwell, who claimed to be an owner of three of the slaves that left Pensacola in my boat. These were summoned by the prosecution to testify against me.

The charge for guarding the jail, eighty seven dollars and fifty cents, is a mooted point with me; at one time I was told that it was guarded to prevent people without from molesting me, and at another time, that it was guarded to prevent my escape from prison; but I think, probably, more to make a show than anything else.

"Blacksmith—repairing jail, &c., nine dollars and thirteen cents."

A slave man came to jail one day, and worked on the doors about two hours, and fastened a piece of iron athwart an aperture in the door, through which I had been in the habit of receiving my food; and I do not know what the "amp;c." is for, except for riveting the irons on my leg, and making the *branding iron*. The lock was not used on or about the jail.

Since my return home, I have often heard the expressions used, "We never expected to see you here again;" and "How is it that they let you come so soon?" My answer is this:—Although what they term the laws of Florida could have been executed with greater severity, and I subjected to more cost and longer imprisonment, yet there was a strong abhorrence on the part of the citizens of Pensacola, generally, to any further infliction.

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tion of punishment; and many were opposed to its execution thus far. During my residence in Pensacola, I had formed an acquaintance with most of the people of that place, and was on social and friendly terms with all; never having any difficulty or misunderstanding with any.

Another reason is,—that there was, as I believe I have before stated, but one opinion as to the motives which induced me to commit the act for which I was called to suffer;—all seeing that I was acting upon the principle which I believed to be true, just and right—that “God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth,” and “that all men are born free and equal,” and are entitled to the same rights, by the laws of God and nature. All the people saw that I was not influenced by pecuniary considerations, and that I had no intention of trespass or fraud upon the rights or property of any one.

There was less indignant feeling towards me on another account. A large part of the inhabitants were Creoles, (descendants of French and Spanish parents,) and not generally so irresistibly devoted to the system of slavery as the American-born and bred citizens were; and this Creole population manifested more sympathy for me than the rest of the community did.

There has also been much inquiry of me in regard to the doings of Thomas M. Blunt, who was employed in New York to manage my defence at the November Court, in Pensacola,—or to take an appeal to the United States’ Supreme Court, and have the case presented there. I have not attempted to give any account of him, other than noting his visits to me at the prison in December last; feeling that his being sent was nearly the greatest insult that friends at the North could impose on me.

I was sufficiently well acquainted with the man, and his course of behaviour and conduct, for seven or eight years, and knew him to be void of any good principle, and pro-slavery to the backbone; bred and practised in the hot-bed of that soul-destroying system, which is one of the greatest scourges arrayed against the well-being and happiness of man, and one of the highest insults against the authority and government of God, who has provided ample means for the happiness and welfare of the great human family. Thomas M. Blunt was also looked upon by the inhabitants there as a very corrupt-minded man, and a base and common swindler.

The first knowledge I had of his having anything to do with my case, was the 2nd of December last, eighteen days after I had my trial. He then called at the prison, and talked with me a few minutes through the window, without offering to come in. He stated to me that he had seen Amos B. Merrill before he left New York, and he got him to attend to my case; but in consequence of the high (!) or low (!) stage of the water in some of the rivers near there, he was prevented from being in the

TRIAL OF J. WALKER.

place in time to attend to my trial. He had then been in the place twelve or thirteen days, and said he had told people there, that he was paid two hundred dollars to manage my case, and that my friends wished to take an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and wanted to know if I would consent to an appeal. I told him that I would, in case I could be bailed out, and not be subjected to illegal treatment. He said he would try to get an appeal on the case. He wanted to know what the expense amounted to; I told him that I had not yet been able to ascertain what it was. He left me, and, after a few days, called again; when I gave him a schedule of the charges then against me, which had been handed me a day or two before by the marshal, the amount of which was four hundred and twenty-one dollars, forty-five cents. I informed him that the "fine, one hundred and fifty dollars," could be paid in Territorial scrip, which could be bought at a large discount, and that a sum of less than four hundred dollars would be sufficient to effect my release. I asked him if he could not make some arrangement to satisfy the demand, so that I might leave the place. He said that he was going to the next county, where he had some money owing him, and if he could get that, he would release me; but that he could not get an appeal on the case, for the bail would be so high that it could not be given. He handed me a paper in which was enclosed a letter, and resolution from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and left, until the 25th, when he called again, and said he was then going to New York, and would stir up my friends about the matter, and urge them to have the means necessary to my release forthcoming.

This is the substance of my positive knowledge of the doings of Thomas M. Blunt, in regard to my case; but since my return, I have been informed that he received from a committee, who had been acting in the case, seven hundred and fifty dollars, which had been subscribed to provide me with counsel, and my family with such aid as they might need. [What villainy! &c.]

EXTRACTS FROM A WORK
ENTITLED
"FACTS AND ARGUMENTS ON AMERICAN
SLAVERY,"

BY THE REV. LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

LAWS RELATING TO AMERICAN SLAVERY.

By American Slavery is meant the condition of those Americans who are claimed, held and treated, in these United States, as property.

A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire any thing, but what must belong to his master.—*Louisiana Code.*

The same code, speaking of the legal nature of slave property, says :—

Slaves, though movable by their nature, are considered immovable by the operation of the law.

"Goods they are," says the civil code, "and goods they shall be esteemed."—*Taylor's Elements*, p. 429.

Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, and reputed to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.—*Laws of South Carolina*, Stroud, p. 22—3.

This dominion of the master is as unlimited as that which is tolerated by the laws of any civilized community in relation to brute animals—to 'quadrupeds,' to use the words of the civil law.—*Stroud*, p. 24.

In case the personal property of a ward shall consist of specific articles, such as slaves, working beasts, animals of any kind, stock, furniture, plate, books, and so forth, the Court, if it shall deem it advantageous for the ward, may, at any time, pass an order for the sale thereof.—*Laws of Maryland*, 1798.

Slaves shall always be reputed and considered real estate; shall be, as such, subject to be mortgaged, according to the rules

prescribed by law, and they shall be seized and sold as real estate.—*Laws of Louisiana*, 1806.

Hence it appears, that the distinguishing principle of American Slavery is this: slaves are not to be ranked among rational beings, but they are to be *claimed, held, and treated* as things, as articles of property, "to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."

Consequently it does not allow to the slave the rights of his own reason and conscience.

It annihilates the family state: prevents the parents from obeying the command of God with regard to their children; it prohibits, or nullifies, the marriage rites, and prevents husbands and wives from obeying the commands of God with regard to each other.

It enjoins, or sanctions, promiscuous intercourse between the sexes, without the rites of marriage.

It holds all the religious privileges of the slave at the mere mercy of his master, whether that master be infidel, papist, or protestant.

It prevents the slave from obeying that command of God, which makes it the duty of all men to "search the Scriptures."

Its direct tendency is to crush the minds of God's intelligent creatures, by forbidding and preventing all schools for "mental instruction."

It withholds the hire of the laborer.

It sanctions and covers the breach of the 8th commandment. It justifies the very same thing which our laws and the laws of nations punish as piracy, if committed on the coast of Africa, or on the high seas. It originates and justifies what the Bible calls "man-stealing."

It denies to the slave that protection for his character, his health and life, which is enjoyed by the white man.

Here it must be observed, that what we have stated above, forms no part of what is generally called the "evils of slavery," or, in other words, the "abuses of the system;" but the above facts make up the very system itself, the very thing which we say is a sin against God.

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WHO MAY BE HELD AS SLAVES.

A law of South Carolina reads as follows :—

All negroes, Indians, (free Indians in amity with this government, and negroes, mulattoes, and mestizoes, who are now free, excepted,) mulattoes, or mestizoes, who are now or shall hereafter be in this province, and all their issue and offspring born, or to be born, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be and remain forever hereafter, absolute slaves, and shall follow the condition of the mother.—*Act of 1740, 2 Brevard's Digest, 229.*

Similar laws are now in force in Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, and Louisiana. In Virginia the enslavement of Indians was authorized by statute from 1679 to 1691. Those whose maternal ancestors have been reduced to slavery since the latter period, have been decided by the highest courts in that state to be free. So late as 1797, it was decided by the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Chief Justice Kinsey, that Indians might be held as slaves.

They (Indians) have been so long recognized as slaves, in our law, that it would be as great a violation of the rights of property to establish a contrary doctrine at the present day, as it would in the case of the Africans; and as useless to investigate the manner in which they originally lost their freedom.—*The State vs. Waggoner, 1 Halstead's Reports, 374 to 376.*

Persons emancipated, but not in the prescribed form of law, are liable to be re-enslaved. Thus in South Carolina,

In case any slave shall be emancipated or set free, otherwise than according to the act (of 1800) regulating emancipation, it shall be lawful for any person whosoever to seize and convert to his or her own use, and to keep as his or her property the said slave so illegally emancipated or set free.—*2 Brevard's Digest, 256.*

And in Virginia, "If any emancipated slave (infants excepted) shall remain within the state more than twelve months after his or her right to freedom shall have accrued, he or she shall forfeit all such right, and may be apprehended and sold by the overseers of the poor, &c., for the benefit of the *Literary Fund!*"—*1 Rev. Code, 436.*

Hence it will be perceived, that slavery has no limits. It lays its bloody hands not only on native Americans of

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African descent, and their children, *forever*, but on Indians. "Nor is it confined to color," says Mr. Paxton of Virginia. "The best blood in Virginia flows in the veins of the slaves." Many who are now held in slavery, in this nation, are as white as the masters by whom they are oppressed.

CIVIL CONDITION OF THE ENSLAVED.

COLOR A LEGAL EVIDENCE OF SLAVERY.

A WHITE man may enslave any colored one, and, as between himself and the slave, the law does not require him to establish his claim; the slave is compelled to remain so, if he cannot *prove his freedom*. The South Carolina Act of 1740, permits persons held as slaves and claiming to be free, to petition the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who, if they see cause, may allow a *guardian* to bring an action for freedom against the master. The sequel of this law shows how poor is the encouragement for both the suitor and his guardian.

And if judgment shall be given for the plaintiff, a special entry shall be made, declaring that the ward of the plaintiff is free, and the jury shall assess damages which the plaintiff's ward hath sustained, and the court shall give judgment, and award execution against the defendant for such damages, with full cost of suit; but in case judgment shall be given for the defendant, the said court is hereby fully empowered to inflict *such corporal punishment, not extending to life or limb*, on the ward of the plaintiff, as they, in their discretion, shall think fit. Provided, that in any action or suit to be brought in pursuance of the direction of this act, the burden of the proof shall lay upon the plaintiff, and it shall be always presumed, that every *negro, Indian, mulatto, and mestizo, is a slave*, unless the contrary be made to appear, (the Indians in amity with this government excepted, in which case, the burden of the proof shall be on the defendant.)—2 *Brevard's Digest*, 229, 30.

Virginia shows her hostility to the claim for freedom by the following provision of her Revised Code :

For aiding and abetting a slave in a trial for freedom, if the claimant shall fail in his suit, a fine of one hundred dollars is imposed.—1 *Rev. Code*, 432.

The only known exception to this principle of throwing

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the burden of proof upon the person claimed as a slave, is in North Carolina, where persons of mixed blood, by a decision of the court, are presumed to be free.

By this cruel presumption, free persons are consequently taken up on suspicion of being runaways, and after being in prison for some months, are sold to pay their jail fees.

MENTAL INSTRUCTION PROHIBITED.

South Carolina may lay claim to the earliest movement in legislation on this subject. In 1740, while yet a province, she enacted this law :

Whereas the having of slaves taught to write, or suffering them to be employed in writing, may be attended with great inconveniences, Be it enacted, That all and every person and persons whatsoever, who shall hereafter teach, or cause any slave or slaves to be taught to write, or shall use or employ any slave as a scribe in any manner of writing whatsoever hereafter taught to write, every such person or persons shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds current money.—2 *Brevard's Digest*, 243.

Similar in Georgia, by act of 1770, except as to the penalty, which is twenty pounds sterling.—*Prince's Digest*, 455.

In the same state the following additional restraints were enacted in 1800 :

That assemblies of slaves, free negroes, mulattoes, mestizoes, whether composed of all or any of such description of persons, or of all or any of the same and of a proportion of white persons, met together for the purpose of mental instruction in a confined or secret place, &c. &c., is (are) declared to be an unlawful meeting, and magistrates, &c. &c., are hereby required, &c., to enter into such confined places, &c. &c., to break doors, &c. if resisted, and to disperse such slaves, free negroes, &c., and the officers dispersing such unlawful assemblies, may inflict such corporal punishment, *not exceeding twenty lashes*, upon such slaves, free negroes, &c. as they may judge necessary, for *detering them from the like unlawful assemblage in future*.—*Brevard's Digest*, 254.

And another section of the same act declares

That it shall not be lawful for any number of free negroes, mulattoes, or mestizoes, even of slaves in company with white persons, to meet together for the purpose of *mental instruction*,

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either before the rising of the sun or after the going down of the same.—2 *Brevard's Digest*, 254-5.

Virginia passed the following in 1819 :

That all meetings or assemblages of slaves or free negroes, or mulattoes, mixing and associating with such slaves at any meeting house, or houses, or any other place, &c. in the night, or at any school or schools for teaching them reading or writing either in the day or night, under whatsoever pretext, shall be deemed and considered an *unlawful assembly*; and any justice of a county, &c. wherein such assemblage shall be, either from his own knowledge, or the information of others, of such unlawful assemblage, &c. may issue his warrant directed to any sworn officer or officers, authorizing him or them to enter the house or houses where such unlawful assemblages, &c. may be, for the purpose of apprehending or dispersing such slaves, and to inflict corporal punishment on the offender or offenders, at the discretion of any justice of the peace, *not exceeding twenty lashes*.—1 *Rev. Code*, 424-5.

Similar laws exist in most of the slave states, and in all *mental instruction* is practically discouraged.

PROHIBITION OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Many extracts from the laws of the Southern States might be given under this head. The following is but a specimen; it is from the South Carolina Act of 1800:

It shall not be lawful for any number of slaves, free negroes, mulattoes, or mestizoes, *even in company* with white persons, to meet together and assemble for the purpose of mental instruction or *religious worship*, either before the rising of the sun or after the going down of the same. And all magistrates, sheriffs, militia officers, &c. are hereby vested with power, &c. for dispersing such assemblies, &c.—2 *Brevard's Digest*, 254-5.

PROHIBITION OF SELF-DEFENCE.

If any slave shall presume to strike any white person, such slave, upon trial and conviction before the justice or justices, according to the directions of this act, shall, for the first offence, suffer such punishment as the said justice or justices shall, in his or their discretion, think fit, not extending to life or limb; and, for the second offence, suffer DEATH.

The law is similar in South Carolina; in both states the slave is not punished, however, when he strikes, "by the command, and in the defence of the person or property of the owner, &c."

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UNQUALIFIED SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF THE WHITES REQUIRED OF THE SLAVES.

The Code of Louisiana gravely lays down the following principle :

Free people of color ought never to insult or strike white people, nor presume to conceive themselves equal to the whites ; but on the contrary, they ought to yield to them on every occasion, and never speak or answer them, but with respect, under the penalty of imprisonment, according to the nature of the offence.—1 *Martin's Digest*, 640-42.

The following are specimens of the laws by which the whole white community have made themselves tyrants over the slaves :

If any slave shall happen to be slain for refusing to surrender him or herself, contrary to law, or in unlawful resisting any officer or other person, who shall apprehend or endeavor to apprehend, such slave or slaves, &c., such officer or other person so killing such slave as aforesaid, making resistance, shall be, and he is by this act, indemnified from any prosecution for such killing aforesaid, &c.—*Maryland Laws, act of 1751, chap. xiv.* § 9.

And by the negro act of 1740, of South Carolina, it is declared :

If any slave, who shall be out of the house or plantation where such slave shall live, or shall be usually employed, or without some white person in company with such slave, shall *refuse to submit* to undergo the examination of *any white* person, it shall be lawful for such white person to pursue, apprehend, and moderately correct such slave ; and if such slave shall assault and strike such white person, such slave may be **LAWFULLY KILLED !!**—2 *Brevard's Digest*, 231.

POWER OF THE SLAVE-HOLDER.

Whereas, by another act of the assembly, passed in the year 1774, the killing of a slave, however wanton, cruel and deliberate, is only punishable in the first instance by imprisonment and paying the value thereof to the owner, which distinction of criminality between the murder of a white person and one who is equally a human creature, but merely of a different complexion, is disgraceful to humanity, and degrading in the highest degree to the laws and principles of a free, Christian, and enlightened country, Be it enacted, &c., that if any person shall hereafter be guilty of wilfully and maliciously killing a slave, such offender shall, upon the first conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of murder, and shall suffer the same punishment as if he

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had killed a free man; provided always this act shall not extend to the person *killing a slave outlawed* by virtue of any act of assembly of this state, or to any slave in the act of resistance to his lawful owner or master, or to any slave dying under moderate correction.—Haywood's Manual 530; and see Laws of Tennessee, act of Oct. 23rd, 1799, with a like [neutralising] proviso.

Any person who shall maliciously dismember or deprive a slave of life, shall suffer such punishment as would be inflicted in case the like offence had been committed on a free white person, and on the like proof, except in case of insurrection of such slave, and unless such death should happen by accident in giving such slave moderate correction.—Constitution of Georgia, Art. 4, § 12. Prince's Digest, 559.

Judge Stroud remarks,

That a proclamation of *outlawry* against a slave is authorized, whenever he runs away from his master, conceals himself in some obscure retreat, and to sustain life, kills a hog, or some animal of the cattle kind! See Haywood's Manual, 521; act of 1741, ch. 24, § 45.

In South Carolina by the Act of 1740 the "wilful murder" of a slave was punished by a fine of "seven hundred pounds current money," and inability to hold office, but another description of murder, more likely to occur, was punished as follows:—

If any person shall, on a sudden heat or passion, or by undue correction, kill his own slave, or the slave of any other person, he shall forfeit the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds, current money.—*Brevard's Digest*, 241.

By an act of 1821, the former provision was abolished, but the latter was continued, diminishing the price to five hundred dollars, and authorizing an imprisonment of six months.—*James' Digest*, 392.

It is the imperative duty of the judges to recognize the full dominion of the owner over the slave, except where the exercise of it is forbidden by statute.—Judge Ruffin, N. Carolina.

In case any person shall wilfully cut out the tongue, put out the eye, castrate, or cruelly scald, burn, or deprive any slave of any limb, or member, or shall inflict any other cruel punishment, other than by whipping or beating with a horse-whip, cow-skin, switch, or small stick, or by putting irons on, or confining or imprisoning such slave, every such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds, current money.—2 *Brevard's Digest*, 241.

Louisiana imposes a heavier penalty for taking off irons

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than she does for the "cruel punishments," specified above, as appears from this :—

If any person or persons, &c., shall cut or break any iron chain or collar, which any master of slaves should have used in order to prevent the running away or escape of any such slave or slaves, such person or persons so offending shall, on conviction, &c. be fined not less than two hundred dollars, nor exceeding one thousand dollars; and suffer imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, nor less than six months.—*Act of Assembly of March 6th, 1819, pamphlet, page 64.*

Now, in the same state, the law before quoted from South Carolina is in force, and the penalty is a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, nor less than two hundred!

In Missouri, the master is assisted in punishing as follows :—

If any slave resist his or her master, mistress, overseer or employer, or refuse to obey his or her lawful commands, it shall be lawful for such master, &c., to commit such slave to the common gaol of the county, there to remain at the pleasure of the master, &c; and the sheriff shall receive such slave, and keep him, &c., in confinement, at the expense of the person committing him or her.—1 *Missouri Laws*, 309.

DELEGATED POWER OF THE MASTER.

According to the universal practice of the slave states, the master may delegate his tremendous power to any other person whom he pleases. Louisiana has the following express law :—

The condition of a slave being merely a passive one, his subordination to his master, and to all who represent him, is not susceptible of any modification or restriction (except in what can incite the slave to the commission of crime,) in such manner that he owes to his master and to all his family a respect *without bounds* and an *absolute obedience*, and he is consequently to execute all the orders which he receives from him, his said master, or from them.—1 *Martin's Digest*, 616.

RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.

The following is, unquestionably, law and fact throughout the slave states :—

A slave has never maintained an action against the violator of his bed. A slave is not admonished for incontinence, or punished for fornication or adultery; never prosecuted for

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bigamy, or petty treason for killing a husband being a slave, any more than admitted to an appeal for murder.—*Opinion of Daniel Dulany, Esq., Attorney General of Maryland, 1, Maryland Reports, 561, 563.*

RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

It shall not be lawful for any slave to buy, sell, trade, &c., for any goods, &c., without a license from the owner, &c., nor shall any slave be permitted to keep any boat, periauger, or canoe, or raise and breed, for the benefit of such slave, any horses, mares, cattle, sheep, or hogs, under pain of forfeiting all the goods, &c., and all the boats, periaugers, or canoes, horses, mares, cattle, sheep, or hogs. And it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, to seize and take away from any slave, all such goods, &c., boats, &c., and to deliver the same into the hands of any justice of the peace, nearest the place where the seizure shall be made, and such justice shall take the oath of the person making such seizure, concerning the manner thereof: and if the said justice shall be satisfied that such seizure has been made according to law, he shall pronounce and declare the goods so seized, to be forfeited, and order the same to be sold at public outcry, one half of the monies arising from such sale to go to the state, and the other half to him or them that sue for the same.—*James' Digest, 385-6. Act of 1740, S. Car.*

In Georgia, to prevent the master from permitting the slave to hire himself for his own benefit, there is a penalty of thirty dollars "for every weekly offence, on the part of the master, unless the labor be done on his own premises."—*Prince's Digest, 457.* In Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Virginia, and Missouri, there are similar laws.

As early as the year 1779, North Carolina interposed as follows :—

All horses, cattle, hogs or sheep, that one month after the passing of this act, shall belong to any slave, or be of any slave's mark, in this state, *shall be seized and sold by the County Wardens*, and by them applied, the one half to the support of the poor of the country, and the other half to the informer.—*Haywood's Manual, 526.*

In Mississippi, the master incurs a fine of fifty dollars by permitting the slave to cultivate cotton for his own use ; *Rev. Code, 379* ; also fifty dollars for permitting the slave to go at large and trade as a freeman. *Rev. Code, 374.*

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The civil code of Louisiana lays down the following principles :—

All that a slave possesses belongs to his master—he possesses nothing of his own, except his peculium, that is to say, the sum of money or movable estate, which his master chooses he should possess. *Art. 175*, and see 1 *Martin's Digest*, 616.

Slaves are incapable of inheriting or transmitting property. *Civil Code, Art. 945*.

COLORED PERSONS CANNOT BE WITNESSES AGAINST A WHITE CRIMINAL.

In Virginia, and some others of the slave states, and in one of the *free*, there is the following law :

Any negro or mulatto, bond or free, shall be a good witness in pleas of the commonwealth for or against negroes or mulattoes, bond or free, or in civil pleas where negroes or mulattoes shall alone be parties, and in no other cases whatever. 1 R. V. C. 422. Similar in Missouri, 2 *Missouri Laws*, 600. In Mississippi. *Mississippi Rev. Code*, 372. In Kentucky, 2 *Litt. and Swi.* 1150. In Alabama, *Toulmin's Digest*, 627. In Maryland, *Maryland Laws, act of 1717*, ch. 13, § 2, & 3, and an act of 1751, ch. 14, § 4. In North Carolina and Tennessee, act of 1777, ch. 2, § 42. And in Ohio, act of assembly, of January 25, 1807.

RESTRAINTS UPON EMANCIPATION.

In South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, emancipation can take place only by special act of the legislature. In North Carolina no negro or mulatto slave can be set free "except for meritorious services to be adjudged of and allowed by the County Court." In Tennessee the court is authorized to emancipate upon petition, if the measures set forth in the petition, are in the opinion of the court, "consistent with the interest and policy of the state." In Mississippi the legislature only can emancipate, by special act, and that only upon proof of meritorious services, &c. In Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, and Maryland, emancipation may be effected by deeds registered in court, saving the "rights of creditors," and giving bonds for maintenance if required by the court. In Virginia, however, if the emancipated be over twenty-one, he must leave the state before the expiration of twelve months, or be reduced into slavery. In Louisiana emancipation is regulated as follows :

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The master who wishes to emancipate his slave, is bound to make a declaration of his intention to the judge of the parish where he resides; the judge must order notice of it to be published during forty days by advertisement posted at the door of the court house, and if at the expiration of this delay, no opposition be made, he shall authorize the master to pass the act of emancipation. *Art. 187.* The general powers thus conferred, are subject nevertheless, to these limitations; "No one can emancipate his slave unless the slave has attained the age of thirty years, and has behaved well at least for four years previous to his emancipation; *Art. 185,* except "a slave who has saved the life of his master, his master's wife, or one of his children," for such a one "may be emancipated at any age." *Art. 186.*

Slaves emancipated otherwise than by these formalities are liable to be reduced to slavery, and in probably all the states except North Carolina, they are liable to be sold for the debts of their emancipators contracted before their emancipation. The State of Georgia has the following barbarous enactment:

If any person or persons shall, after the passing of this act (1801,) set free any slave or slaves, in any other manner and form than the one prescribed herein. (i. e. by special legislative act,) he shall forfeit for every such offence two hundred dollars, to be recovered by action of debt, or indictment, the one half to be applied to the use of the county in which the offence may have been committed, the other half to the use of the informer, and the said slave or slaves so manumitted and set free, shall be still to all intents and purposes as much in a state of slavery as before they were manumitted and set free by the party or parties so offending. *Prince's Digest. 457.*

In 1818 this unrighteous edict was fortified by the following:

All and every will and testament, deed, whether by way of trust or otherwise, contract, agreement or stipulation, or other instrument in writing, or by parole, made and executed for the purpose of effecting or endeavouring to effect the manumission of any slave or slaves, either directly by conferring or attempting to confer freedom on such slave or slaves, or indirectly or virtually, by allowing and securing or attempting to allow and secure to such slave or slaves the right or privilege of working for his, her or themselves, free from the control of the master or owner of such slave or slaves, or of enjoying the profits of his, her or their labor or skill, shall be and the same are hereby declared to be utterly null and void; and the person or persons so

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making, &c. any such deed, &c. &c., and all and every person or persons concerned in giving or attempting to give effect thereto, whether by accepting the trust created or attempted to be created, or in any way or manner whatsoever, shall be severally liable to a penalty not exceeding one thousand dollars, to be recovered, &c., and each and every slave or slaves in whose behalf such will or testament, &c., shall have been made, shall be liable to be arrested by warrant under the hand and seal of any magistrate of this state, and being thereof convicted, &c. shall be liable to be sold as a slave or slaves, by public outcry, and the proceeds of such sales shall be appropriated, &c. &c. *Prince's Digest*, 466.

From the foregoing and similar laws it appears :

1. The master may determine the kind, and degree, and time of labor, to which the slave shall be subjected.
2. The master may supply the slave with such food and clothing only, both as to quantity and quality, as he may think proper, or find convenient.
3. The master may, at his discretion, inflict any punishment upon the person of his slave.
4. Slaves have no legal right to any property in things real or personal ; but whatever they may acquire, belongs in point of law to their masters.
5. The slave, being a personal chattel, is at all times liable to be sold absolutely, or mortgaged, or leased, at the will of his master.
6. He may also be sold by process of law, for the satisfaction of the debts of a living, or the debts and bequests of a deceased master, at the suit of creditors or legatees.
7. A slave cannot be a party before a judicial tribunal, in any species of action, against his master, no matter how atrocious may have been the injury received from him.
8. Slaves cannot redeem themselves, nor obtain a change of masters, though cruel treatment may have rendered such change necessary for their personal safety.
9. Slaves can make no contracts.
10. Slavery is hereditary and perpetual.
11. A slave cannot be a witness against a white person, either in a civil or criminal cause.

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12. He cannot be a party in a civil suit.
13. The benefits of education are withheld from the slaves.
14. The means of moral and religious instruction are not granted to the slave ; on the contrary, the efforts of the humane and charitable to supply these wants, are discountenanced by law.
15. Submission is required of the slave, not to the will of his master only, but to that of all other white persons.
16. The penal codes of the slave-holding states bear much more severely upon slaves than upon white persons.
17. Slaves are prosecuted and tried upon criminal accusations, in a manner inconsistent with the rights of humanity.—*Stroud's Slave Laws.*

BEARING OF SLAVERY UPON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF SLAVE-HOLDERS.

TESTIMONY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The whole commerce between master and slave, is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on one part, and degrading submissions on the other. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst of passions ; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances.

TESTIMONY OF JUDGE TUCKER.

Judge Tucker, of Virginia, in a published letter to a member of the General Assembly of that commonwealth, in 1801, bears the following testimony to the demoralizing tendency of slavery.

I say nothing of the baneful effect of domestic slavery on our moral character, and of its inconsistency with the truest principles of republicanism : I forbear to enlarge on all these

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topics, equally copious and important, because they have been repeatedly discussed by abler pens than mine, and because I know you have been long sensible of their force. Page 21.

If a female negro is childless, it is the fault of nature alone. *Ibid*, Page 12.

TESTIMONY OF MR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson, in the Convention for revising the Constitution of Virginia, in 1829, said :—

Slavery has been the foundation of that impiety and dissipation, which has been so much disseminated among our countrymen. If it were totally abolished it would do much good.—*Debates in Virginia Convention*, page 463,

TESTIMONY OF MR. MOORE.

Mr. Moore, in the Legislature of Virginia in 1832, said :—

Permit me now, sir, to direct your attention to some of the evil consequences of slavery, by way of argument, in favor of your maturely deliberating on the whole subject, and adopting some efficient measures to remove the cause from which those evils spring. In the first place, I shall confine my remarks to such of those evils as affect the white population exclusively. And even in that point of view, I think that slavery as it exists among us, may be regarded as the heaviest calamity which has ever befallen any portion of the human race. If we look back through the long course of time which has elapsed since the creation to the present moment, we shall scarcely be able to point out a people whose situation was not in many respects preferable to our own, and that of the other states in which negro-slavery exists.—*Richmond Whig*.

TESTIMONY OF MR. SUMMERS.

Said Mr. Summers, in the same great debate :—

A slave population, exercises the most pernicious influence upon the manners, habits, and character, of those among whom it exists. Lispering infancy learns the vocabulary of abusive epithets, and struts the embryo tyrant of its little domain. The consciousness of superior destiny takes possession of his mind at its earliest dawning, and love of power and rule "grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength." When in the sublime lessons of Christianity he is taught "to do unto others as he would have others to do unto him;" he never dreams that the degraded negro is within the pale of that holy canon. Unless enabled to rise above the operation of powerful causes, he enters the world with miserable notions of self-importance, and under the government of an unbridled temper.—*Ibid*.

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SENTIMENTS FAVORABLE TO THE PERPETUITY OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

GOVERNOR MC.DUFFIE,

Domestic slavery, therefore, instead of being a political evil, is the corner stone of our republican edifice. No patriot who justly estimates our privileges, will tolerate the idea of emancipation, at any period, however remote, or on any conditions of pecuniary advantage, however favorable. I would as soon think of opening a negotiation for selling the liberty of the state at once, as for making any stipulation for the ultimate emancipation of our slaves. So deep is my conviction on this subject that if I were doomed to die immediately after recording these sentiments, I could say in all sincerity, and under all the sanction of Christianity and patriotism, GOD FORBID THAT MY DESCENDANTS, IN THE REMOTEST GENERATIONS, SHOULD LIVE IN ANY OTHER THAN A COMMUNITY HAVING THE INSTITUTION OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

TESTIMONY FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.

One of the most imposing assemblages of citizens in respect of numbers, intelligence, and respectability, that we have ever witnessed, met yesterday morning at the City Hall, to receive the report of twenty-one, appointed by the meeting on the 4th instant, on the incendiary machinations now in progress against the peace and welfare of the southern states. *The clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence, to the impressive character of the scene!*

[After the most violent threats against the discussion of the subject of slavery, the meeting closed with the following resolution:]

On the motion of Captain Lynch,

Resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting are due to the reverend gentlemen of the Clergy in this city, who have so promptly, and so effectually responded to public sentiment, by suspending their schools in which the free colored population were taught; and that this meeting deem it a patriotic action, worthy of all praise, and proper to be imitated by other teachers of similar schools throughout the state!!!—*Charleston Cour.*

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TESTIMONY FROM CAMDEN, S. C.

The following resolution was passed at a meeting of the citizens of Camden, S. C., in 1834.

Resolved,—That slavery, as it exists with us, *we deny to be an evil*, and that we regard those who are now making war upon it, in any shape, or under any pretext, as furious fanatics, or knaves and hypocrites; and we hereby promise them, upon all occasions which may put them in our power, the fate of the pirate, the incendiary, and the midnight assassin!

TESTIMONY FROM LANCASTERVILLE, S. C.

The following documents are taken from the Southern Christian Herald:

At a public meeting, held in Lancasterville, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proceedings of the Abolitionists of the North, several resolutions were passed, and by request the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. H. Thornwell, and the Rev. William Carlisle. The Rev. Mr. Postell's sentiments, contained in a letter, were read at the meeting. The purport of the resolution was as follows:

That Slavery, as it exists in the South, is no evil, and is consistent with the principles of revealed religion; that all opposition to it arises from a misguided and fiendish fanaticism, which we are bound to resist in the very threshold.

REV. J. H. THORNWELL'S TESTIMONY, METHODIST.

I cannot regard slavery as a moral evil for the following reasons:

1. It was distinctly recognized by Moses.
2. It is not inconsistent with the precepts of Christianity. 1 Cor. vii. 20, 21. The word translated *servant* means a slave. 1 Tim. vi. 1.

[This is a great mistake.]

As I cannot believe that slavery is wrong in itself, I am decidedly opposed to the measures of the abolitionists.

TESTIMONY OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

We protest against the assumption—the unwarrantable assumption—that slavery is ultimately to be extirpated from the southern states. Ultimate abolitionists are

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enemies of the South, the same in kind, and only less in degree, than immediate abolitionists.

TESTIMONY OF THE COLUMBIA, S. C., TELESCOPE.

Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of Slavery is not, and shall not be open to discussion—that the system is deep rooted among us, and must remain forever : that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, and the necessity of putting means in operation to secure us from them, *[in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon a dung-hill.*

TESTIMONY OF THE WASHINGTON TELEGRAPH.

As a man, a Christian, and a citizen, we believe that slavery is right ; that the condition of the slave, as it now exists in slave-holding states, is the best existing organization of civil society.

TESTIMONY OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

We beg him, however, [Mr. Fletcher, one of the speakers at Faneuil Hall] and all who like him, acknowledge their affectionate interests in their political obligations to the South, to disabuse themselves of the notion that the South regards slavery as an evil, or even dreams of its removal. Our institutions are likely to endure for ages, if not to be perpetual ; and while they do endure, and are endured by us, we cannot recognize the moral or social, to say nothing of the political propriety, of denouncing them as *evil*. Our right in the subject-matter is perfect and exclusive, and not a tongue should wag, or breath be stirred, against its exercise.

TESTIMONY OF THE AUGUSTA, GEO. CHRONICLE.

He [Amos Dresser] should have been hung up as high as Haman to rot upon the gibbet, until the wind whistled through his bones. The cry of the whole South should be, death, *instant death* to the abolitionist, wherever he is caught. Northern abolitionists are a class of desperate fanatics, who, to accomplish their unhallowed ends, are ready to sacrifice our lives, and those of our wives and

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children. Keep their publications from among us, and hang every emissary that dare step a lawless foot upon our soil—cut off all trade with every northern house connected with them, &c.

TESTIMONY OF THE REV. J. C. POSTELL, METHODIST.

The following is from an address of the Rev. J. C. Postell, delivered at a public meeting, held at Orangeburgh Court-house, S. C., on the 21st of July, 1836.

I have not time, at present, nor do I wish to trespass upon your patience, in a lengthy address on this subject; but to comply with your request, involves my duty as your minister, and the servant of the Church, and from what has been premised, the following conclusions result:

- 1st. That slavery is a merciful visitation.
- 2nd. That it is not a moral evil.
- 3rd. That it is supported by the Bible.
- 4th. It existed in all ages.

The reverend orator then takes up the above points, and argues them at some length, but we have not room to follow him. On the second proposition, he says:

It is not a moral evil. The fact that slavery is of Divine appointment, would be proof enough with the Christian, that it could not be a moral evil. But when we view the hordes of savages, marauders, and human cannibals enslaved to lust and passion, and abandoned to idolatry and ignorance, to revolutionize them from such a state, and enslave them where they may have the Gospel, and the privileges of Christians, so far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation. If slavery was either the invention of man or a moral evil, it is logical to conclude, the power to create has the power to destroy. Why then, has it existed? And why does it now exist? amidst all the power of legislation in state and church, and the clamor of abolitionists. *'It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.'* And had it not been done for the best, God alone who is able, long since would have overruled it. It is by divine appointment.

TESTIMONY OF THE REV. JAMES SMYLIE, PRESBYTERIAN.

The Reverend James Smylie, A. M., a Presbyterian minister in Mississippi, says in a pamphlet he has recently published in favor of American slavery:

If slavery be a sin, and if advertising and apprehending slaves with a view to restore them to their masters, is a direct violation of the divine law, and if the buying, selling, or holding a

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slave for the sake of gain, is a heinous sin and scandal, then verily, three-fourths of all the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, in eleven states of the Union, are of the devil.—They 'hold,' if they do not buy and sell slaves, and, with few exceptions, they hesitate not to 'apprehend and restore' runaway slaves, when in their power.

CHARLESTON UNION PRESBYTERY.

Extract from the minutes of the Charleston Union Presbytery, at their meeting on the 7th April, 1836.

It is a principle which meets the views of this body, that slavery, as it exists among us, is a political institution, with which ecclesiastical judicatories have not the smallest right to interfere; and in relation to which, any such interference, especially at the present momentous crisis, would be *morally wrong*, and fraught with the most dangerous and pernicious consequences. The sentiments which we maintain, in common with *Christians* at the South, of every denomination, are sentiments which so fully approve themselves to our consciences, are so identified with our solemn convictions of duty, that we should maintain them under any circumstances.

E. T. BUST, Moderator.

B. GILDEBSLEEVE, Temporary Clerk.

SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

Resolution of the Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, Dec. 1834.

Resolved, unanimously, That in the opinion of this Synod, Abolition Societies, and the principles on which they are founded, in the United States, are inconsistent with the interests of the slaves, the rights of the holders, and the great principles of our political institution.

TESTIMONY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The following declaration of sentiments has been published in Charleston, South Carolina, by the board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church :

(1) We denounce the principles and opinions of the abolitionists in toto; and solemnly do declare our convictions and belief that, whether they were originated, as some business men have thought, as a money speculation, or, as some politicians think, for party electioneering purposes, or, as we are inclined to believe, in a false philosophy, over-reaching or setting aside the scriptures through a vain conceit of higher moral refinement,

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they are utterly erroneous, and altogether hurtful. We consider and believe that the *Holy Scriptures*, so far from giving any countenance to this delusion, do equivocally *authorise* the relation of *Master* and *Slave*.

HOPEWELL PRESBYTERY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the subject of domestic slavery, this Presbytery believe the following facts have been most incontrovertibly established, viz :

1. Slavery has existed in the church of God from the time of Abraham to this day. Members of the Church of God, have held slaves bought with their money, and born in their houses ; and this relation is not only recognized, but its duties are defined clearly, both in the Old and New Testaments.

2 Emancipation is not mentioned among the duties of the master to his slave. While obedience 'even to the forward' master is enjoined upon the slave.

3. No instance can be produced of an otherwise orderly Christian, being reprov'd, much less excommunicated from the church, for the single act of holding domestic slaves, from the days of Abraham down to the date of the modern abolitionist.

SYNOD OF VIRGINIA, PRESBYTERIAN.

The committee to whom we referred the resolutions, &c., have, according to order, had the same under consideration—and respectfully report that in their judgment, the following resolutions are necessary and proper to be adopted by the Synod at the present time.

Whereas, the publications and proceedings of certain organised associations, commonly called anti-slavery, or abolition societies, which have arisen in some parts of our land, have greatly disturbed, and are still greatly disturbing the peace of the *church*, and of the country ; and the Synod of Virginia deem it a solemn duty which they owe to themselves and to the community, to declare their sentiments upon the subject ; therefore :

Resolved, unanimously, That we consider the dogma fiercely promulgated by said associations—that slavery as it exists in our slave-holding States is necessarily sinful, and ought to be immediately abolished, and the conclusions which naturally follow from that dogma, as directly and palpably contrary to the plainest principles of common sense and common humanity, and to the clearest authority of the word of God.

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TESTIMONY OF THE REV. R. N. ANDERSON, PRESBYTERIAN.

To the Sessions of the Presbyterian Congregations within the bounds of the West Hanover Presbytery :

At the approaching stated meeting of our Presbytery, I design to offer a preamble and string of resolutions on the subject of the use of wine in the Lord's Supper ; and also a preamble and a string of resolutions on the subject of the treasonable and abominably wicked interference of the northern and eastern fanatics with our political and civil rights, our property and our domestic concerns. You are aware that our clergy, whether with or without reason, are more suspected by the public than are the clergy of other denominations. Now, dear Christian brethren, I humbly express it as my earnest wish, that you quit yourselves like men. If there be any stray goat of a minister among us, tainted with the blood-hound principles of abolitionism, let him be ferreted out, silenced, excommunicated, and left to the public to dispose of him in other respects.

Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

1835.

ROBERT N. ANDERSON !!!

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The following statements were made in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, convened in Pittsburgh in May, 1836, and they have never been contradicted :—

He (Mr. Dickey) believed there were many, and great evils in the Presbyterian church, but the doctrine of slaveholding, he was fully persuaded, was the worst heresy now found in the church.

Mr. Stewart—I hope this Assembly are prepared to come out fully, and declare their sentiments that slaveholding is a most flagrant and heinous *sin*. Let us not pass it by in this indirect way, while so many thousands and thousands of our fellow-creatures are writhing under the lash, often inflicted too by ministers and elders of the Presbyterian church.

In this church, a man may take a free-born child, force

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it away from its parents, to whom God gave it in charge, saying, "Bring it up for me," and sell it as a beast, or hold it in perpetual bondage, and not only escape corporeal punishment, but really be esteemed an excellent Christian. Nay, even ministers of the Gospel, and doctors of divinity, may engage in this unholy traffic, and yet sustain their high and holy calling.

Elders, ministers, and doctors of divinity, are with both hands engaged in the practice.

This same assembly, in 1816, struck out of the Confession of the Church the following note, adopted in 1794, and which contained the doctrine of the church at that period, on the subject of slave-holding. The note was appended to the one hundred and forty-second question of the large catechism :—

1 Tim. i. 10. The law is made for man-stealers. This crime among the Jews exposed the perpetrators of it to capital punishment; Exodus xxi. 16; and the apostle here classes them with sinners of the first rank. The word he uses in its original import, comprehends all who are concerned in bringing any of the human race into slavery, or in retaining them in it. *Hominum furis, qui servos vel liberos abducent, retinent, vendunt, vel emunt.*—Stealers of men are all those who bring off slaves or free-men, and keep, sell, or buy them. To steal a free-man, says Grotius, is the highest kind of theft. In other instances, we only steal human property, but when we steal or retain men in slavery, we seize those who, in common with ourselves, are constituted by the original grant, lords of the earth. Gen. i. 28. *Vide poli synopsis in loc.*

METHODIST CHURCH, IN 1780.

In the year 1780, the sentiments of the Methodist societies in this country were thus expressed upon this subject, in the minutes of the Conference for that year :—

The conference acknowledges that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man and nature, and hurtful to society; contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion: and doing what we would not that others should do unto us; and they pass their

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disapprobation upon all our friends who keep slaves, and they advise their freedom.

And from Lee's History of the Methodists, page 101, we learn that the M. E. Church was organized, with a number of express rules upon this subject, which stipulated that slavery *should not be continued* in this church. One of them was as follows :—

Every member in our society shall legally execute and record an instrument [for the purpose of setting every slave in his possession free,] within the space of two years.

Another was as follows :—

Every person concerned, who will not comply with these rules, shall have liberty quietly to withdraw from our society within the twelve months following, the notice being given him as aforesaid :—otherwise the assistant shall *exclude* him from the society.

And again, another rule declared that :—

Those who *bought or sold slaves*, or gave them away unless on purpose to free them, should be expelled immediately.

And forty years ago the discipline of this church contained the following directions upon the subject :—

The preachers and other members of our society, are requested to consider the subject of negro slavery with deep attention ; and that they impart to the General Conference, through the medium of the Yearly Conferences, or otherwise, any important thoughts upon the subject, that the Conference may have *full light*, in order to take further steps towards eradicating this enormous evil from that part of the church of God with which they are connected. The Annual Conferences are directed to draw up addresses for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, to the legislature of those states in which no general laws have been passed for that purpose. These addresses shall urge, in the most respectful but pointed manner, the necessity of a law for the gradual emancipation of slaves. Proper committees shall be appointed by the Annual Conferences, out of the most respectable of our friends, for the conducting of the business ; and the presiding elders, elders, deacons, and travelling preachers, shall procure as many proper signatures as possible to the addresses, and give all the assistance in their power, in every respect, to aid the committees, and

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to further this blessed undertaking. Let this be continued from year to year, till the desired end be accomplished.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST E. CHURCH, IN 1836.

But the above was long ago left out of the discipline of this church, and at the last session of its highest ecclesiastical body in Cincinnati, in May, 1836, the following resolution was adopted, yeas 120, noes, 14.

Resolved, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences, in the General Conference assembled, that they are decidedly opposed to modern abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right, wish, or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slave-holding states of this Union.

A motion was made, to amend the above resolution by putting in the words "Although we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery," the language of the Discipline, but this motion was lost.

TESTIMONY OF REV. W. WINANS, METHODIST.

At this same Conference of the Methodist E. Church, the Rev. Mr. Winans, a prominent, popular preacher, and a southern delegate, confessed himself there a *slave-holder*, solemnly asserted that "it was important to the interests of the slaves, and in view of the question of slavery, that there be Christians who were slave-holders, Christian ministers should be slave-holders, and diffused throughout the South. Yes, he repeated, there should be *members*, and *deacons*, and *elders*, and *BISHOPS*, too, who were slave-holders.

Mr. Winans, in relating an anecdote in Conference, to show the inexpediency of abolition efforts, as regards their influence on the prosperity of the southern church, intimated that the article in the Methodist Discipline on the subject of slavery, was, in fact, a dead letter.

TESTIMONY OF DR. CAPERS, METHODIST.

Dr. Capers in his speech, in mentioning various reasons why Methodists, after a certain date, became less odious to the people of the southern states, said—"at length

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people began to consider that many of them were slave-holders—why should they be insurrectionists ?”

Again—the southern section of the Methodist church is now murmuring because slave-holding ministers are excluded from the highest offices in the churches—nay more—disunion is seriously, openly hinted at by prominent preachers in the South, if hereafter, the fact of a minister being a slave-holder, is considered valid reason for withholding from him the office of BISHOP.

TESTIMONY OF PROF. HODGE, PRESBYTERIAN.

It is acknowledged, that, at the time of the Advent of Jesus Christ, *slavery* in its worst forms, prevailed over the world. The Saviour found it around him in Judea ; the Apostles met with it in Asia, Greece, and Italy. How did they treat it ? Not by the denunciation of slave-holding as necessarily *sinful*. The assumption that slave-holding is, in itself, a crime, is not only an error, but it is an error fraught with evil consequences.—*Bib. Rep. April, 1836.*

TESTIMONY OF W. B. SEABROOK, OF S. C.

In the judgment of my fellow citizens, slavery is not inconsistent with the laws of nature, and of God. The Bible informs us, that it was established and sanctioned by Divine authority even among the elect of Heaven.—*Essay, read before the Agricultural Society of St. Johns' Collection, 1836.*

TESTIMONY OF EDWARD BROWN, OF S. CAROLINA.

Slavery has ever been the step-ladder by which civilized countries have passed from barbarism to civilization. It appears, indeed, to be the *only* state, capable of bringing the love of independence and of ease, inherent in man, to the discipline necessary to the supply of food, raiment, and shelter, necessary to his physical wants.—*Notes on the origin and necessity of Slavery, 1826.*

TESTIMONY OF DR. DALCHO, EPISCOPALIAN.

Slavery is not forbidden by the Divine Law, so it is left

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to our own judgment whether we hold slaves or not.
Practical Considerations, &c. 1823.

CHARLESTON COURIER.

We confidently pronounce, that he must wilfully shut his eyes against the broad and palpable light of truth, who will not acknowledge that the Old Testament conclusively shows, that slavery was not only not condemned, but received the *express sanction* of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.—1835.

TESTIMONY OF W. A. DUER, LL.D., EPISCOPALIAN.

We deny that it is a crime to retain [in slavery] those ignorant and helpless beings, who have been cast upon [our] protection, as well as thrown into [our] power by no act of their own.—*3d. An. Rep. N. Y. City Col. Society.*

TESTIMONY OF THE QUARTERLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, PRESBYTERIAN.

The Bible contains no *explicit prohibition* of slavery, it recognizes both in the Old Testament and in the New, such a constitution of society, and it lends its authority to enforce the mutual obligations resulting from that constitution.—1833.

TESTIMONY OF DR. R. FURMAN, BAPTIST.

The right of holding slaves is clearly established in the Holy Scriptures, both by precept and example.—*Exposition of the views of the Baptists, addressed to the Governor of S. Carolina.*—1833.

TESTIMONY OF T. R. DEW, PROF. OF HISTORY.

Slavery was *established* and sanctioned, by Divine authority, among even the elect of Heaven—the favored children of Israel.—*Review of the Debate in the Virginia Legislature of 1831 and 1832.*

TESTIMONY OF REV. E. D. SIMMS, METHODIST.

These extracts from holy writ unequivocally assert the right of property in slaves, together with the usual incidents of that right ; such as the power of acquisition and

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disposition in various ways according to municipal regulations. The right to buy and sell, and to transmit to children by way of inheritance, is clearly stated. The only restriction on the subject, is in reference to the *market*, in which slaves or bondmen were to be purchased.

Upon the whole then, whether we consult the Jewish polity instituted by God himself ; or the uniform opinion and practice of mankind in all ages of the world ; or the injunctions of the New Testament and the Moral Law ; we are brought to the conclusion, that Slavery is not immoral.

Having established the point, that the first African slaves were legally brought into bondage, the right to detain their children in bondage follows as an indispensable consequence.

Thus we see, that the Slavery which exists in America, was *founded in right*.

TESTIMONY OF REV. E. HEDDING, D. D., METHODIST.

The right to hold a slave is founded on this rule, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would, that men should do to you, do ye even so to them ; for this is the law and the prophets."—*Ch. Ad. and Journal, Oct. 20th, 1837.*

TESTIMONY OF REV. G. W. FREEMAN, EPISCOPALIAN.

No man nor set of men in our day are entitled to pronounce it wrong—and we may add that slavery, as it exists at the present day, is agreeable to the order of Divine Providence.—*Sermon, Nov. 1836.*

THE "COUNTER APPEAL," METHODIST.

The general rule of Christianity not only permits, but in supposable circumstances, enjoins a continuance of the master's authority.

We say then, that this text in Col. iii. 22—25, proves to a demonstration, that in the primitive Christian church at Colosse, under the Apostolic eye, and with the Apostolic sanction, the relation of master and slave was permitted to subsist.

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1 Cor. vii. 20—23.

This text seems mainly to enjoin and sanction the fitting continuance of their present social relations; the freeman was to remain free, and the slave, unless emancipation should offer, was to remain a slave.

The New Testament, enjoins obedience upon the slave as an obligation due to a present rightful authority.

W. Fisk, John Lindsey, Bartholomew Otheman, Hezekiah S. Ramsdell, Edward T. Taylor, Jacob Sanborn, H. H. White.—*March 27, 1835.*

TESTIMONY OF PROF. WHEDON, METHODIST.

There were Christian or believing slave-holders in the [primitive] Christian church. Now whatever *doulos* means, here (1 Tim. vi. 2) *despotai* are unequivocally slave-holders, who are brethren, faithful and beloved partakers of the [gospel] benefit.—*Zion's Herald of March 30, 1836.*

TESTIMONY OF THE REV. W. FISK, D. D., METHODIST.

The relation of master and slave, may and does, in many cases, exist, under such circumstances, as free the master from the just charge and guilt of immorality.—*Letter to Rev. T. Merritt.*

TESTIMONY OF REV. N. BANGS, D. D., METHODIST.

It appears evident, that however much the apostle might have deprecated slavery as it then existed throughout the Roman empire, he did not feel it his duty, as an ambassador of Christ, to disturb those relations which subsisted between masters and servants by denouncing slavery as such a mortal sin that they could not be servants of Christ in such a relation.—*Christ. Ad. and Journal, No. 431.*

The foregoing extracts prove beyond a doubt, that the sentiment prevails very extensively throughout this nation, among professors of religion, ministers of the Gospel, presidents of colleges, &c. &c., that, the act of slave-holding is not, in itself, sinful and consequently it

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follows, that a great change must take place in the views of the professors and preachers of this nation before slavery will ever be abolished.

PRACTICAL SLAVERY.

What is slavery in practice? Many suppose that it often exists under some peculiar "circumstances," which, somehow or other, "free the slave-holder from the just charge and guilt of immorality." What those "peculiar circumstances" are, however, we are not told.

We have had many fine spun theories on "slavery in the abstract;" but it matters but little to the poor slave what slavery is in the abstract, its practice is every thing to him. Hence, we think it proper to give a few facts like the following, as a work of this kind might be justly considered incomplete without them. In reading the following items, let it be remembered, that they describe such cases, precisely, as are occurring in the midst of slavery, every day; slavery never did, and never will exist in any country, without perpetrating crimes like the following. We do not mean by this, that there are no enslavers who do not inflict corporeal cruelties upon the persons of their slaves, but we mean to say, that slavery cannot and never did exist without its evils, such as are here described.

The following items are selected from a most interesting work entitled "Narrative of Charles Ball, who was forty years a slave in Maryland, South Carolina and Georgia." In reading these extracts, it should be remembered, that the story this slave tells of himself, is true to the life, and similar narratives might be given by thousands of others in this land who are now in chains, and not suffered to speak for themselves.

SEPARATION OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

At the time I was sold I was quite naked, having never had any clothing in my life; but my new master had brought with him a child's frock, or wrapper, belonging to one of his own children—and after he had purchased

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me, he dressed me in this garment, took me before him on his horse, and started home ; but my poor mother, when she saw me leaving her for the last time, ran after me, took me down from the horse, clasped me in her arms, and wept loudly and bitterly over me. My master seemed to pity her, and endeavoured to soothe her distress by telling her that he would be a good master to me, and that I should not want any thing. She then, still holding me in her arms, walked along the road beside the horse, as he moved slowly, and earnestly and imploringly besought my master to buy her and the rest of her children, and not permit them to be carried away by the negro buyers ; but whilst thus entreating him to save her and her family, the slave-driver who had first bought her, came running in pursuit of her with a raw hide in his hand. When he overtook us, he told her he was her master now, and ordered her to give that little negro to its owner, and come back with him.

My mother then turned to him and cried—" Oh, master, do not take me from my child." Without making any reply, he gave her two or three heavy blows on the shoulders with his raw hide, snatched me from her arms, handed me to my master, and seizing her by one arm, dragged her back towards the place of sale. My master then quickened the pace of his horse ; and as we advanced, the cries of my poor parent became more and more indistinct. At length, they died away in the distance, and I never again heard the voice of my poor mother. Young as I was, the horrors of that day sank deeply into my heart—and even at this time, though half a century has elapsed, the terrors of the scene return with painful vividness upon my memory. Frightened at the sight of the cruelties inflicted upon my poor mother, I forgot my own sorrows at parting from her, and clung to my new master as an angel and saviour, when compared with the hardened fiend into whose power she had fallen.—She had been a kind and good mother to me—had warmed me in her bosom in the cold nights of winter, and had often divided the scanty pittance of food allowed her by her

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mistress between my brothers, and sisters, and me, and gone supperless to bed herself. Whatever victuals she could obtain beyond the coarse food, salt fish, and corn bread allowed to slaves on the Patuxent and Potomac rivers, she carefully distributed among her children, and treated us with all the tenderness which her own miserable condition would permit. I have no doubt that she was chained and driven to Carolina, and toiled out the residue of a forlorn and famished existence in the rice swamps or indigo fields of the South.

My father never recovered from the effects of the shock which this sudden and overwhelming ruin of his family gave him. He had formerly been of a gay, social temper; and when he came to see us on a Saturday night, he always brought us a little present, such as the means of a poor slave would allow—apples, melons, sweet potatoes, or, if he could procure nothing else, a little parched corn, which tasted better in our cabin, because he had brought it.

SEPARATION OF FAMILIES.

My master kept a store at a small village on the bank of the Patuxent river, called B——, although he resided at some distance on a farm. One morning he rose early, and ordered me to take a yoke of oxen and go to the village, to bring home a cart which was there, saying he would follow me. He arrived at the village soon after I did, and took his breakfast with his store-keeper. He then told me to come into the house and get my breakfast. Whilst I was eating in the kitchen, I observed him talking earnestly, but lowly, to a stranger near the kitchen door. I soon after went out, and hitched my oxen to the cart, and was about to drive off, when several men came round about me, and amongst them the stranger whom I had seen speaking with my master.—This man came up to me, and, seizing me by the collar, shook me violently, saying I was his property and must go with him to Georgia. At the sound of these words the thoughts of my wife and children rushed across my mind—and my heart died away within me. I saw and knew that my case was hopeless, and that resistance was vain, as there were near twenty

persons present, all of whom were ready to assist the man by whom I was kidnapped. I felt incapable of weeping or speaking, and in my despair I laughed loudly. My purchaser ordered me to cross my hands behind, which were quickly bound with a strong cord ; and he then told me that we must set out that very day for the South. I asked if I could not be allowed to go to see my wife and children, or if this could not be permitted, if they might not have leave to come and see me—but was told that I would be able to get another wife in Georgia.

My new master, whose name I did not hear, took me that same day across the Patuxent, where I joined fifty-one other slaves, whom he had bought in Maryland. Thirty-two of these were men, and nineteen were women. The women were merely tied together with a rope about the size of a bed-cord, which was tied like a halter round the neck of each ; but the men, of whom I was the stoutest and strongest, were very differently caparisoned. A strong iron collar was strongly fitted by means of a padlock, round each of our necks. A chain of iron, about a hundred feet in length, was passed through the hasp of each padlock, except at the two ends, where the hasps of the padlock passed through a link of the chain. In addition to this, we were handcuffed in pairs, with iron staples and bolts, with a short chain, about a foot long, uniting the handcuffs and their wearers in pairs. In this manner we were chained alternately by the right and left hand ; and the poor man to whom I was thus ironed, wept like an infant when the blacksmith, with his heavy hammer, fastened the ends of the bolts that kept the staples from slipping from our arms. For my own part, I felt indifferent to my fate. It appeared to me, that the worst had come that could come, and that no change of fortune could harm me.

[FEELINGS OF A FATHER.

Long after the subject of this narrative had been parted from his wife and children in Maryland, and had passed from one master to another, he was taken to a plantation

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in south Carolina, and directed to lodge in a cabin, which is thus described :—

I followed my new friend to his cabin, which I found to be the habitation of himself, his wife, and five children. The only furniture in this cabin consisted of a few blocks of wood for seats ; a short bench, made of pine boards, which served as a table ; and a small bed in one corner, composed of a mat, made of common rushes, spread upon some corn husks, pulled and split into fine pieces, and kept together by a narrow slip of wood, confined to the floor by wooden pins. There was a common iron pot standing beside the chimney, and several wooden spoons and dishes hung against the wall. Several blankets also hung against the wall upon wooden pins. An old box, made of pine boards, without either lock or hinges, occupied one corner.

At the time I entered this humble abode, the mistress was not at home. She had not yet returned from the field—having been sent, as the husband informed me, with some other people, late in the evening, to do some work in a field about two miles distant. I found a child about a year old, lying on the mat bed, and a little girl about four years old sitting beside it.

These children were entirely naked, and when we came to the door, the elder rose from its place and ran to its father, and clasping him around one of his knees, said, ‘Now we shall get good supper.’ The father laid his hand upon the head of his naked child, and stood silently looking in its face—which was turned upwards towards his own for a moment—and then turning to me, said, ‘Did you leave any children at home ?’ The scene before me—the question propounded—and the manner of this poor man and his child, caused my heart to swell until my breast seemed too small to contain it. My soul fled back upon the wings of fancy to my wife’s lowly dwelling in Maryland—where I had been so often met on a Saturday evening, when I had paid them my weekly visit, by my own little ones, who clung to my knees for protection and support, even as the poor little wretch now before

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me seized upon the weary limb of its hapless and destitute father, hoping that, naked as he was, (for he, too was naked, save only the tattered remains of a pair of old trousers,) he would bring with his return at evening its customary scanty supper. I was unable to reply, but stood motionless, leaning against the walls of the cabin. My children seemed to flit by the door in the dusky twilight; and the twittering of a swallow, which at that moment fluttered over my head, sounded in my ear as the infantile tittering of my own little boy; but on a moment's reflection, I knew that we were separated without the hope of ever again meeting—that they no more heard the welcome tread of my feet, and could never again receive the little gifts with which, poor as I was, I was accustomed to present them. I was far from the place of my nativity, in a land of strangers, with no one to care for me beyond the care that a master bestows upon his ox—with all my future life, one long, waste, barren desert, of cheerless, hopeless slavery, to be varied only by the pangs of hunger, and the stings of the lash.

FLOGGING.

Two slaves had been convicted and hanged for murder: the following punishment was dealt out to one who happened to be in the house at the time the murder was committed:—

I had often seen black men whipped, and had always, when the lash was applied with great severity, heard the sufferer cry out and beg for mercy—but in this case, the pain inflicted by the double blows of the hickory was so intense, that Billy never uttered so much as a groan; and I do not believe he breathed for the space of two minutes after he received the first strokes. He shrank his body close to the trunk of the tree, around which his arms and legs were lashed, drew his shoulders up to his head, like a dying man, and trembled, or rather shivered in all his members. The blood flowed from the commencement, and in a few minutes lay in small puddles at the root of the tree. I saw flakes of flesh as long as my finger, fall out of the gashes in his back: and I believe he was in-

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sensible during all the time that he was receiving the last two hundred lashes. When the whole five hundred lashes had been counted by the person appointed to perform this duty, the half dead body was unbound, and laid in the shade of the tree upon which I sat. The gentlemen who had done the whipping, eight or ten in number, being joined by their friends, then came under the tree, and drank punch until their dinner was made ready, under a booth of green boughs, at a short distance.

CAT-HAWLING.

A whole gang of slaves had been flogged to make one of them confess that he had stolen a hog. Finally, one was fixed upon as the culprit, and the following method taken for his punishment:—

A boy was then ordered to get up, run to the house, and bring a cat, which was soon produced. The cat, which was a large grey tom-cat, was then taken by the well-dressed gentleman, and placed upon the bare back of the prostrate black man, near the shoulders, and forcibly dragged by the tail down the back, and along the bare thighs of the sufferer. The cat sunk his nails into the flesh, and tore off pieces of the skin with his teeth. The man roared with the pain of this punishment, and would have rolled along the ground, had he not have been held in his place by the force of four other slaves, each one of whom confined a hand or a foot. As soon as the cat was drawn from him, the man said he would tell who stole the hog, and confessed that he and several others, three of whom were then holding, had stolen the hog—killed, dressed, and eaten it. In return for this confession, the overseer said he should have another touch of the cat, which was again drawn along his back, not as before, from the head downwards, but from below the hips to the head. The man was then permitted to rise, and each of those who had been named by him as a participator in stealing the hog, was compelled to lie down, and have the cat twice drawn along his back—first downwards, and then upwards. After the termination of this punishment, each of the sufferers was washed.

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with salt water, by a black woman, and they were then all dismissed.

This was the most excruciating punishment that I ever saw inflicted on black people—and, in my opinion, it is very dangerous, for the claws of the cat are poisonous, and wounds made by them are very subject to inflammation.

SHOCKING BARBARITIES.

Yesterday, at about ten o'clock, the dwelling house of a Mr. Lalaurie, corner Royal and Hospital streets, was discovered to be on fire, and whilst the engines were occupied in extinguishing it, it was rumored, that several slaves were kept chained in some of the apartments. The crowd rushed in to their deliverance, and amongst others, Mr. Canonge, Judge of the criminal court, who demanded of Mr. and Mrs. Lalaurie, where these poor creatures were kept, which they obstinately refused to disclose, when Mr. Canonge with a manly and praiseworthy zeal, rushed into the kitchen, which was on fire, followed by two or three young men, and brought forth a negro woman, found there chained. She was covered with bruises and wounds from severe flogging. All the apartments were then forced open. In a room on the ground floor, two more were found chained, and in a deplorable condition. Upstairs, and in the garret, four more were found chained, some so weak as to be unable to walk, and all covered with wounds and sores. One, a mulatto boy, declares himself to have been chained for five months, being fed daily with only a handful of meal, and receiving every morning, the most cruel treatment. One of the poor slaves was rotten with sores, and in them were found numbers of living creatures.—*New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser.*

BURNING ALIVE.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala.

Some time during the last week, one of those outrageous transactions, and we really think disgraceful to the character of civilized man, took place near the northeast

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boundary line of Perry, adjoining Bibb and Antauga counties. The circumstances, we are informed by a gentleman from that county, are, that a Mr. McNeilly having lost some clothing or other property of no great value, the slave of a neighbouring planter was charged with the theft. McNeilly in company with his brother, found the negro driving his master's waggon; they seized him, and either did, or were about to chastise him, when the negro stabbed McNeilly, so that he died in an hour afterwards. The negro was taken before a justice of the peace, who after serious deliberation, waived his authority, perhaps through fear, as the crowd of persons from the above counties had collected to the number of seventy or eighty men near Mr. People's, the Justice's house. He acted as president of the mob, and put the vote, when it was decided he should be immediately executed by *being burnt to death*. The sable culprit was led to a tree and tied to it, and a large quantity of pine knots collected and placed around him; and the fatal torch applied to the pile, even against the remonstrances of several gentlemen who were present, and the miserable being was in a short time burnt to ashes.

This is the second negro, who has been thus burnt to death, without judge or jury in that county.

On the 28th of April, 1836, a negro was burnt alive at St. Louis, by a numerous mob. The Alton Telegraph gives the following particulars:—

All was silent as death. While the executioners were piling wood around the victim he said not a word. Probably feeling that the flames had seized upon him, he uttered an awful howl, attempting to sing and pray: he then hung his head and suffered in silence, excepting in the following instance. After the flames had surrounded their prey, and when his clothes were in a blaze all over him, his eyes burnt out of his head, and his mouth seemingly parched to a cinder, some one in the crowd, more compassionate than the rest, proposed to put an end to his misery by shooting him, when it was replied, that would be of no use, since he was already out of pain.

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'No ! no !' said the wretch, 'I am not—I am suffering as much as ever. Shoot me, shoot me !' No, no, said one of his friends, who was standing about the sacrifice they were roasting, he shall not be shot. I would sooner slacken the fire, if that would increase his misery. And the man who said this was, we understand, an officer of justice.

We understand, says the New Orleans Post of June the 7th, 1836, that a negro man was lately condemned by the mob, to be *burned over a slow fire*, which was put into execution at Grand Gulf, Mi., for murdering a black woman and her master, Mr. Green, a respectable citizen of that place, who attempted to save her from the clutches of this monster.

We have been informed, says the Arkansas Gazette of the 29th Oct. 1836, that the slave William, who murdered his master (*Huskey*) some weeks since, and several negroes, was taken by a party a few days since, from the sheriff of Hotspring, and *burned alive* ! Yes, tied up to the limb of a tree, a fire built under him, and consumed in a slow and lingering torture.

SEPARATION OF A WIFE FROM HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

Sabbath, 29th July, I went to three places of worship, and heard most excellent preaching and fervent praying ; but, among all these ministers and members, no prayer was offered for the poor slaves. But all seemed to be as happy as though the millenial day had ushered in.

Nothing had occurred up to this time to mar my happiness, or to make my visit unpleasant—and if I had left Philadelphia then, I should have entertained my family and friends, on my return home, by relating to them the beauty, the regularity, and the splendor of this great city. But, it was otherwise ; and I have now to relate one of the most painful, as well as most disgraceful transactions that my eyes ever witnessed, the thoughts of which make my blood chill, and my heart sick.

On the first of August, as I was walking in Chesnut-street, near the Court House, I saw many people, both white and colored, going in. I inquired the cause, and

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was told that a person claimed as a fugitive was to be tried. I went in ; but the person claimed as property had been tried, and the judge was about to deliver his opinion. The house was filled—and all seemed to be waiting with the deepest anxiety. Soon the door opened, and the Sheriff entered, followed by a female, whose appearance was that of a white lady ; she was in delicate circumstances—was leaning upon the arm of her husband ; they advanced slowly, and with great anxiety upon their countenances, and took their seats, with their eyes fixed on the judge. All was silent as the grave.

The judge now commenced with the testimony, which was, that this woman came to this city about five years ago—that during this time she was married—that she was the mother of one male child, which was said to be entirely white, and was now about two years old. After going through all the testimony, he seemed to come to a pause. This was a moment of awful suspense to this innocent female, as she sat trembling and pale, supported by her husband. Soon the judge broke silence, by pronouncing her a slave. No sooner had the words fallen from his lips, 'I must give a warrant to take you back,' than she screamed, and fell on the floor—her cries might have been heard far off, 'O, my child, my child ;—O, my dear, dear husband, I cannot, cannot leave you.' While her husband appeared to be trying to comfort her, and was attempting to raise her up, with eyes streaming with grief, I heard a voice, saying, 'Take her to jail.' She was immediately surrounded by a number of officers, taken up—put into a close carriage, and hurried off, uttering the most heart-rending cries that ever fell upon my ears. I turned aside to give vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.—*Zion's Watchman of September 2, 1837.*

MORAL CONDITION OF THE ENSLAVED.

TESTIMONY OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From long continued and close observation, say the Synod by their committees, we believe that their (colored

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population's) moral and religious condition is such, as that they may justly be considered the *heathen of this Christian country, and will bear comparison with heathen in any country in the world.*

TESTIMONY OF THE REV. C. C. JONES.

The Rev. C. C. Jones, in a sermon preached before two associations of Planters in Georgia, in 1831, says :

Generally speaking, they (the slaves) appear to us to be without God, and without hope in the world, a nation of heathens in our very midst. We cannot cry out against the Papist for withholding the Scriptures from the common people, and keeping them in ignorance of the way of life, for we withhold the Bible from our servants, and keep them in ignorance of it, while we will not use the means to have it read and explained to them. The cry of our perishing servants comes up to us from the sultry plains as they bend at their toil—it comes up from their humble cottages when they return at evening to rest their weary limbs—it comes up to us from the midst of their ignorance, and superstition, and adultery and lewdness.

TESTIMONY OF THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

A writer in the Western Luminary, a respectable religious paper in Lexington, Kentucky, says :

I proclaim it abroad to the Christian world, that heathenism is as real in the slave States as it is in the South Sea Islands, and that our negroes are as justly objects of attention to the American and other boards of foreign missions, as the Indians of the western wilds. What is it constitutes heathenism? Is it to be destitute of a knowledge of God—of his holy word—never to have heard scarcely a sentence of it read through life—to know little or nothing of the history, character, instruction and mission of Jesus Christ—to be almost totally devoid of moral knowledge and feeling, of sentiments, of probity, truth, and chastity? If this constitutes heathenism, then are there thousands, millions of heathens, in our beloved land. There is one topic to which I will allude, which

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will serve to establish the heathenism of this population. I allude to the universal licentiousness which prevails. It may be said emphatically that chastity is no virtue among them—that its violation neither injures female character in their own estimation, or that of their master or mistress. No instruction is ever given—no censure pronounced. I speak not of the world; I speak of Christian families generally.

TESTIMONY OF J. A. THOME, OF KENTUCKY.

Licentiousness. I shall not speak of the far South, whose sons are fast melting away under the unblushing profligacy which prevails. I allude to the slave-holding West. It is well known that the slave lodgings (I refer now to village slaves) *are exposed to the entrance of strangers every hour of the night, and that the sleeping apartments of both sexes are common.*

It is also a fact, that there is no allowed intercourse between the families and servants after the work of the day is over. The family, assembled for the evening, enjoy a conversation elevating and instructive. But the poor slaves are thrust out; no ties of sacred home thrown around them; no moral instruction to compensate for the toils of the day; no intercourse as of man with man; and should one of the younger members of the family, led by curiosity, steal out into the filthy kitchen, the child is speedily called back, thinking itself happy if it escape an angry rebuke. Why is this? The dread of moral contamination. Most excellent reason; but it reveals a horrid picture. The slaves, cut off from all community of feeling with their masters, roam over the village streets, shocking the ear with their vulgar jestings, and voluptuous songs, or opening their kitchens to the reception of the neighboring blacks, they pass the evening in gambling, dancing, drinking, and the most obscene conversation, kept up until the night is far spent—then crown the scene with indiscriminate debauchery. Where do these things occur? **IN THE KITCHENS OF CHURCH MEMBERS AND ELDERS.**

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TESTIMONY OF THE REV. J. D. PAXTON.

Some slaves have, indeed, a marriage ceremony performed. It is, however, usually done by one of their own color, and, of course, is not a legal transaction. And if done by a person legally authorized to perform marriages, still it would have no authority, because the law does not recognise marriage among the slaves, so as to clothe it with the rights and immunities which it wears among citizens. The owner of either party might, the next day or hour, break up the connexion in any way he pleased. In fact, these connexions have no protection, and are so often broken up by sales and transfers and removals, that they are by the slaves often called "taking up together." The sense of marriage fidelity must be greatly weakened, if not wholly destroyed, by such a state of things. The effect is most disastrous.

But there is another circumstance which deserves our notice. What effect is likely to be produced on the morals of the whites, from having about them, and under their absolute authority, female slaves who are deprived of the strongest motives to purity, and exposed to peculiar temptations to opposite conduct ! The condition of female slaves is such, that promises and threatenings and management can hardly fail to conquer them. They are entirely dependent on their master. They have no way to make a shilling, to procure any article they need. Like all poor people they are fond of finery, and wish to imitate those who are above them. What, now, are presents and kind treatment, or the reverse if they are not complying, likely to effect on such persons ! And the fact that their children, should they have any through such intercourse, may expect better treatment from so near relations, may have its influence. That the vice prevails to a most shameful extent, is proved from the rapid increase of mulattoes. Oh, how many have fallen before this temptation ; so many, that it has almost *ceased to be a shame to fall !* Oh, how many parents may trace the impiety and licentiousness and shame of their prodigal sons, to the temptations found in the female slaves of

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their own or neighbor's household. Irregular habits are thus formed, which often last through life. And many a lovely and excellent woman, confiding in vows of affection and fidelity, trusting to her power over her devoted lover, has, after uniting her fate with his, and giving him all that woman has to give, found, when too late, how incorrigible are those habits of roving desire, formed in youth, and kept alive by the temptations and facilities of the slave system.

TESTIMONY OF S. A. FORREAL, ESQ.

Negresses, when young and likely, are often employed as wet nurses by the white people; as also, by either the planter or his friends, to administer to their sensual desires. This frequently is a matter of speculation; for if the offspring be a handsome mulatto female, 800 or 1000 dollars may be obtained for her in the New Orleans market. It is an occurrence of no uncommon nature, to see a *Christian father* sell his own daughter, and the brother his own sister by the same father.

The following are extracts from a Work by Judge Birney, entitled *THE CHURCH THE BULWARK OF AMERICAN SLAVERY*.

The extent to which most of the Churches in America are involved in the guilt of supporting the slave system is known to but few in this country. So far from being even suspected by the great mass of the religious community here, it would not be believed but on the most indisputable evidence. Evidence of this character it is proposed now to present—applying to the Methodist Episcopal, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Protestant Episcopal Churches. It is done with a single view to make the British Christian public acquainted with the real state of the case—in order that it may, in the most intelligent and effective manner exert the influence it possesses with the American Churches to persuade them to purify themselves from a sin that has greatly debased them, and that threatens in the end wholly to destroy them.

I. Between the slave-selling and slave-buying States, the slave-trade is carried on extensively and systematically. The slave-trader, on completing his purchases for a single adventure, brings the gang together at a convenient point; confines the

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men in double rows to a large chain running between the rows, by means of smaller lateral chains tightly rivetted around the wrists of the slaves, and connected with the principal chain. They are in this way driven along the highways, (the small boys, the women, and girls following,) without any release from their chains till they arrive at the ultimate place of sale. Here they occupy barracoons, till they are disposed of, one by one, or in lots, to those who will give most for them.

II. Ministers and office-bearers, and members of churches are slave-holders—buying and selling slaves, as their convenience or interest may from time to time require. As a general rule, the itinerant preachers in the Methodist church are not permitted to hold slaves; but there are frequent exceptions to the rule, especially of late.

III. There are, in the United States, about 3,000,000 slaves, and 386,069 *free people of color*. Of the slaves, 80,000 are members of the Methodist church; 80,000 of the Baptist; and about 40,000 of the other churches. These church members have no exemption from being sold by their owners as other slaves are. Instances are not rare of slave-holding members of churches selling slaves who are members of the same church with themselves. And members of churches have followed the business of slave-auctioneers.

IV. In the slave States a slave cannot be a witness in any case, civil or criminal, in which a white is a party. Neither can a free colored person, except in Louisiana. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, (free States,) make colored persons incompetent as witnesses in any case in which a white is a party. In Ohio, a white person can prove his own ('book') account, not exceeding a certain sum, by his own oath or affirmation. A colored person cannot, as against a white. In Ohio the laws regard all who are mulattoes, or above the grade of mulattoes, as *white*.

V. There is no law in the slave States, forbidding the several church authorities making slave-holding an offence, for which those guilty of it might be excluded from membership.

The Society of Friends exists in the slave States—it excludes slave-holders.

The United Brethren exist as a church in Maryland and Virginia slave States. Their Annual Conference for these two States, (in which are thirty preachers,) met in February, 1840. The following is an extract from its minutes:

"No charge is preferred against any (preachers,) except Franklin Echard and Moses Michael. It appeared in evidence that Moses Michael was the owner of a female slave, which is contrary to the discipline of our church. Conference therefore resolved, that unless brother Michael manumit or set free such slave in six months, he no longer be considered a member of our church."

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VI. When ecclesiastical councils excuse themselves from acting for the removal of slavery from their respective communions by saying, they cannot *legislate* for the abolition of slavery; that slavery is a *civil* or *political* institution—that it 'belongs to Cæsar,' and not to the Church to put an end to it, they shun the point at issue. To the church-member who is a debauchee, a drunkard, a seducer, a murderer, they find no difficulty in saying, "We cannot indeed proceed against your person, or your property—*this* belongs to Cæsar—to the *tribunals* of the country—to the *legislature* ;—but we can suspend or wholly cut you off from the communion of the church, with a view to your repentance and its purification." If a white member should by force or intimidation, day after day, deprive another white member of his property, the authorities of the churches would expel him from their body, should he refuse to make restitution or reparation, although it could not be *enforced* except through the tribunals over which they have no control. There is, then, nothing to prevent these authorities from saying to the slave-holder, "Cease being a slave-holder and remain in the church, or continue a slave-holder and go out of it: you have your choice."

VII. The slave States make it penal to teach the slaves to read. So also some of them make it penal to teach the *free colored people* to read. Thus a free colored parent may suffer the penalty for teaching his own children to read even the Scriptures. None of the slave-holding churches, or religious bodies, so far as is known, have, at any time, remonstrated with the legislatures against this iniquitous legislation, or petitioned for its repeal or modification. Nor have they reproved or questioned such of their members, as, being also members of the legislatures, sanctioned such legislation by their votes.

VIII. There is no systematic instruction even of the slave; members of churches, either orally or in any other way.

IX. It is only one slave here and there who seems to have any intelligent views of the nature of Christianity, or of a future life.

X. In the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, the colored people, during service, sit in a particular part of the house, now generally known as the *negro pew*. They are not permitted to sit in any other, nor to hire or purchase pews as other people, nor would they be permitted to sit, even if invited, in the pews of white persons. This applies to all colored persons, whether *members* or not, and even to *licensed ministers* of their respective connections. The "negro pew" is almost as rigidly kept up in the *free* States as in the slave States.

XI. In some of the older slave States, as Virginia and South Carolina, churches, in their *corporate* character, hold slaves,

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who are generally hired out for the support of the minister. The following is taken from the Charleston Courier, of February 12th, 1835.

FIELD NEGROES, BY THOMAS GADSDEN.

On Tuesday, the 17th instant, will be sold, at the North of the Exchange, at 10 o'clock, a prime gang of ten NEGROES, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, belonging to the Independent Church, in *Christ's Church Parish*. * * * Feb. 6.

XII. Nor are instances wanting, in which negroes are bequeathed for the benefit of the Indians, as the following chancery notice, taken from the Savannah (Geo.) paper, will show.

"Bryan Superior Court.

Between John J. Maxwell and others, Executors of	} IN EQUITY.
Ann Pray, complainants, and	
Mary Sleigh and others, Devises and Legatees,	
under the will of Ann Pray, defendants.	

"A Bill having been filed for the distribution of the estate of the Testatrix, Ann Pray, and it appearing that among other legacies in her will, is the following, viz. a legacy of one-fourth of certain negro slaves to the American Board of Commissioners for Domestic [Foreign it probably should have been] Missions for the purpose of sending the gospel to the heathen, and particularly to the Indians of this continent, it is on motion of the solicitors of the complainants ordered, that all persons claiming the said legacy do appear and answer the bill of the complainants, within four months from this day. And it is ordered, that this order be published in a public Gazette of the city of Savannah, and in one of the Gazettes of Philadelphia, once a month, for four months.

"Extract from the minutes, Dec. 2nd, 1832.

JOHN SMITH, C. S. C. B. C.—(The bequest was not accepted.)

In the latter part of the summer of 1835, the slave-holders generally became alarmed at the progress of the abolitionists. Meetings were held throughout the South, to excite all classes of people to the requisite degree of exasperation against them. At one of these meetings, held at Clinton, Mississippi, it was

"Resolved, That slavery through the South and West is not felt as an evil, moral or political, but it is recognized, and that in reference to the actual, and not to any *Utopian* condition of our slaves, as a *blessing* both to master and slave.

"Resolved, That it is our decided opinion, that any individual who dares to circulate, with a view to effectuate the designs of the abolitionists, any of the incendiary tracts or newspapers now in a course of transmission to this country, is justly worthy in the sight of God and man of immediate death; and we doubt

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not that such would be the punishment of any such offender in any part of the State of Mississippi where he may be found.

"Resolved, That the *Clergy* of the State of Mississippi be hereby recommended at once to take a stand upon this subject, and that their further silence in relation thereto, at this crisis, will, in our opinion, be subject to serious censure."

[The clergy alas did make a stand, and took the side of the tyrants.]

At Charleston, S. C., the Post Office was forced, the anti-slavery publications, which were there for distribution or further transmission to masters, taken out and made a bonfire of in the street, by a mob of several thousand people.

A public meeting was appointed to be held a few days afterward, to complete, in the same spirit in which they were commenced, preparations for excluding anti-slavery publications from circulation, and for ferreting out persons suspected of favoring the doctrines of the abolitionists, that they might be subject to Lynch law.

The alarm of the Virginia slave-holders was not less—nor were the clergy in the city of Richmond, the capital, less prompt than the clergy in Charleston to respond to "public sentiment." Accordingly, on the 29th July, they [the Methodist, Baptist, and other preachers,] assembled together, and Resolved, *unanimously*,

"That we earnestly deprecate the unwarrantable and highly improper interference of the people of any other State with the domestic relations of master and slave.

"That the example of our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles, in not interfering with the question of slavery, but uniformly recognizing the relations of master and servant, and giving full and affectionate instruction to both, is worthy of the imitation of all ministers of the gospel.

"That we will not patronize nor receive any pamphlet or newspaper of the Anti-Slavery Societies, and that we will discountenance the circulation of all such papers in the community.

"That the suspicions which have prevailed to a considerable extent against MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL and professors of religion in the State of Virginia, as identified with *abolitionists*, are WHOLLY UNMERITED—believing as we do, from extensive acquaintance with our churches and brethren, that they are UNANIMOUS IN OPPOSING THE PERNICIOUS SCHEMES OF ABOLITIONISTS."

AMERICAN SLAVE TRADE.

The following items may serve as specimens to show the reader how Americans in this republic are bought and sold

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SPECIMEN OF A NEW ORLEANS ADVERTISEMENT.

When we ask emancipation for slaves like those described below, we are told, that they could not take care of themselves, and if emancipated, they would starve to death !

Valuable SERVANTS for sale at auction, by Isaac L. McCoy.

This day Thursday, 27th inst., at 12 o'clock, at the Exchange Coffee House, will be sold 34 VALUABLE SERVANTS, viz :

1. Harry, aged about 26 years ; a first rate cartman, axeman and sawyer ; has been accustomed to work in a saw-mill and wood-yard ; has been about 8 years in the country, and understands the care and management of horses, and possesses an excellent character.

2. George, aged about 23 years ; has been about 8 years in the country ; is a good carrier and axeman, and has been accustomed to work in a wood-yard and bakery.

3. Altimore, aged about 21 years ; a first rate sawyer and axeman ; accustomed to work in a wood-yard, has been 3 or 4 years in the country.

4. Barney, aged about 18 years ; a first rate negro, and handy at almost all kinds of work ; has been accustomed to work in a wood-yard, and has been about 4 years in the country.

5. Henry Buckner, aged about 29 years ; a good axeman, sawyer and field hand, accustomed to work in a wood-yard, and has been about six years in the country.

6. Lewis, aged about 20 years ; a first rate hand in a wood-yard, an excellent butcher, a good field hand ; speaks French and English, and has been about 10 years in the country.

7. Sam Crumo, aged about 22 years ; a first rate hand in a wood-yard ; a carter ; speaks French and English, and has been about twelve years in the country.

8. Little Ned, aged about 18 years : a good hand for a wood-yard ; has been one year in the country.

9. Big Ned, aged about 22 years ; do.
do. do.

. FACTS AND ARGUMENTS

10. Ben, aged about 20 years ; do.
do. do.
11. Aaron, aged about 38 years ; a first rate hand for a wood-yard, in which he has been employed for many years ; is an excellent cartman ; has been about 15 years in the country, and speaks both languages.
12. Dick Jackson, aged about 25 years ; a good axeman and sawyer, and an excellent hand for a wood-yard, to which he is accustomed, and has been one year in the country.
13. Dick Morgan, aged about 39 years ; a very honest, trusty servant ; has acted as porter in a grocery store for several years, and has worked for several years in a rope walk and wood-yard ; is an excellent axeman and sawyer ; has been in the country since a child, and speaks French and English.
14. Dillard, aged about 31 years ; a good cook, a good axeman and sawyer ; has worked about 4 years in a wood-yard, and has been about 4 years in the country.
15. Charles Palmer, Aged about 24 years ; accustomed to work in a wood-yard : is a good axeman, carter and field hand, and has been about 4 years in the country.
16. Daniel, aged about 18 years, a first rate house-servant ; is very trusty ; a tolerable good cook ; has been raised in the country ; speaks French and English, and possesses a first rate character.
17. Anthony, aged about 15 years ; a first rate house-servant ; very trusty and active ; a good sawyer ; has been raised in the country, and possesses a first rate character.
18. Joseph, aged about 14 years ; a first rate servant ; handy at all kinds of work ; has been accustomed to work in a wood-yard, and has been about 2 years in the country.
19. William, aged about 20 years ; a good rough carpenter ; a good coachman ; has been 5 years in the country ; speaks French and English, the title only guaranteed.
20. Ned, aged about 39 years ; a good carpenter and

ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ostler ; has been about 4 years in the country, and is subject to Rheumatism.

21. Robert, aged about 23 years, a rough blacksmith and carpenter ; handy at all kinds of work ; understands filing and setting saws, has been 8 years in the country, speaks French and English ; is a first rate servant, and possesses a first rate character in every respect.

22. Peter, aged about 35 years ; is a first rate overseer, and has always been employed in that capacity ; has been for 5 years in Opelousas, and about 4 years in New Orleans, is very honest and trusty, and a first rate servant in every respect.

23. Diana, aged about 24 years ; (wife of Peter) a first rate house servant, washer, ironer and platter ; a good cook ; has been 5 years in the country ; speaks French and English, and possesses a first rate character.

24. Malinda, aged about 24 years ; a good house servant ; a tolerable good washer and ironer ; has been raised in the country ; and speaks both languages.

25. Chloe, aged about 18 years : an excellent house servant ; was born in Mobile ; has been about one year in New Orleans, and possesses an excellent character.

26. Daphney, aged about 25 years ; a first rate cook, both in French and English style, and a good pastry cook ; was raised in Mississippi, has been 7 years in New Orleans, and possesses an excellent character.

27. Catharine, aged about 27 years, a good field hand ; was raised in the country ; speaks French, Spanish and English ; title only guaranteed.

ALSO

The following ORPHAN (!!) children, viz :

28. John, aged about 12 years.

29. James, aged about 11 years.

30. David, aged about 9 years.

31. Cyrus, aged about 9 years.

32. Yellow Alex, aged about 8 years.

33. Black Alex, aged about 8 years.

34. Abraham, aged about 5 years.

FACTS AND ARGUMENTS, ETC.

The slaves are all thoroughly acclimated, and, with the exceptions above stated, are all guaranteed against the diseases and vices prescribed by law.

TERMS.—One half of the purchase money payable on the first of May, 1835, and one half on the first of May, 1836, for notes drawn and endorsed to the satisfaction of the seller, and secured by mortgage until the final payment. The slaves will only be delivered after the acts are signed, and the notes delivered and approved. Bills of sale to be passed before W. Y. Lewis, Esq., Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser.—*New Orleans paper.*

PRICES FOR WHICH AMERICANS ARE SOLD.

The following conversation between two planters, one from North Carolina, and the other from Mississippi, recently occurred on board one of our splendid North River Steam-boats. It was given to us in writing, by a respectable citizen of Poughkeepsie, who heard it.

Mississippian. What is a young negro boy worth in North Carolina?

Carolinian. They fetch a great price there.

M. Are slaves scarce there at present?

C. They are scarce and high. Those that have slaves are out of debt, and of course able to hold them, or get their price.

M. What is a negro man worth?

C. I purchased one a short time since for seven hundred and fifty dollars.

M. And what are women with children worth?

C. They are much higher in proportion to other slaves.

M. Well, what would a good likely negro boy bring?

C. Under fifty [pounds weight] they fetch NINE DOLLARS PER POUND, that is the common price!—*Am. S. Record.* [Further revelations will be given in a second volume.]

THE END.

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